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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

"THY KINGDOM COME: SKETCHES FROM MY LIFE" (Part III)

by Emil Seidel

In this third portion of his unpublished autobiography completed in 1944, Emil Seidel reminisced about his political career from 1904 to 1936 as a Social Democrat. In Milwaukee Seidel served five terms as alderman, and in 1910 was elected the first Socialist mayor of the city. Although defeated two years later in a bid for reelection as mayor, he was chosen as candidate for Vice-President on the national Socialist ticket of 1912 headed by Eugene Debs.

This volume was loaned to the State Historical Society for microfilming in September 1960 by Seidel's daughter, Mrs. Viola Verheim of Oconomowoc. Mrs. Verheim presented to the Society's manuscript department the original typescript of the volume containing Parts I and II of her father's "Sketches".

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BEGINNING

2
T H Y K I N G D O M

C O M E

PART THREE

S K E T C H E S

F R O M

M Y L I F E

B Y

EMIL SEIDEL

C O N T E N T S (Part Three)

Chapter		Page
I	Home again Not the same Dinners Church Split Decay Trades Parade Jobs Another Gold Model Cabinet Sideboards Decorating Out again The Hunt Married A present Tragedy Death A sad Party Recovery	1
II	Fuller Warren Co Base Burner Garden Rooster A lawyer Our boy Old Mother Christening Christmas Grief Competing Picture Building Socialist Association Pioneers Arbeiter Zeitung Populists Eugene V. Debs	24
III	End of Century Anarchists Strikes Coxy's Army Elections Bryan Social Democracy The Bike A Girl Equal rights Our home Our yard Teaching War Manila Peace Trusts Delegates Findings Third Ward fire Pollution Smallpox Riots Dr Rodermund As it is In the Arena	42
IV	A hero falls Safe guide Freedom of Conscience Milwaukee Pattern Wks Fire Costumers Flying Her idea Illiterates Why Consumption Ignorance Social Democratic Party Branch 1 Wanted much Charts Open air meetings Snowstorm Christ- mas Picnic Branches No Fist Fights A Republi- can's wish	67
V	Boodle What Indictments are for Deals Issue T M E R & L Co Candidates Records Victory We're Coming School site \$40,000 Election Laws Stalwarts Halfbreeds	89
VI	On the Job What we did More efforts Street Oil- ing Experiment Bonds More Aldermen Illegal Pinkertons Pulling Out Light Fight Use Lakefront Gypsy Won't dare Look Out Delinquency Lashing 1908-1910 Grade Crossings Salaries "Caught on"	101
VII	Making History Youth's Plight Not democratic Fathers answered New Deal City Treasurer Paying Land Commission Accounting City Attorney Ac- complishments Full Time Public Works Delay Street flushing	122
VIII	Public Health Dr Rucker Isolation Hospital Con- ditions An Episode Affidavits Evidence Ex- plosion Dr Kraft Inspection Tuberculosis Child Welfare Victory	136

C O N T E N T S

Chapter		Page
IX	Outer Harbor Commission Market Commission Anti-Tuberculosis Commission Housing Commission Election-day Elections Garden Commission Fire and Police Commission Boiler Inspection Recreation First Building Sentimental Budget Exhibit Economy & Efficiency Reports Basis Problem Summary	150
X	Community Christmas Tree Combined Result Echoes Roses	164
XI	Convention Campaign Tours Out West Incidents 'Frisco Corpus Christi	167
XII	Chautauqua Debate From the Hill Comment	174
XIII	To Vienna War Emergency Convention Hysteria Burow Home Gangs Get Seidel Meeting Persecution Indictments Voters speak	177
XIV	Party Debts A State Office Florence A Trapper Like "Humans" Turkeys Town Chairman A "Bug" X - Rays "Our City - Our Home"	188
XV	Depression "A Message" "Ox-Cart" City Work for All We win Finances Deals Budget Cut "Scrip" Water Works Flushing Tunnels Sewerage Disposal Water Purification A Trick of History City Engineer Schwada	197
XVI	"My Ward" Grade Separation Centers for Jobless Committee of 100 Resolution Sub - Committees Reports XXXXXXXXXX Adieu Painfull Squabble	212
XVII	Toward the End Garden Homes Open Spaces Sunlight Our Find Fruit Trees What is it Fairies Children of Nature Up on High Storm	221
XVIII	Anniversary Speakers Messages Seventy-five Progress Others helped C.B. Whitnall Parkways Milwaukee-Its Banker What Now Initiative or Drift Integration The Soul Bring Forests back Growing Wealth	231
XIX	Whither Festival Souvenir Strange Happenings The Night Stuart Chase says XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX A Visitor Helene Scheu-Riesz Exploitation Weeds International Nonsense Near Eighty Youngest Brother Memories Other Callers SOCIALISM	245

When I returned home all things seemed changed. They seemed strange and I felt as a stranger. Both of my parents had grown frail and seemed much older. Theirs was a hard lot, bringing up that family. Work and worry left indelible marks.

Henry, Otto, Robert, Hugo had come of age; the others would soon be there. The boys had become men, the two sisters grown to handsome womanhood. All and each had a way of its own.

Brother Henry was now a mirror plate silverer with The Milwaukee Mirror and Art Glass works on East Water street. Henry was engaged soon to be married to Elizabeth Poiron of the Sherman Street Methodist church. He had organized and was directing a band and orchestra.

Brother Otto was married to Abbie Holbrook of the Garfield Avenue Baptist church. They had two children, Myrtle, three and Byron the baby. They lived in mother's cottage, next to our home. Otto's father-in-law, Byron Holbrook, was the patentee of a tan-bark leaching process. Mr. Holbrook had his shop at the foot of East Water street and taken Otto into the firm as junior partner. Upon Holbrook's death, Otto became his successor.

Brother Robert, the sturdiest of us boys, became a blacksmith. He worked at the Chas Abresh company on Fourth and Poplar street and being fond of horses, aimed to be a horseshoer. But the uncertainties of industrial setups play havoc with his dream. Still his experience with wrought iron served him well when later he became a metal pattern maker.)

(Robert kept company with Mabel Patterson of Sherman Street Methodist church. When they were married Mabel quit teaching at school.

Brother Hugo chose the calling of Methodist ministry, working his way through Evanston in Illinois. After his ordination he married Ida Cole of the Methodist church, a devoted helpmeet in the Lord's vineyard. Hugo was strong in his faith and sincere in his efforts to

NOT THE SAME

live up to that faith. We shall meet him again in these records.

Hulda and Louise, my sisters helped mother keep house. Neither of them had a beau at the time. Though there were callers, the girls did not encourage them. That worried mother. They are so strange - these mothers. If a son is choosy, the mother is pleased. If a daughter does not date up the first caller, provided mother thinks well of him, then she worries. Perhaps within their heavy hearts they know why?

One time Hulda had a caller; when he had left mother asked:

"Did you invite him to call again?"

"No," snapped Hulda, "I took out cherries - he ate all - I got stems and stones - Y'u think I c'n use such a man?"

Sister Louise was reticent when young men were near. She showed no interest in any, invited none. Yet she had a bevy of girl friends. Mother could not understand her. My impression was that the girl wanted an education, not a man. Avidly, she read everything she could get hold of and then looked for more. Like mother, she always sang at her work; mostly plaintive airs full of melancholy and longing. As if she were in captivity. She knew how much mother needed her - a dutiful daughter, never murmuring.

Brother Lucas, the youngest of the children living, was fifteen and taller than I. Both of us were born on ~~the~~ December 13, thirteen years apart. At the time I returned he was working as a mirror plate beveller at the Art Glass Works.

Sister Laura was an adopted child for which mother yet found room in her large family. The four year old child was unusually affectionate. She had barely seen me when she fairly flew into my arms.

That was our family as I found it after an absence of six years and four months. All of them had grown by that much stronger

SUNDAY DINNERS

and older. All but the parents who had grown older and more frail.

When that family was together for a Sunday dinner, it was a treat to be one of them. Conversation added zest to the meal. Now this, then the other one had a story or experience to tell. Often one or the other had a friend or a "steady" with him. Where there is room for eleven there is always room for one more. Ours was ~~always~~ "open House" for our friends. That's what makes a home so wonderfully informal and never to be forgotten. When people remarked to mother of extra work, she'd answer:

"When they are here I know where they are and need not worry."

Mother was proud of her children as such and often said:

"Oh, how I thank my God that not one of my children is unsound or mis-shapen. Of course, this applied to our mental and physical fitness only. With our ^{observance of} filial obligations our parents had fault to find. For one thing, not one of their children remained in the church they were brought up in.

Henry, Robert, Hugo, Hulda, were drawn to the Sherman Street Methodist church. There the services were entirely in English. The hymns were far more lively, lacking the somber time of Lutheran music. Even our own church at revival meetings sang livelier airs to woo converts than were sung at our regular services. These revival songs were deemed unfit to be included in our hymnbook.

If then the methods of Evangelists who held forth in Milwaukee every winter, weaned the youth from the German church - whom could one blame?

At Zions church, Fifth and Walnut, there had also been great changes. The generation to which I belonged had now "taken over". All of my Sunday-school chums and most of my choir associates had been married.

One, Eduard Schoenbaum, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] was a harness maker, had learnt the trade in his father's shop and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ran the shop when his father died. As the oldest of six boys Eduard stood loyally by his mother after the father's death.

Henry Rintelmann, another of my chums had married a girl of a southside-Lutheran church and became a member there. But our friendship lasted until Henry died. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ During my absence Zions Church had acquired a huge pipe organ. Attending the first service upon my return, a strange, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ bewhiskered face peered at me from the organ seat. That was George Schoenbaum, Eddy's brother. The four of us had been close friends and named ourselves "the four-leaf clover". George had married Bertha Loose of the Second German Methodist church.

William Kleinsteuber, a Sunday school chum of mine, had married Bertha Knaack, a member of our choir. They had built themselves a home on Twentyfourth Place. Billy was with the Edward P. Allis company on Clinton street where he had learnt the trade of machinist. He remained with the concern after the Allis-Chalmers mergence, and was still with them when I last met him a few year ago.

Frank Dengel, another Sunday-school classmate, was still in the plumbing business, laying the foundation for the later F.R. Dengel company. Frank had married the youngest sister of Billy Kleinsteuber, Mary. Frank was a trustee of the church and one of its pillars.

Herman Droegkamp, another choir member, had left the employ of his father to prepare for the ministry. He was ordained, married

A S P L I T

Bertha Kleinsteuber, an older sister of William, and now had charge of a Congregation. Herman was the first preacher given to the Evangelical Association by the Milwaukee Zions congregation. In those days congregations gloried in ^{their} ~~the~~ gifts of servants in the Lord's vinyard.

Henry Schneider, another member of the choir, had married Lizzie Kleinsteuber, another sister of my chum Billy. Henry was a woodworker and founder of a Furniture company in North Milwaukee.

Some of the old-time male members of the choir were gone; notably the Bohn brothers, both Civil War veterans and excellent bass voices. "Father" Schulz and his son Henry were still singing tenor. Of the former sopranos few were left. Katy Fuchs had married an outsider. Augusta Bohn sang alto as far back as I can remember; even as a boy her voice thrilled me. When she was married to a Civil War veteran, Kennedy, the choir lost a good alto. She was a younger sister to the Bohn brothers.

Henry Dietrich, the young man who was with us when we came from Madison to Milwaukee, still sang tenor in the choir. Henry had married Amelia, the oldest sister of Will Kleinsteuber. Shortly upon my return, Henry asked me to spend an ~~evening~~ evening with them. On this occasion he led the conversation to the internal affairs of the Evangelical Association. A factional feud had arisen, each side headed by a bishop. All congregations were more or less affected, for the backwash reached them all through the weekly Christian Messenger. The quarrel led to a split in the Association with more than 40,000 members seceding.

Pathetically, it was not a contest over an article of faith, or over administration, but over the alleged conduct of three members. The staid members of the Association failed to calm the tempest and were deeply grieved. Yet those involved protested their innocence.

Neither--

Neither side had gained anything, even after secular courts had rendered judgements on property rights. And the Evangelical Association suffered a blow from which it has not recovered to this day.

There was another change in the Church I noticed; one more serious than a split in membership. When in the earlier days the Sunday service was over, members in twos, threes, or groups on their way home, would repeat the spiritual joys of the sermon; always I was at father's side, holding his hand and listening to what they had to say.

Now, after the first service I attended, the young leaders still gathered in groups and spoke of joys; but joys in terms of land values, subdivisions, sales of lots, prices and profits. And when their elders had made appointments for afternoon home worship, the young generation now made appointments to visit new plats and building sites. That is not to say that all did so, or even one-half. But I heard none of them speak of the high-lights of the sermon, or the service, or the text. I'm not sure that any remembered the text.

For, let it be known that a most violent land-boom was on!

FEDERATED TRADES ~~COUNCIL~~

Next to meeting my old friends of the church, I succeeded to locate the meeting place of the wood carvers' union. There I was told that the union which I had helped to organize, had gone all to pieces, after a prolonged strike in which the carvers were completely defeated. All the gains which had been made before 1886 were lost and we were now again working sixty hours a week. So it was necessary to start all over again.

However, that sounded much worse than it really was. This time the union was affiliated with the International Wood Carvers' Association, which in turn was an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. "Next Monday (first Monday in September) is Labor Day; then the Federated Trades will have their annual picnic. The carvers will not march because they're too weak to make a showing," I was told.

"Next Monday" came; my brothers did not go to work because most of the factories were closed, for it was a Legal Holiday. That was one gain which labor had made. The three of us, Henry, Robert and I, dressed up to go and see the parade. We walked down Third street, West Water, and crossed the Wells street bridge to Oneida and Market where we took our stand.

"Here they're coming." The marcher passed among the crowds that lined both sides of the street. We could see them turning on Wisconsin street north up East Water; the bright trumpets glistening in the morning sun. We could ^{hear} the martial music, the crashing of drums, the blare of horns. The four or six abreast, closely locked columns stepped firmly to the rythm of the march: left, right, left, right, left, right. The richly colored standards ^d and banners fluttered and played gaily above their heads in the morning breeze.

"Here they are!" Led by the marshal in uniform with plumed head-gear, white gloves and moire' sash, astride a snow white steed decked with streamers; followed by a full-sized band, the colors,

officials and delegates of the Federated Trades Council. Among them were many whom I knew and had met in the Knights of Labor Assembly.

Now followed the body of the parade with its many unions, in orderly array, division upon division, each with band, ~~carrying~~ banner and United States flag. Striking effects resulted from efforts at uniform dress of groups. Those in all black, blue, white or gray, looked as good if not as aristocratic, as those in white trousers, black coats and white felt hats. The blue, gray, white or black were new suits of overalls which could be worn at ~~the~~ work after Labor Day.

Many a time I gulped to control my emotions as they passed, group upon group; especially, when the group passed which had nothing uniformly new to wear - oh yes, they wore a uniform haggard look in their hollow eyes. Cheer upon cheer went up along the route and drew tired smiles from their drawn faces.

"They're the tanners," explained Robert, "they've been on strike nine months against the rich tanners."

"Good God," I sobbed, "that's the class war."

"None of them went back so far," he answered.

If the masters believed that they choked the American labor movement when they strangled the so-called anarchists on gallows after the May-day "riots" of 1886 - here was the answer: Within six years the labor movement of Milwaukee was stronger than it had ever been before. Painfully and slowly, labor was learning to obey the injunction of Karl Marx: "Workers of the World, Unite!"

How long the passing of that first Labor Day parade which I saw in America, lasted, I can not remember; and how great was the number of paraders, no one could tell me.

No matter; I was again one of them, even if our union was not strong enough to show itself.

After returning to Milwaukee my first job was with a concern which
did interior wood-work. - We worked five hours in the forenoon,
five hours ten minutes in the afternoon, with fifty minutes for lunch
at noon, or sixty hours a week. Stooping intently over the work without
a break in those five hour stretches, was good for the firm but bad for
the lungs. And tuberculosis got a rich harvest.

It was hard for me to get used to this tense regime. I never took to it. No one dared to talk to his colleague only a yard away. No one dared to whistle a tune or sing a song such as I had heard in Europe.

The foreman had his worktable at one end of the shop so placed that, when at work, his back was turned upon all of us. Across the table against the wall was a mirror so tilted that he could overlook the whole shop at a glance merely by raising his eyes. Thus we could all be spied upon without knowing it. It was a clever device for espionage but unworthy of free manhood.

n/
If the anyone dared to forget himself and whistled a tune, it was not long before ^{the} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Foreman had the culprit spotted. Promptly he ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ straightened up, marched down the line, stopped behind the whistler, threw out his chest and said - nothing. But the whistler lost all joy in his tune and shut up. There was one who could sing or whistle ~~xxxxxxx~~ as he liked; that was "Shawly" who was five inches taller than the foreman.

Under such conditions the social atmosphere was charged with suppressed resentment. The very first day it was settled that I would not be there for long; and once gone I'd never want to be back again.

Most of the carvers in the ~~Italian~~ shop at the time, were like I, American born of German parents, who came here and were naturalized. There were immigrants of other nationals, perhaps five or six in all. Otto Lachmund, my left-hand neighbor was a German who had immigrated.

The one to the right-hand was a Russian Pole who spoke very little while at work; beside his Polish he could speak only German.

Otto Lachmund had a pronounced sense of humor; whenever the foreman had an authority tantrum, Otto would mumble loud enough for me to hear: "The Foreman marches again," and I would answer:

"Vive le roi," and we would chuckle.

One morning I was not at my regular place at seven o'clock and did not arrive until nine. I had received a tip that the Wisconsin Iron & Wire Works had Exposition work to do and needed modellers; that meant a better job for me and I went to clinch it.

I told the foreman I was quitting. He caught his breath, then merely said: "So-o?" When he paid me my money he said nothing more. It took him by surprise.

Packing my tools, I told Otto Lachmund. He asked: "Do they need any more help?"

"If they do, I'll let you know." I shook hands with him, waved farewell to the rest while the foreman squatted in his corner peeping into the mirror. With a grin I turned his way, waved my hand and was off, never again to go near the place.

The Wisconsin Iron and Wire Works had its factory next to the Milwaukee river on the east side of East Water street. The modelling shop was on the second floor, with all the windows facing west to assure us good light.

Of the business setup of the company I knew next to nothing. The head of the firm, as I knew it, was a tall, lanky Mr. Hall of middle age whose given name I can not recall. It was he who hired me. After that first meeting I have not seen him more than five or six times. Next to Mr. Hall was a Mr. Gillman, who was regularly in the office, which was on the rear end of the first floor. We carvers and modellers

took our orders from our foreman.

The foreman and the rest of the ten, or so, modellers were a happy, go lucky clan of roving artists, attracted by the Columbian Exposition and brought here from Chicago. I was the first Milwaukeean amongst them. They were mostly German with a Belgian, Swede and Russian added, who understood some German. Chiefly our meeting ground was English. Being with them less than thirty minutes I felt at ease; they were a congenial lot and all Socialists.

The work we did was to be a display of the Pabst Brewing company at the Columbian fair. It was a miniature replica of the company's plant and main branches. The Pabst Building on the northwest corner of Wisconsin and East Water street was included; it was between four and five feet high with all the other many buildings in relative proportion.

We made the first model in plaster of Paris working according to architectural drawings. From these models copper duplicates were made by the galvano-plastic process. These copper models^{were} assembled, gold plated and burnished after which they received a banana lacquer coating. This lacquering was done in a dust-free room by two girls.

About this time Harris had written his song: "After the ball is over," and when the girls were at their work they often sang that song. It was new to me and since they sang it in two voices, it sounded good, coming to us through a seven-eights inch partition which mellowed and softened the sound. And the modellers were quiet at their work, listening to the softened singing telling a plaintive tale.

What a blessing it was that there was no foreman around pulling "Authority Monkeyshines" and disturbing the modern idyll.

I had been working there about two weeks when our foreman asked me if I knew of a modeller who might be available. Surely, I knew of Otto Lachmund; next day Otto started with us. He was as happy to get

away from the "Franzios" as I had been. By this time we two, Otto and I, had already come to an understanding to start a shop of our own.

Both of us were able to do anything required in our line in Milwaukee; besides Otto was equipped for stone carving and I had learned designing. Moreover, both of us resented the sixty hour work week and were agreed that ours would be the first eight hour carving shop in Milwaukee.

The shorter workday gave me two hours additional time each day which were mine to spend as I saw fit. And I made good use of it. During my absence our family had celebrated the silver wedding of my parents. They told me it was the largest party ever held in our home. On that occasion they received many gifts from their numerous friends. I had sent them a cuivre-poli stand with a crystal glass fruit dish and a dozen of gold-plate fruit knives, all assembled into one design. So my parents had all the ware for a showy display; but no cabinet to "show off" the gifts they thought so much of.

I made several sketches and suggested that we make a cabinet for the ware. They all agreed and chose the renaissance design; each would do his part - father the cabinet work, I the carving, Henry the silvering, Luke the beveling, Hugo the finishing and so on. And we had the place between two windows where it would show off well. More important, in the attic over the kitchen was the oak lumber in store seasoning for many years just for such purposes. And father's workbench, toolchest, jackscrews and clamps were all in readiness for just such a job. So we all pulled together and made the cabinet.

Though father had retired from factory work, he still possessed all his skill enriched by years of experience. But under the drive of commercialized production as carried on by Chicago capitalists who had bought up the Oldenburg furniture factory, men of fifty-five were unable to stand the unmerciful pace. Conscientious cabinet makers rebelled

against the corruption of their trade by "Chicago nigger-drivers"; so they quit in protest. Boys and men who could barely drive a nail, were taken on as "cabinet makers", though they were totally unfit to cut a clean miter. Good carvers yielded to shoddy machine carving and left. Shoddy furniture flooded the market, only to be cursed by cheated workers who bought it on installments because it was a little cheaper. And when they found they were "gypped" they dammed the "Juden-wirtschaft" (Jewish way-of-doing).

Then Brother Henry was married, he wanted a side oard for his dining room and asked father to make ^{it}. Robert also wanted one when he got married. Father made both of them while I contributed the designs. When dining rooms shrunk to the size of cubby-holes, those spacious sideboards were too large for them; so they sold them.

(of the year)

With the turn/1892 - '93, the Columbian Exposition had but a few months left to be ready for the opening on May First. At the Wisconsin I.&W.W. Works there were but few loose ends left to finish the Pabst brewery "golden" model. The Chicago modellers had left for the fair. Otto Lachmund was alone to finish up. I had left in January for Chicago. There were fabulous wages to earn.

Returning to my room on Milwaukee avenue one evening, there was a letter from Otto Lachmund. Mr. Hall had made an offer that we take over the modelling shop. Next day I pulled up stakes and in the evening was back in Milwaukee.

Within twenty-four hours we had launched our company. Boldly we announced:

INTERIOR DECORATING Co.

SEIDEL & LACHMUND.

CONTRACTORS FOR MODELING, WOOD AND STONE CARVING,

Decorations of Ceilings, Walls, &c.

IN STUCCO, PAPIER-MACHE AND CARTON-PIERE

A Specialty.

184-186 EAST WATER STREET.

Milwaukee, Wis. 1913

We had no time to design a special head for our stationary. But the printer came to our aid with a variety of type from nine differing fonts, giving us a dignified letter-head.

Otto Lachmund had charge of the shop. I was out ^{to} introduce our new firm and drum up work. The terrific industrial depression of the nineties was already rumbling in the distance. But I was fortunate to land three contracts which kept us busy for more than a year. While others laid off their carvers we were putting on help. Banks were crashing; but we did the stucco work for a remodeling job of a national bank on Wisconsin street. And we got our money.

I got around to every architect's office to leave our card. Everywhere the story was the same: "We're not doing any new work, but we'll take your card." The one exception was the office of Architect Kirchhof. He gave me a roll of detail drawings for the decorations of a bar-room at the Atlas hotel which was being remodelled. We were to give him an estimate of the cost. We figured closely for we wanted the job. And we landed it. Mr. Kirchhof had grown up on Seventh and Harmon street only a block and a half from my old home on Sixth street. He dealt kindly with us; perhaps it was a neighborly sentiment.

At any rate, it was through him that we got to do the decorations for another bar-room on the South-side. And we got the carving of the seal in the gable of the Sheboygan courthouse, also through him. Those jobs kept us busy ^{over} for a year and we were doing splendidly. Payments were assured; the work was for the Schlitz Brewing company.

Together with the closing of the Columbian Exposition, the depres-

P R I O R D E C O R A T I N G C O .
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sion broke without restraint, inflated values collapsed leaving an ugly mess behind. Men who counted among the rich one day, were penniless the next. The financial idols of yesterday^{day} were bankrupt rogues today. Unemployment mounted until it seemed that no one was working but we.

We were busy through the winter into spring; our jobs were nearing completion. We tried various schemes to add new work but without success. Of the twelve people we had employed only two were left. To retrench we moved to smaller quarters on Third street between Vliet and Cherry. There we finished that work we had begun, laid off our last two employees.

Then the two of us held war counsel; we agreed that it would be folly to waste time waiting. We closed our accounts, paid our bills, had a modest balance left which we split between the two of us, packed our belongings and moved them to an empty hay loft above Otto Lachmund's barn, determined to begin again when the storm blew over.

Strangely, neither of us two lost more than a week until we both had work again - Otto, at carving the lions for the bridge in Lake Park; I, covering a route for the Metropolitan insurance company. Subsequently we soon lost sight of each other. Otto left for California when the lions were finished and I casting for something more congenial than insurance writing.

But the carvers of Milwaukee had a long unemployment siege. My route permitted me to get all over the north, east and west side of the city. All the factories had signs posted: "NO HELP WANTED!" That was definite and final.

So it was folly to stop anywhere asking for a job. But when I came with my portfolio containing a dozen, or so, of my sketches, offering to show the "boss" something - ah, that was a different approach. They had time to look and I crashed every "No-Help-Wanted" sign. Every sketch was different in color, design and treatment, made as good as

sion broke without restraint, Inflated values collapsed leaving an ugly mess behind. Men who counted among the rich one day, were penniless the next. The financial idols of yesterday^{day} were bankrupt rogues today. Unemployment mounted until it seemed^{ed/} that no one was working but we.

We were busy through the winter into spring; our jobs were nearing completion. We tried various schemes to add new work but without success. Of the twelve people we had employed only two were left. To retrench we moved to smaller quarters on Third street between Vliet and Cherry. There we finished what work we had and laid off our last two employees.

Then the two of us held war counsel; we agreed that it would be folly to waste time waiting. We closed our accounts, paid our bills, had a modest balance left which we split between the two of us, packed our belongings and moved them to an empty hay loft above Otto Lachmund's barn, determined to begin again when the storm blew over.

Strangely, neither of us two lost more than a week^{n/} until we both had work again - Otto, at carving the lions for the bridge in Lake Park; I, covering a route for the Metropolitan insurance company. Subsequently we soon lost sight of each other. Otto left for California when the lions were finished and I casting for something more congenial than insurance writing.

But the carvers of Milwaukee had a long unemployment siege. My route permitted me to get all over the north, east and west side of the city. All the factories had signs posted: "NO HELP WANTED!" That was definite and final.

So it was folly to stop anywhere asking for a job. But when I came with my portfolio containing a dozen, or so, of my sketches, offering to show the "boss" something - ah, that was a different approach. They had time to look and I crashed every "No-Help-Wanted" sign. Every sketch was different in color, design and treatment, made as good as

my skill would let me; each signed in artist fashion with my name. In no instance was I turned down bluntly. No visit lasted less than twenty minutes and some over thirty. Everywhere they were polite. Of the eighteen or so that I called upon, about seven asked me to leave name and address. But I asked for no job and offered nothing for sale.

Returning home one evening, after being with the Metropolitan company about three months, there was a letter awaiting me, ~~at my home~~. It was from the Fuller Warren company. Even before opening it, I said to mother: "There is my job." The ^t was ^{one} ~~the~~ place where I had a long visit. The letter was a request to "Please", call at the office at my convenience.

Next day shortly after noon, I was ushered into the private office of Mr. Vietz, Vice President and Manager. Mr. Coake, foreman of the pattern shop was sent for. After a consultation of possibly twenty minutes, it was agreed that I begin the following Monday morning. It would allow me time to wind up my accounts with the insurance company. Both, the manager and foreman were satisfied.

In that way I secured a job as carver and designer during the worst business depression I had been through. As jobs went during that period of the nineties, my position with the Fuller-Warren company turned out to be a "lucky strike". I was considered the "lucky carver" in town". During the seven years I was with the ^m/I did not lose a day excepting at my own request. When meeting carvers, they asked me how I managed to keep busy, I could only answer: "By keeping busy."

The stove and heating industry had its trade journals; I read them assiduously to learn what I could of the business. /And the pattern shop had stove catalogues and special literature on heating apparatuses. To all of that I had access and made the best of my opportunities.

The year 1894 began. After we, Lucy Geissel and I were sure that

my job would endure, we decided to be married in spring. Informally we announced that the marriage would ^{be} May eighth. By this time Lucy was thirty-three and I was twenty-eight. Lucy was an orphan, having lost her father in the Civil War and her mother ten years later, when she was only sixteen. As a girl she became a member of our church.

Both of my parents discouraged the match because of the difference in age. To this day I can see the look of pain on mother's face when I told her. Father, of a more philosophic mind, said nothing. I knew of their disapproval and dreaded to tell them, knowing how it would hurt. ~~them~~

"We want to be married at Rev. Fritsch's home and do not want any ado," I told mother.

"No," decided mother, "Lucy having no home nor parents, is no reason for not having a proper wedding; you'll be wedded in our home."

Not to prolong the agony, I did not oppose her. Lucy and I proceeded with our plans. One of the patternmakers in the shop, a Mr. Ehrlich, had a flat on Thirty-fourth street. The Ehrlichs occupied the lower flat; the upper was vacant and no one had lived in it. So they offered it to us at six dollars a month. Rents were low in those days. This was only two blocks west from the place I worked.

One Sunday afternoon Lucy and I went to look at it. It was a bright day and all the rooms, five including the kitchen, were as cheerful as the sun could make them. Lucy was in love with the place and we rented it at once, paying down the first month's rent. That permitted us to move in our things at our convenience.

At the factory it was known that Seidel would be married. I asked permission to buy the range from the factory. On the second floor next to the office was the sample room containing a setup of all the cooking and heating apparatuses the firm made. While at work, Mr. Vietz came to my bench and told me to have my bride visit the sample floor

and choose the range that she would like.

One afternoon Lucy called at the office. The office boy came to tell me that I was wanted on the sample floor. There I found Mr. Vietz and Lucy at the range display. At this time the "Steel ranges" came into ~~use~~ use. Mr. Vietz warned that they had not yet proven their worth, so he could not guarantee their wear. But Lucy was not caught by the gaudy polish of steel ranges; she had already picked a cast iron range she was familiar with. "How much would that cost?" she wanted to know.

"We'll let you choose first," insisted Mr. Vietz. She named her choice. Mr. Vietz spoke: "It's a good range and you'll be satisfied with it. I'll send it over as soon as you're ready to tell our men where you want it. I want that to be the firm's wedding present to you."

We could hardly find words to stammer our thanks when he said: "We wish you happiness and health." I went back to my work while Mr. Vietz ordered the range taken over and set up ready for use. And we were as happy as a pair of birds building a nest.

~~—————~~

About the middle of March our Mother began to plan house-cleaning for my wedding. For her sake I did not want her to go to so much work. But with the first mellow days, there was no stopping her. Luke and I had decorated the living room ceiling with papier-mache before we filed our decorating company away in the Lachmund hay loft. And the new cabinet we had made for the silver-plate was sparkling between the two sunny windows.

Our parents' bedroom was next to this living room. They had their bedding out while the room was being cleaned. The aired bedding had been placed in the front room until the bed was set up. The girls were at work with the supper. Mother was tired and laid down on the chilled bedding for a rest, falling asleep. When the girls called her for supper, she felt too tired to get up.

In fact, she was sick and father sent for Dr. Schorse. He ordered her to bed at once and prescribed medicine to be given every two hours. "An attack of the grippe," he warned. "Follow directions closely; I'll be around in the morning," he said.

Father and the girls had worked hard; they needed their sleep. So we boys took stock and planned a two hour schedule. We would sit up in two hour turns during the night while father and the girls would be with mother during the daytime. Dr. Schorse came twice a day. Four days and nights we kept this up. During the time she was so still, her eyes always closed. And the home was still; we walked about on tip-toe, speaking only in whispers.

On the fourth night it was my watch from two to four in the morning. I was reading by a dim light. She had had her dose at two; the next was due at four. Suddenly there was a stir in the chamber. I looked up. There stood mother in the doorframe like an apparition in white. "Why are you not in bed?" she asked. "What is it you want, mother?" "Go to the bath room," she answered. "Use the chamber mother, I'll

take it away." But she would not have it so: "I can go alone," she insisted. I smoothed the sheets. Within a few minutes she was back in bed. "So, now you go to sleep," she said and closed her eyes again.

After this incident I felt confident that we had won the fight for our mother's recovery; she seemed perfectly normal. And I told Robert, whose watch followed mine: "I'm sure mother's getting well." After a few hours sleep I was up again.

The younger children were in the kitchen; father sat at mother's bedside. As I stopped to look into their chamber father raised a finger in warning and I passed on to the kitchen. While I ate breakfast I related my experience of the night. As I returned to the living room father came ^{unsteadily} from the chamber and said: "Your mother is dead." Opening the door to the kitchen, he said: "Children, your mother is dead." Quietly he went to the front room and laid down on the lounge. That's where he had been sleeping during mother's illness.

The doorbell rang; it was the doctor; I let him in. He walked directly to the sick-chamber and stopped short when he saw the white, rigid face of our mother. He placed his hand on her brow: "She's not been dead long." Holding his hands as in benediction, he closed his eyes while whispering a prayer.

Turning to me: "Where's father?" I led the way to the front room. The two men held hands in sympathy. After examination and questioning, the doctor ordered him to bed at once, left a ^e prescription and said: "He is a sick man ; keep him quiet - no excitement. I'll be back this afternoon." We bedded father in the front room upstairs, ordinarily occupied by the two oldest sons. One of my sisters stayed with him.

After the doctor had gone we held family council for father was unable to act. We decided to engage Undertaker Nicolai who had buried our Edward. He called for mother's body, officiated at the funeral and relieved us of all necessary formalities. In the evening we boys went

with father's consent to choose a casket.

Shortly after noon Dr. Schorse called again on father and repeated his orders of the morning - "absolute rest." At about two^{o'clock} several friends of mother called at the back door; they came with parcels as if to have a party. When they saw us children gathered around the table, in grief, without our parents, they stood bewildered.

"What is?" they queried.

"Our mother has died this morning."

"And we came to celebrate her birthday; she is fifty-five today."

All merriment had flown from their faces.

"Where is Father Seidel?"

"Up stairs - in bed - sick."

Within thirty minutes others called - about fifteen in all - all for the same purpose. A circle of friends that had formed through the years of hard life - not from any particular church - some Catholic, some Protestant, some Jews, some Free-thought - nor from any particular nationals - but all from the great American melting-pot - poor and well-to-do thrown together - all of them from the human fellowship which transcends all artificial boundaries. And the mothers who came to celebrate our mother's birthday, left in grief over the loss of a kindred soul.

It was a warm, bright^{Sunday,} ~~xxxx~~ the last day in March. Mother's bier was set up in our front room. The floral tributes were too numerous to permit of room for the ^{a/} family near the casket. The services were held in Zions Church on Fifth and Walnut street, the Church of my parents' choice in which their children were christened and reared.

Six members of our church served as pallbearers; but her six grown sons carried their mother from her earthly home, and again to the Altar of her church where she had received so much of her spiritual strength and comfort; the official pallbearers functioned at the Union Cemetery. On the way to the cemetery, the procession passed our home where Father,

wrapped in blankets and propped up in his old fashioned rocker, sat at the window to wave a last farewell to his life's companion.

Our home had received a blow from which it never again recovered. Owing to the tender care of our sister Louisa and the ministrations of Dr. Schorse, Father soon recovered. But he was never again his old self. He carried on with the four youngest children after the five older boys were all married.

The years from 1895 to 1902, that I was with the Fuller-Warren company, were among the busiest of my life; not only with the work in the factory, but also with the many things I undertook to do for our own household after we were ~~married~~ quietly married at the home of Reve/~~Fritsche~~^{Fritsche}, owing to the untimely death of my mother. We were "spliced" on the 8th of May, 1895.

My first job at the stove works was to make a design for a new "base-burner", so-called because the fire in the firepot was fed ~~from~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ automatically from a magazine which could hold a large-sized scuttle of coal. The fuel chiefly used in those days for base-burners was a hard coal, "anthracite", mined in Pennsylvania. When the gas companies furnished a small sized coak for base-burners, many consumers used the coak in place of the coal because it was cheaper. The section around and partly over the fire pot was built of mic-glazed doors which permitted the glow of the fire to shed its light through the dusk of the room.

The base-burner stood on a nickle plated base with four legs, elevating the ashpit about eight inches from the floor; the ashpit door was covered with a nickle-plated nameplate; to each side of the ashpit was attached a nickle plated foot-rest; above the ashpit section over the ashdoor was the nickle plated apron; the magazine section was covered with a nickle-plated jacket; the four corners of the ~~xxxx~~ mica section were flanked ^{by} nickle-plated wings; over the jacket was the nickle-plated swing cover; and the cover was topped with a brass and copper urn. All nickled part were highly polished. In the back were ~~th~~ the flues, the ~~xxxxxxx~~ smoke outlet and a place to keep a tea kettle singing. When such a base-burner was a-going at its best, with its countless polished facets reflecting the playful flashes of the fire, it was indeed a sight to warm the coldest ~~xxx~~ heart. When in fall the first lot of baseburners were shipped, I got one for our

home, delivered and set up; but I was never sent a bill though I requested that it be charged to me. It was another gift. When I spoke to the paymaster about it, he said: "You got the stove, didn't you?"

"Sure, and it's keeping our home warm."

"What more do you want?" and he passed on.



We had lived nearly a year in the Ehrlich flat on 34th street and spring was in the air. One evening at supper my wife told of Rev. Uphoff having called in the afternoon; he was the pastor in charge of a little mission of our denomination, with a small church on corner of Center and 25th street. He lived in his own home next to the church and owned two cottages immediately north. One of these was vacant and the pastor offered to let us have it for six dollars a month. We went to view the cottage and spacious yard for a garden and decided to rent it. Surely, we would miss the sunny rooms, foremost the one Lucy had turned into a veritable garden with vines and creepers, palms and cactuses. But we were more than glad to get away from ^{the} railroad noises of switchyard and through trains, only two blocks away; on twenty-fifth street we would be over three-quarters of a mile removed from the railroad.

My brother Luke and I worked one Sunday and several evenings ~~paper~~ papering the walls, painting the wood-work and putting up picture ~~moulding~~ moulding; Lucy and her friends ~~helped~~ cleaned and oiled the floors and washed the windows. The pastor came to see; he was so pleased with the cleaning the cottage was given that he smiled: "I never had tenants who were so particular," and he offered to pay for the paper, moulding and paint. "Looks like new," he chortled through his whiskers. When it was all well dried and ventilated, we moved in.

We had a large yard, all sodded, more than we needed for a lawn. ✓

Lucy wanted a garden - old fashioned, with trellises for climbers, ~~fin~~

beds for flowers and other beds for vegetables and herbs. At the end of the yard we had a hedge made up of several rows of sweet corn. The spading was hard for the land had lain fallow a long time, but it was rich. Lucy did most of the planting, I watered and kept the weeds down. Visitors' eyes popped when they saw the fruits of our work and we were pleased over what they said.

When we discovered that every time our back was turned on our garden, the neighbor on the next street had let out all his chickens to scratch in our freshly planted yard - ah, that was not so good. We had no fence around our plot. And when we complained to the owner of the fowl, he merely laughed at us: "You must stay home and watch your yard."

~~Ixxxxxxthatxxxxxxpaxxxxxxxhixxxxxxxkexxxxxxxpaxxxxxxxkexxxxxxx~~
I stood it for some time. The birds were so clever that when they ~~xxxxxx~~ heard footsteps on the walk into yard, they scurried to safety. And as soon as the coast was clear they were back. They seemed to know that I had no rights outside of the yard; so they stood waiting till I was inside. I had killed one or two with stones and thrown them over the fence. Finally, I managed to catch the cock, a beautiful plumed bird and cooped him up. I had to give him feed and water. A few days later, Jake the flaskman, carted a laundry stove to ~~xxxxxx~~ our home. I showed him the rooster and asked:

"Would you like to take ~~xxxxxx~~ him home for the family?" His eyes sparkled, he seemed to doubt, When he discovered that I meant it, his face had a broad grin: ~~xxxxxx~~ "Dat 'ill make a nice dinner for Sunday." And we carried the apple barrel with the cock to his cart. Proudly Jake toted away the cock while the stubborn neighbor's flock of hens seemed to grieve because there was no one to crow for them.

"Dat rooster made us a fine dinner," Jake told me a few days later as he thanked me. And we did not need to shoo hens from our yard. So I thanked jake for his services.

But that was not the end of the story. After a week or so, I re-

(Fuller-Warren ~~██████~~ 4) R O O S T E R.

received a letter from a lawyer (unknown to me) on Fond du Lac avenue, stating that his client N.N. charged Emil Seidel with killing several pullets, belonging to said N.N. and throwing them over the fence; furthermore, that said Emil Seidel had caught and held in captivity a fully matured cock, property of said N.N., without making restitution.

The letter closed with an invitation to call upon the said lawyer ~~and to ask~~ for the purpose of settling the matter and reimbursing his client. That was the gist of the missive.

I ignored the invitation. Instead, I call^{ed} upon another lawyer whom I knew as a ~~member~~ Socialist member. According to his advice I had committed an "Awful" wrong; and I could not make him see that I had suffered any wrong. I wasn't a bit impressed with his reasoning. This was about eleven o'clock Sunday morning. I went directly to my brother Henry's home, who lived at that time on Thirteenth street near Garfield avenue, and told him of my predicament.

After listening carefully, Henry said: "Wait'll I put on ~~my~~ hat ~~x~~ and coat. We go over to see Dan Cook; he's a brother Mason. He doesn't say much; but he's the squarest lawyer I know. Tell him all you told me. I'm quite sure he's home."

We found Mr. Cook in. After an introduction, Henry suggested that I tell him my story as I had told it to my first lawyer. Mr. Cook listened and smiled: "Is that all?"

"Yesy"

"Does this man let his fowl regularly run at large?"

"Yes, in the day time."

"Well, the law is that a man allowing his animals to run at large, is responsible for the damage they do."

Henry asked about catching the fowl and disposing of it.

"Of course," answered Mr. Cook, "you ~~may~~ not catch and destroy

another man's animals. You may impound them and collect damages. But in this case, the object is so trivial that it would be hard to find a jury to agree on award of damages." In such words or words to that effect Mr. Cook put the case; he advised that I leave the letter and come again in a week. The following Sunday we called again. Mr. Cook told us that he ~~did not~~ believed we would have no more trouble with that man's fowl. We were never again ~~by~~ annoyed by that fowl.

I asked for a bill and received the reply that it was too small a matter to waste time over. He would not take any money. I thanked him. Shortly after I called on my first lawyer and asked him what he had coming. He said: "Ten dollars." I gave him five. He never asked for more and I never offered him more. But I did not again go to him for legal advise of any kind.

/ / /

This very unpleasant interlude ~~had~~ one good result: It hastened our plans to build a home of our own. We had a lot on Twentieth street which Lucy had bought and paid for during the land boom. Lying idle, it was of no use to us while each year we had to pay taxes on the land. The lot was located only one block farther north ~~between~~ between Locust and Hadley streets and five blocks farther removed from the disturbing noises of the railroad. That was fortunate.

So I brushed up on my ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ architectural course and began to work on the plans. We talked and made notes, schemed and drew sketches until we agreed upon what we were sure we wanted and could accomplish.

In July our first boy was born. Dr. ~~X~~ , an old maid physician, delivered the child and pronounced it a fine, healthy baby. We named him Lucius Julien, after his mother and the month in which he was born. And we were happy parents, forgetting marauding chickens and delaying building plans; here was more important work.

(Fuller-Warren ~~████████~~ 6) O U R B O Y

In those days the Milwaukee Health department had ^{no} Child Welfare division with its visiting nurses calling on ^{/vising/} and ^{ad/} expectant mothers. Both of us, Lucy and I, were quite ignorant on feeding and taking care ^{of a/} baby. So we had to depend entirely upon the attending physician for such information as we needed. The physician who delivered our first baby was Dr. ^{X,} ~~██████████~~ an unmarried woman of middle-age whom Lucy had known for many years. There was no difficulty at the birth and Dr. ^X ~~██████████~~ called ~~her~~ our child a "healthy baby" with a "fine head". The woman who nursed Lucy, was an acquaintance who had herself raised five children; but she was not a trained nurse.

Of course, Lucy wanted to nurse her baby. Next morning she complained that the milk was pressing her. When Dr. ^X ~~██████████~~ called she bandaged ^{/cy's/} Lu/ breasts as in ^{/jacket/} a straight ^{/jacket/} jacket. When the baby was given suck, Lucy's nipples became sore and began to bleed. When Dr. ^X ~~██████████~~ was told that the baby was vomiting blood, she answered: "You must ^{not} feed the baby blood," and let it go at that. Lucy told me about this for I was not at home when the Doctor called. Lucy was a most disappointed mother. I asked her what we might do about it; and she suggested that we might try a breast pump. Before eating supper, I went to the drugstore and brought a pump. The pump drew a few drops of milk and many drops of blood. ^{/cy's/} Lu/ face was contorted with pain, while tears streamed from her eyes.

Helplessly I asked: "Shall I go for another physician?" She nodded and I went for Doctor Boerner. He had his office on Fond du Lac avenue and came with me at once. Lucy told him our story and he made an examination. He decided that under such conditions Lucy simply could not nurse the baby. Then he left ^{written} directions for preparing the baby's food and feed it from the bottle. He took the bandage off, ~~xxx~~ saying that the breast will soon be well. Dr. Boerner did not criticize; ~~██████████~~ but he agreed to take charge of the case.

Soon Lucy was strong, well, up and around. Our baby grew and we

were two happy parents, showing off ~~xxx~~ our baby boy with his "fine and head"/soft, brown eyes. And when the three of us were alone, we spun yarns and wove plans - father over his drawings, mother over her baby and baby over his bottle.

In the next story I've used no names for obvious reasons.

In the cottage south of us lived an aged widow with her only son who was about thirty-five years of age. He was a devoted son, the support of his mother. Then the young man got married and the three of them continued to live there. Of the young people we saw little. But the mother occupied the room with a window on the north side of the cottage. Every time we ~~xx~~ left our home or returned, we saw the mother seated at the window. And whenever we passed we nodded a greeting. And every time we passed her face was sad, sometimes with red eyelids as of weeping.

One evening Lucy told me that the old lady had been over to pay her a visit and pour out her heart. "The poor mother is broken-hearted; she's in mortal fear of the poor-house," said Lucy. "She can't live long that way."

"But what can we do about it?" I asked.

"I've been thinking she could live with us for a while," Lucy suggested. "We have that unused room, and with our baby in our home, I'm sure she would feel more cheerful and might get over her blues."

Thinking it over for a few minutes, I agreed that it ^{might} help the old lady and told Lucy so. She was pleased. Next day when I came home from work the old lady was in our home and really seemed to have forgotten her grief. She was good to the baby. We got along admirably. I did my part to make her feel at home.

She had been with us about six weeks when one day she was not well. Lucy had sent for Dr. Boerner. She told me that the Doctor held out little hope. On the following day when I returned from work, the old lady had died. Lucy said she had informed the son that his ~~xxxx~~ mother

was near death, that the son came over to kneel before his mother's bed; that he tried to take the mother's hand; that the mother refused to let him touch her with these words:

"Do not touch me - you're so hot."

The mother was conscious to her end, held Lucy's hand and whispered her thanks, closed her eyes and went to sleep forever, Lucy said:

"I'm so glad that we took her in; she was good company; now she need worry no more about going to the poor-house."

The son took charge of the funeral. The pastor came to our home to make inquiries. I was home then. And he wondered: "How does it happen that she died in your home?"

I told him. His only answer was: "I can't understand it."

I could only answer him: "There are many things we can't understand."

(As the days passed into weeks and months, our boy grew and seemed to thrive on his bottle diet. On one Sunday afternoon we had my father, all my brothers, sisters, "in-laws" and children at our home to celebrate the christening of our baby by Reverend Uphoff. The little lad's eyes seemed to notice faces, in particular the heavily whiskered face of the preacher whose beard moved up and down whenever he spoke. The little fellow's spine was strong enough to sit upright in the arms of his aunt Elizabeth. When the pastor raised his moistened hand over the child's head, the little lad tilted his head backward to watch the hand. More than one smile was suppressed. But with the intonation of the christening chant the dignity of the occasion was preserved. For when the dozen or more adult voices sang:

"Lord we bear thine name,
Lord, we are christened in Thee. - ", then the

child's large, brown eyes just stared; he was all ear.

Autumn had passed and Christmas was approaching. Our child was do-

(Fuller-Warren [REDACTED] 9) C H R I S T M A S

ing well as it seemed to us. Still, it didn't seem right that the boy should have those crying spells. A week before Christmas I went to Dr. Boerner and spoke to him. He came up at once to examine the baby. When he looked over the "stool" he said: "The baby is not digesting its food." He would see if there were some other food.

I prepared for Christmas. We would have a tree for our baby. It was over six feet in height.. And I trimmed it ^{with} baubles and candles and artificial snow. When on Christmas eve I had it all lighted, I took the boy from his cot to let him see it. The child stared a moment, turned his head and let out a wild scream. We did not dare to let him see it again; and after a few days I dismantled the tree.

Between Christmas and New Year the Fuller-Warren company was taking stock; so we did not work. That gave me a welcome rest which I used to work on the drawings and details for our own home which we were planning to build the following summer. It was on the morning of December 29th; a soft, dark day - so still - with a heavy ^{sky} overhead, full of mystery; the air too mellow for a frost and too crisp for a thaw; a dry, fluffy snow covering all like a huge, white Brussels carpet - and more snow falling.

We, Lucy and I, sat at our breakfast table near the window, chatting about our plans - in soft murmurs lest we wake the baby. On the range the filled tea-kettle sang its song of the baby's bath; and the faithful baseburner, which never slept, spread a cozy glow through the rooms, also in readiness for his bath. Near-by stood the stool with his bath-tub, thermometer, sponge, soap, towels and what not. Nothing must chill the little fellow. Lucy was as conscientious as a book on health rules.

~~Breakfast out of the way, I was busy over plans for our new home,~~
avoiding all noises that might interfere with mother who had baby in his bath. It was a scene of serene, domestic calm when suddenly Lucy's

(Fuller-Warren [REDACTED] 10) G R I E F

voice cried out in alarm:

"Heavens - Emil - hurry - baby has convulsions!"

In a moment I was at their side.

"Hot water - mustard - the Doctor - !" she ordered.

I brought the things - hurried, without cap or coat, over to Rev. Uphof's home, three doors south, and asked him: Would he, please, hitch up and drive down to bring Dr. Boerner? Kindly, he consented while I hurried back. Within half an hour Dr. Boerner arrived. He went to work at once, while we stood by ready to help. It was a harrowing sight to see the little fellow strain again and again while his soft, brown eyes seemed to plead for help. For hours Dr. Boerner administered, watched, worked and watched. With every effort the child grew weaker. By four o'clock our baby was dead.

Dr. Boerner asked for the food we gave the child. There was a full bottle on the kitchen table. Lucy brought it in. Puzzled, the Doctor looked at it, turned it, looked again and asked:

"Did you always give the baby a full bottle?"

"Yes, and when he cried for more we gave it to him."

"That baby was overfed," he said, "that's why he couldn't digest his food."

"No one ever told us how much to feed the baby," said Lucy.

That was the real tragedy of infant mortality - our IGNORANCE. No one ever told us. And the Doctor took it for granted that we knew.

On New Year's day we buried our baby on our parents' lot on the Union Cemetery. That loss we have never outlived.

* * *

Following the year-end vacation, the Fuller-Warren ^{/pattern-shop/} was at once set to work on planning to add gas-stoves to the regular line of goods manufactured. For the shop-foreman, who made the mechanical drawings, the carver, who made the ornamental design, and the man-

agement, which had to finance, manufacture and sell the products, that meant many hours of consultation. At this time of the year, all the salesmen of the northern, northwestern, western, southwestern and southern territories had a lull and were gathered at the home-office to participate in these conversations. These were the men who had to deal with the retail trade and meet the strategies of competing manufacturers; therefore they also sat, or rather, stood in at these confabs in the pattern shop. They were the connecting links between the customers and the factory. They added the experience of their salesmanship. And it was up to the drafts-man and the designer, which meant the foreman and me, to glean all the information and "talking-points" we could from these meetings.

Furthermore, our office had all the catalogues and literature of competitors; and if anywhere in the market a competing model made incursions on the Fuller-Warren trade, the management was sure to have a sample of the product on the floor. In that way we developed new ideas - ideas which very often were copyrighted or patented. Our firm was not slow to take advantage of meritorious innovations we invented, and it gave us credit therefor. No less than five or six of my own creations were thus protected. The firm's legal advisors took care of that while we gave our signatures. For our work we were paid; but our ideas we had to assign, which we did readily for they were of value only as they were used in manufacture. It was a common practice for manufacturers to poach upon each other's inventive precincts; what we did to others, they did to us. However, my designs were my original creations; for these I did not depend upon others.)

(Design and style does for equipment of a home what spice and seasoning does for a meal - add flavor and taste.

Through-out the years I was with the F-W company, the procedure was quite the same every January. Each year we added a new line, and

"re-dressed" old models. During that time we built base-burners, ranges, cookstoves, gas-stoves, a large water-heater for use in churches and assembly halls and hot-water and steam radiators of various different sizes. Besides designing all embellishments, I did also all the carving.

For better catalogue display of the large water heater, I also made an isometrical view of the heater setup, with the left-side, front section cut away to present a more graphical picture of the interior construction. This saved the firm considerable time and cost in building such a setup. The idea of the inner construction was the brain-child of a F-W salesman by the name of Potter. And a very good idea it was. The firm patented that water heater. And Mr. Potter was highly pleased ^(with) my picture of the interior. "That's another feather in your hat," he said.

Then there were special jobs. The Milwaukee street railway company had a number of street cars which were not equipped with heaters. The F-W stove company was invited to submit suggestions for a portable heater which could be removed during the summer months. ~~At~~ Other stove companies were also competing for the business. Our firm wanted that order. So I was asked to make a drawing showing what our stove would look like when done. And I was given the time to do the best I knew. Naturally, I was highly pleased when our firm got that order. For years those stoves heated the Milwaukee street cars until finally electric heating "caught up" and was installed throughout. Our company had that stove patented. It was my design that won.

* * *

During the summer following the loss of our baby, we had finished our plans for our home, secured a reputable builder and let the contracts to the mason, carpenter, plasterer, plumber and gas-fitter, and the painter. The basement measured 26' X 36' X 7½' in

height. The walls were fourteen/in studding, permitting rooms on the second floor, and ample space for an attic. Living room, dining room and kitchen had maple floors; the three remaining rooms had white pine flooring; Stairs were of red oak. Owing to the depression, wages and prices of all materials were low. We put in all improvements, water, sewer, gas, bathroom, laundry - even cistern^{s/} for rain-water which Lucy preferred for laundering.

To finance it we borrowed eleven hundred dollars on a mortgage. Then the agent who negotiated the loan, was involved in legal entanglements. And we worried about our money which the real-estate agent held in trust. I mentioned my misgivings to^{George} Coake, my foreman. He told Mr. Vietz of my trouble. Mr. Vietz asked me about the details and bade me to not/worry; he would let me know what to do. The upshot was that I was sent with an office messenger to our firm's lawyers and introduced to ~~Mr. Vilas of Winckler, Flanders, Smith, Bottom and Vilas.~~ Mr. Vilas of Winckler, Flanders, Smith, Bottom and Vilas. There I signed "power of attorney" to them. Two days later Mr. Vietz came to my bench to tell me that the money had been placed in trust with him, to be paid to the contractors as per orders signed by my wife and me. When the last of the contracts was paid for, there was a residue of less than a hundred dollars turned over to us on a similar order. I asked what we might owe for legal services. And Mr. Vietz told me: "Nothing, we do that as a matter of courtesy to our employees." Of course, Lucy and I felt grateful and very happy. And we thanked him.

Before we moved into our "own" home, I had spoken for one of the new gas stoves which I had designed. The firm sent it over and connect-it. And for that we never were sent a bill. It was after we had moved in that our hard work began. The lot had to be levelled, embankments trued up an^{d/} sodded, steps and walks had to be built in front and rear, fences had to be put up if we wanted protection and privacy to our yard. Then there were the storm windows to be fitted; later the mosquito screens to be fitted and all of them painted several coats.

One day while working at the Wisconsin Iron & Woven Wire Works, I met the foreman of the galvano-plastic shop who introduced himself: "My name is Heumann - Adolf Heumann," in the brogue of a southern German. To put him at ease I spoke German and told him my name. We had chatted but a few minutes when both of us discovered that the other is a Socialist. It was he who told me of the "Vereinigung", and of a German workers' newspaper, The "Arbeiter Zeitung", published in Milwaukee by Victor L. Berger.

Comrade (*) Heumann took my subscription for the Zeitung and my application for membership in the association. At the first meeting I attended, there were perhaps twenty-five members present. I was not at once accepted but could attend the meetings. They kept me on probation for some time. There was no catechising. I might take part in discussion, was encouraged to speak. From my speech they judged my fitness to be a comrade. It was all so informal yet so very efficient; and democratic. Withal, there was no vow of secrecy. We paid 25 cents a month dues to have a fund when needed - for literature, stationery and the likes.

The Vereinigung had been formed after the collapse of 1886. It was not a political party; rather a group of class-conscious socialists, waiting in a watchtower biding their time for action. We paid no hall rent but met in the printery of Comrade Jacob Hunger. The printery was located in the basement of Union Hall, on the northwest corner of Sixth and Chestnut street. The total number of members was between thirty-five and forty, all of them readers of the Arbeiter Zeitung. The power of the association was greater by far than its membership would indicate, for outside there were several thousand subscribers to the Ar-

*) Comrade, in German: "Genosse" is the accepted term among Socialists by which they address or speak of each other. That comradeship is understood only by Socialists. Cynical use of the term by others is resented as offensive.

beiter Zeitung, nearly all of them Socialists. In addition there was the indefinite number of sympathizers who would always "go along".

At the Vereinigung I met most of the prominent Milwaukee Socialists of the early nineties: The Comrades Berger, Brockhausen, Baier, Doerfler Sr., Elsner, Hampel, Hunger, Carl Kleist, Knappe, Kranzfelder, Luchsinger, Moerschel, Petersen, Richter, Schranz, Ziegler, and others whose names, alas, do not come readily. George Moeschel was the secretary, Jacob Hunger the treasurer. The chairman was chosen at each meeting. That custom was continued in all the branches of the Party.

As I began to know the members of the Vereinigung better, my esteem of them grew and I had the one fervent desire: to be counted one of them. They had stood the ordeal of persecution and had not failed. Now they had but one aim: To liberate the workingclass from the bondage of wage-slavery. That was the first, the last and only article of their creed. And the means: Workers of the World, Unite! It was as simple as that. It was to my liking to the exclusion of all else.

There was another group in Milwaukee, the Socialist Labor Party. It had its national seat in New York and was really the fore-runner of the Social Democracy as it grew in Milwaukee, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other mid-western and western cities. The S.L.P. was also known as the "De-Leonites", from De Leon, who was the national head of the movement. He was an able man to whom we owe the English translations of numerous German Socialist pamphlets.

De Leon vitiated his usefulness to the socialist movement by his autocratic methods which kept the membership of his organization in a constant turmoil of harmful quarrels. Any local matter might be appealed to the national office, whence it was spread through the whole party. Trivial matters became issues. Authority went to seed. In the terms of a course saying: "What they built with their hands, they ~~xx~~ upset ~~xxxxxx~~/with their hams."

Most of the members of the Vereinigung had belonged to the S.L.P. and quit because "there was too much quarreling". The Arbeiter Zeitung had not been thriving when Victor L. Berger bought the paper to become its publisher and editor. The S.L.P. kept up a feud on Berger, the Vereinigung and the Zeitung, under which the finances of the paper suffered most. These were dark days for the paper and its help. Many paydays passed without the help or editor getting one cent of pay. To increase his income, Comrade Berger wrote such insurance as the comrades placed with him. Such was the financial situation of the Arbeiter Zeitung when I subscribed to it.

The paper came to my home. One evening there was no paper, nor the next and the next. On inquiry I was told that the Arbeiter Zeitung had died. The Socialist Labor Party had maintained a constant guerilla war and boycotted the paper. This political element could not work constructively itself and it would not let others build. But on Saturday there came a new paper to my home - the weekly "Vorwaerts" (Forward). And Victor L. Berger was its editor. For decades the Vorwaerts came regularly every week-end. Phoenix-like it rose from the ashes of the past to do yeomanly service in the building of the Social-Democratic Party.

Let it be remembered that during all this time the industrial depression raged with unabated fury. His service through all these years gave Comrade Berger the undying loyalty of the old comrades, who stood by him through thick and thin. Like a prophet from his lookout, Victor watched the political horizon for signs of the coming of labor's spring.

Berger did not believe that the labor movement would develop according to one fixed pattern alike in all countries. That movement must naturally be different in the United States than in any other country, because all conditions were different.

At about this time the Populist movement was growing rapidly in some parts of the United States. In Milwaukee Henry Smith, Bob Schill-

ling and others, were soap-boxing for the People's Party and money reform. In 1892 the People's Party cast over a million popular votes. It seemed as if some sort of an awakening was impending.

Berger attended ^{the} ~~the~~ next People's Party convention which met in St. Louis, if I remember rightly. This convention declared for the "unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of foreign nations."

When Berger returned from that convention, his Vorwaerts denounced the bi-metalist plank of the People's Party as utterly unfit to correct any of the workers' and farmers' grievances; and he warned that if enacted into law, bi-metalism would add an unsound money system to the wrongs from which the workingclass is suffering.

Among the readers of the Vorwaerts was "Charley" Pfister, a Republican of considerable wealth, active in current politics and ranking high in the counsel of his party. He had read the Berger article and recognized its effectiveness as a campaign document in the ensuing election of 1896. The Populists and Democrats had nominated the "silver-tongued orator" William Jennings Bryan as their candidate for President; the silver Republicans had endorsed Bryan.

The regular Republicans had nominated William McKinley of Ohio to be their candidate for President. They feared Bryan whose oratory was sweeping the masses before him. The sincere, simply written article of Berger's seemed a godsend to the worried Republicans. So Pfister asked Berger to print a second edition of ^(100,000 copies of) the Vorwaerts, containing the coveted article, for which he would pay Berger \$10,000. Pfister would distribute this edition where it would do the Republicans most good.

It was a flattering and tempting offer, considering the poverty of the Socialists. But Victor L. Berger measured up to the situation and declined the offer. He would not stoop to print his Vorwaerts to

help Republicans. There was an over-run of a few hundred copies which the office sold at five cents a copy. At the next meeting of the Vereinigung, Berger reported the incident. And his comrades commended him for his loyalty to principle.

Keenly Comrade Berger watched the labor movement. Eugene V. Debs had organized the American Railway Union and was its president from 1893 to '97. Grover Cleveland had entered upon his second presidential term. The A.R.U. went on a strike in Chicago which Debs managed. The greatest railroad center of the country was completely tied up. Milwaukee Socialists stood on tiptoe; something was bound to happen. So it did. Debs and his fellow workers were enjoined from interfering with the transport of mails. President Cleveland ordered military to Chicago. Debs was indicted for contempt of court, tried and sentenced by a federal judge to serve six months in Woodstock prison.

When a man's in jail, then's when he needs a friend. And Berger proved himself to be that friend; he called on Debs in ^(prison) ~~the~~ and brought books from his own library for Gene to read. The organizer of workers in Milwaukee explained Socialism to the organizer of labor in Woodstock prison. The pages of history are soiled with too many foul deeds of man while mankind's finest acts are lost in the passions of the struggle. What a gem we lost when that conversation between Victor and Eugene was not recorded.

One metropolitan daily cartooned ^(Debs) as a harmless cat sent to prison; and discharged at the end of his term a full-page libel labelled: Socialist. And speaking figuratively, that's exactly what happened. Eugene V. Debs came forth an avowed Socialist, girded with an indomitable faith in his cause, ever to do battle for Social Justice to the end of his days. Of what the two men spoke, looking beyond prison-walls, space and time out upon a suffering world - they left us not a word. But we may be sure that it was of a BETTER WORLD.

✓ * ✓

(End of Century 1)

"ANARCHISTS"

The last decade of the nineteenth century was filled to overflowing with all the wild joy and pain of a social organism in travail. European labor-rhymsters were sure that the next kid - the Twentieth - would be a redhead, promising that there is no mistake about it.

The United States and all the rest of the world's nations were engaged in a "friendly rivalry" to make the very best showing "ever" at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. My judgement is that the United States won the architectural prize with the greatest World's Fair that had ever been built up to that time. It was a joy to behold - a real world's holiday. Chicago was proud to receive the world's millions.

At home, in our national household, affairs did not move so smoothly. Labor had not yet forgotten the brutality with which the eight-hour strike in 1886 was squelched in Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and elsewhere. What hurt organized labor most was not the loss of that strike; but the manner in which seven of its leaders were summarily dealt with. Four were sentenced to be hung on the gallows, two were given imprisonment for life and one for fifteen years. Only three were executed, the fourth cheating the hangman by committing suicide in his cell. It rankled that it was necessary to pass a special law to convict its leaders under an "accessory before the fact" clause.

In 1892, John Peter Altgeld was elected governor of Illinois. One of his first official acts was to pardon the three leaders who by a queer whim of justice had escaped the nooze and were yet languishing in jail. And many years later Joseph Dana Miller wrote:

"It is now seen, after a lapse of seventeen years, that these men, even if dangerous to the community, were convicted more largely by the existing state of public terror than by any actual evidence connecting them with the throwing of the bomb. The fact that the three who escaped the gallows was petitioned for, after the terror of the time had died away, by some of the most prominent citizens of Chicago, is proof of the change the public mind underwent regarding the accused. THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE JUSTICE OF THEIR CONVICTION IS STILL UNSETTLED."

The labor movement could not be smothered in dungeons nor strangled on gallows. So the struggle for eight hours, higher wages and improved working conditions continued without a letup. To the outrages of the "eighties" were now added the infamies of the "nineties" - Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Cripple Creek, Colorado; Hocking Valley, Ohio; the McCormick and A.R.U. strike in Chicago, with Eugene V. Debs imprisoned. A democratic president had to stoop from his high position to offer labor that insult.

During the ten years from 1891 to 1900, there were over 13,800 strikes and lockouts in the United States, involving more than 71,600 establishments. More than 3,645,000 ^{workers} were affected with an average loss of time ^{of} 23.8 days and a total loss ~~xxxxxxx~~ of \$157,806,467 in wages. During that time the total loss to employers due to strikes and lockouts was estimated at over \$70,427,000.

In the fall of 1893 "General" Jacob S. Coxey of Massillon, Ohio, issued a call for a "Commonweal" army of 100,000 unemployed to march on to Washington, D.C. The purpose of the march was to demonstrate the serious condition of unemployment and to petition Congress for a bond issue of \$500,000,000; the bonds to bear no interest and the proceeds to be used for the improvement of highways.

On March 25th, 1894, Coxey left Massillon with a column of less than 200 unemployed. All along the route columns were waiting to join the army. Other columns had started to march on to Washington from various directions. On May first 1894, the Commonweal army of jobless workers arrived at the national Capitol, tired, bedraggled and foot-sore; for many of them had marched hundreds of miles.

How great was the number of the army that took Washington, I can not recall. What arrangements, if any, were made to receive the crusaders has never been reported. But it was a peaceable army for it bore no arms. And it was on a constitutional mission - to petition

Congress to provide work for the unemployed. That army did not ask for a hand-out or a pension. If Congress did any thing to provide an opportunity for these unemployed, I have not heard of it. But it is recorded that:

"In the attempt to make a speech from the capitol steps, he (Coxey) was accused of STEPPING ON THE GRASS, and with one Carl Browne was IMPRISONED FOR TWENTY DAYS". In conclusion the reporter says: "The starting of several 'commonweal' companies, or Coxey contingents, denominated 'armies', for Washington in the early part of 1894, demonstrated how widespread was the condition of idleness." (*)

As to the prevalence of the condition of "idleness" at that time, statisticians have variously placed the proportion of unemployment as high as 49, 56, and 62 per cent of the total number of workers engaged in some of the vocations or professions. Applying these figures to the whole body of industrial workers they might tell the true condition. Still to me the percentages seem low when applied to singular trades. There were times when less than twenty-five of the hundred or more carvers of Milwaukee were employed full time. And in the building trades there were times when it seemed that all new building had come to a complete standstill.

In the face of such conditions the frivolous treatment accorded the petitioning armies of unemployed at Washington, seems next to criminal. Organized labor resented it most fiercely. Small wonder that the smug politicians flew into spasms of jitters when the "silver-tongued orator" thundered his speech of man "on the cross of gold" through the land and stirred the sleeping multitude. Perhaps such infamies were history's necessary goads to prod the sluggish human ani-

(*) It was not uncommon in those days to classify "unemployment" with idleness and indolence. Superficial politicians in particular were guilty of such confusion. Blatantly they boasted that anyone who wanted to work in the United States, could always find a job. Unemployment as an industrial problem was simply not generally understood. We know better today.

mal to move forward.

ELECTIONS

There were three presidential elections in the "Nineties" - 1892, '96 and 1900.

In the 1892 campaign there were five candidates for president: President Benjamin Harrison, Republican; Grover Cleveland, Democrat; James B. Weaver, Populist; John Bidwell, Prohibitionist; and Simon Wing, Socialist Labor. Our Milwaukee Socialist faction had no candidate. This was the first time that the Socialist Labor Party nominated presidential candidates.

In this campaign William McKinley^{of Ohio} went on the stump for President Harrison, appearing also in Milwaukee, where I heard him at the pavilion in Schlitz park. McKinley spoke for a tariff high enough to protect home industry. On this occasion he pleaded especially for the American tin plate industry. I can see him holding aloft a drinking glass to illustrate his argument for "a home market for home labor". To stimulate trade between nations, McKinley advocated "reciprocity".

On election day I voted for the Socialist Labor candidates, Wing and Matchett. This was the first time I voted for President; and I would not throw my vote away on others, even Populists. When in the evening the votes were counted in our precinct, I was on hand. Wing and Matchett had two votes, mine and another which I have never been able to trace.

When all the national returns were in Cleveland had defeated President Harrison. A long time after the election I learned that the national vote for the candidates stood as follows:

Candidate	Popular Vote
Grover Cleveland	5,556,918
Benjamin Harrison. . . .	5,176,108
James B. Weaver. . . .	1,041,028
John Bidwell	264,135
Simon Wing	21,164

My brother Otto, who was a ballot clerk for the Republicans, smiled

to me when our two votes were counted. It was a wistful smile over two votes lost. I returned the smile for we had gained two votes.

In 1896 the Republicans nominated as their candidate for President William McKinley. His views on the ~~the~~ tariff, on the monetary issue, on industrial and labor questions were well known from his record in Congress, his record as Governor of Ohio and his speeches.

The Democrats chose William Jennings Bryan in the same year as their banner-bearer for "free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one".

The Populists also nominated William Jennings Bryan under the same slogan. And the Silver-Republicans likewise. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

The Socialist Labor Party nominated Charles M. Matchett.

The Prohibitionists had Joshua Levering. There was a N. Democratic candidate, John M. Palmer and a Nationalist, Charles E. Bentley.

The only formidable candidate against McKinley was the "silver-tongued orator" Bryan. In the same hall in which McKinley spoke in 1892, I also heard Bryan deliver his masterly oration on "labor nailed to the cross of gold." Though I was not a Bi-metalist, yet the fire of that emotional peroration swept me off my moorings and I cheered with the rest. One could agree with Bryan's flaying of social evils without accepting his remedies. So in the election my vote was cast for Matchett.

When the count was over the people's verdict was:

Candidate	Popular Vote
William McKinley.	7,104,779
William Jennings Bryan.	6,502,925
Joshua Levering	132,007
John M. Palmer	133,148
Charles M. Matchett	36,274
Charles E. Bentley	13,969

Meanwhile the new Socialist movement was taking shape, in Milwaukee, Chicago, St Louis, Cincinnati, and at other eastern and western industrial centers. The A.R.U., Gene Debs' railroad union had disbanded. Eugene V. Debs, under the influence of Victor L. Berger, had declared himself

for Socialism; his influence and popularity swayed thousands of followers. In Milwaukee Gene organized Branch One of the Social Democracy at a meeting in the West Side Turn Hall. I was the first one to hit the "saw-dust" trail and sign my name. Branch Two, Three, Big-Four, Five and Six followed in short order. To avoid confusion/~~we~~ ^{we later} named the branches after the wards.

In 1898 we nominated ~~a~~ our first municipal ^{/in Milwaukee} ticket/under the name:

S O C I A L D E M O C R A C Y

Mayor	Robert Meister
Comptroller	Thomas C.P. Myers
Treasurer	Howard Tuttle
City Attorney	Richard Elaner

And on election day we garnered 2,414 votes.

In the month of June following that election the Social Democracy had a National Convention in Chicago. The Colonist faction had been through much trouble with their colony and were in financial straits. Those delegations, including Milwaukee, which were opposed to linking our political movement to the colonization scheme, were instructed to get rid of it. Failing in that the anti-colonists bolted, held their own convention and founded the Social Democratic Party. The colony scheme died soon after that. The few Milwaukee Comrades who had joined the Colony returned in time, poorer but wiser.

The Social Democratic Party grew rapidly. In 1899 it gained some local successes in the East. In the meantime a large number of Socialists seceded from the Socialist Labor Party. These two groups entered the presidential campaign of 1900.

In that campaign there were no less than eight candidate for President. The gold forces again had William McKinley; William Jennings Bryan led the Bi-metallists who had also embraced Anti-imperialism; John G. Woolley stood for Prohibition; Eugen V. Debs was the candidate of the Social Democratic Party for the first time. Joseph F. Malloney stood for the Social Labor Party; Wharton Barker was a M.P.; Seth R.

Ellis U.R.; and J.F.R. Leonard was a U.C. Though there were eight candidates, they all had some followers and got some votes. The final result was as follows:

Candidate	Popular Vote
William McKinley	7,207,923
William Jennings Bryan	6,358,135
John G. Wooley	208,914
Eugene V. Debs	87,814
Joseph F. Malloney	39,739
Wharton Barker M.P.	50,373
Seth H. Ellis U.R.	5,698
J.F.R. Leonard U.C.	1,059

It will be seen that the combined Socialist vote was 127,553. Further, that the McKinley vote increased over 1896 while the Bryan vote declined, thus reflecting McKinley by a much larger popular majority.

It was during the nineties and far into the new century that the bicycle became quite a craze. One reason was that the "bike" had become a well-built machine; then the city had not yet begun to spread out while expanding industries needed more space and moved to the outskirts and suburbs. So there was a need ^{for} additional transportation facilities.

And we took the change in a stride and made a sport of it. We had bicycle clubs, bicycle clothes, bicycle parades and Sunday "Century Runs".

Of course, I had a bike; not so much to be a sport and be in the "swim" as for the purpose to get to and from my work. I never joined a century run; but we often made Sunday excursions to Waukegan, Pewaukee and the Land o' Lakes.

When these "safety bicycles" appeared they could carry strong men and could be geared for speed. But the price of one was a hundred dollars until competition made them cheaper.

The pneumatic tires made riding easy. Riding a bike was not all unmixed joy. There were the cross-road mischiefs ^{o/} ~~wh~~ had no bikes but

got their fun out of strewing tacks along the roads and watching us repair punctured tires. They were always "so sorry" while they grinned.

Or, the mongrel cur who came from nowhere and followed a hundred yards or more to snap viciously at one's heels or legs, threatening every moment to throw rider and bike.

The dogs' animus was merely the reflection of the ill will of the crossroad hamlets which lasted until the villagers themselves could have bicycles. Then they gloated no more over tire punctures.

Then our second child was born. We named her Viola Emilene. Viola was as normal, strong and bright as her brother Lucius had been. She differed from her brother, who had been brunet, in that she was blond.

We planned for our second child. As soon as we were ~~sure~~^{be} sure there would be another, we called upon Doctor Boerner for all the pre-natal advice science could give an expectant mother. We had learned a lesson and decided that the second baby should benefit therefrom. With undaunted fidelity we obeyed the directions of our physician. That course had its compensation in the better health of the prospective mother.

Still, when the baby arrived Lucy could not nurse it. Dr. Boerner had anticipated that and was prepared for it. Viola grew up on the bottle. But her mother had a hemorrhoid for six months after delivery with an open sore below the right ankle. She suffered excruciating pains until the doctors performed a ligation of a vein. Then recovery set in. And Doctor Boerner ordered no more babies.

Often during pregnancy Lucy and I speculated: "Would it be a boy or girl?" She had expressed the wish that it be another boy. I had no preference one way or the other. And I told her that I would be glad if it's a boy and feel the same way over a girl. Of course, she agreed to that.

Furthermore, I had promised that I would give a girl as good an education as I would give a boy, for she will need it. I believe to this day that if there is to be any difference in education between boy and girl, that the girl should be given the benefit; for the very simple reason that the girl must be the mother of the next generation.

"That's only fair," Lucy agreed.

And so we had our little girl Viola - ~~as bright-eyed and pretty a~~ child as one ever saw. Someone has said that children are homely. But he has never proved his case. And I have yet to meet the young parents who would agree to that.

At any rate, our Viola thrived and increased in weight and intellect. We still cultivated our habit to have plants and flowers around the house. Coming home from work and washing up, the first thing I did was to take the child on my arm and show her the plants while her mother got ^{the} dinner on the table. The child was about a year old and learning to walk and to talk.

In making the rounds, we stopped at a plant. I pointed to it and pronounced its name. The child repeated the name, raised its index finger warningly and said: "No, no," indicating that it must not touch the plant. Coming to the next plant I prompted: "Chrysanthemum". Viola without faltering pronounced "chrys-an-the-mum", raised her finger, moved her head in disapproval and added "no, no".

"Did you hear ^r that?" I called to Lucy, "She said chrysanthemum as perfectly as I did."

"I heard it," answered Lucy.

We now had a home that we could call our own - a place where we could gather around a table and feel secure when the day's work was done. No landlord or janitor could tell us how many children might be in our home, when and how we could entertain our friends, how often

or late we might thump our piano or how loud we dared to sing. No tenement regulation could wield its tyranny over our baby, company or pets. Our home was our castle. And all our planning revolved around making that home secure - first the six rooms and later the nine.

We understood the sentiment expressed in the words of Edgar Guest:

"Home aint a place that gold can buy
Or get up in a minute
Afore it's a home there's got to be
a Heap o' Livin' in it."

And for us that "Heap o' Livin'" included much work - all of which was to us a labor of pure joy; it always led from planning to ^{achieve-}~~XXXXXX~~ment. There was not a part of that home on which I did not do some work - from the building of the fence around the premises to pouring a new concrete cap on the chimney. Stemming from a family whose father was a well-trained cabinet-maker and carpenter, and having taken a course in architecture, I was able to do a pretty good job.

Our lot was only thirty feet wide by one-hundred feet deep. The east end of the lot faced Nineteenth Street and the west end, Twentieth. The lot was elevated about forty inches above street grade. And we had steps at each end descending to the grade. Along the Nineteenth street curb the realtors had planted two ash saplings of slow growth. On the slopes beside the steps I planted two European flowering-linden. When they bloomed the air was heavy with their scent.

A nursery agent sold us a "Rose of Sharon". It grew from a small shrub into a perfectly cone-shaped tree, seven feet tall. Toward August it began to bloom until the whole tree was covered with one mass of scarlet flowers which lasted until the first heavy frost killed them. Year after year it put on the same show; people stopped to look, comment and inquire. One spring it sent out no buds; it was dead. Then people who came to see it again inquired. They missed it.

In the fall when our boy lived, Lucy had planted a peach stone in a flower pot. It grew ~~and~~ we brought it with us to our new home. There

we planted it in a sheltered place. It thrived, blossomed and in due time bore fruit; first a dozen or so, then a peck, next season nearly two bushels. The tree declined, the fruit was sparse and scrawny. Bleeding at the crotches set in; nothing I could do would stop it. The peach-tree had lived its life. When I dug it up the trunk was more than five inches at its base.

We had a cut-leaf birch with its delicate tracery of dark-brown twigs and feathery foliage; the young sapling had died and the sturdy roots had sent up two trunks. That made it a prettier picture. And we had rubber trees, flowering white and pink oleanders, cacti and other plants which we set out in spring and brought in during fall and winter.

In the center of the lawn rose the twenty foot flag-pole from a clump of rustic rocks. And for the children I built a play-house in one corner of the yard, with eight windows and blinds to let in the air or sunshine or keep out the rain or cold blasts. There was a door to keep out intruders. The house was eight by eight feet square, capped with a wide-eaved, convex Chinese roof, topped by a sheet metal pinnacle. The eight windows were screened to keep out flies and "sketchers". Chinese dragons flanked the four corners under the eaves. Reporters called it a Chinese pagoda. When we had a lawn party, it was a handy place for a bar and refreshments.

When I got around to it, I changed the Twentieth street entrance into a closed alcove with large arched windows; the space so gained we used for our large plants in winter. It was warmly built and a cozy place to sit on a cold wintry day to read the Sunday papers. Looking out from our spacious living room, it seemed as if it was summer outside. On a winter's evening the light from the inside cast mystic patterns on the snow. ~~outside~~

Lucy was set on saving all the rainwater for laundry purposes. So

I put in two large cisterns with a faucet in the roof to draw rain-water. Later on I had a hot water heating system installed with radiators in all rooms. I designed all the plans for the water heater, embodying ~~xxx~~ my ideas for a small home heater. I had a heater which kept our nine room house comfortable on six tons of coal through the winter.

At that time Milwaukee had no Continuation school, no Trade school, no Vocational school, no University extension. A young mechanic wishing to improve himself had a hard time doing so.

One day the foreman of the Fuller-Warren sheet-metal shop told me that he and his best hand would like to learn projective drawing. For the regular work in the shop they had standard patterns. But when they had a special sheet-metal job to do, they wanted to be able to lay out their own patterns. They did not know whom to go to; would I be willing to give them lessons?

Lippert was the foreman's name; the other's name I do not recall. I agreed to ^{teach} ~~xxxxx~~ them if they promised to use all their spare time to rehearse the lessons taught and bring a sample of their work with them next time they came. In that way they learned to make the objects from the drawings they had made. We worked with a good cardboard in place of tin, galvanized iron or sheet copper. These reduced cardboard models could be preserved for future reference.

For fully five months through the fall, winter and early spring, they came regularly one evening ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ each week. It was class-evening. Class was supposed to last one hour; but it was rarely less than an hour and thirty minutes and often two hours. In class I was patient with them. But I insisted firmly that they keep their promise of practicing between class-time.

I charged them only fifty cents each for the evening's instruction. And when we were through with the course I had won my loyal friends.

who, when we met, were proud to speak of the lessons we had together. From time to time they had sent others to me for instruction; but I had to refuse them for lack of time. Moreover, I was convinced that this individual method of teaching a youth here or there, could not possibly meet the needs of the thousands that were leaving the public school each year. I wanted Milwaukee to have Continuation, Technical, Trade, Applied Arts schools, such as I had met with while in Germany. Nothing short of that could gratify the needs of our youth.

* * *

On February 15, 1898, the United States Battleship Maine, while lying peaceably at anchor in the harbor of Havana, was mysteriously destroyed without warning whatsoever. If in our history there were shots that were heard "around the world", here was an explosion so heard. A bitter controversy which lasted for years raged over who was to blame. The Spanish authorities denied all responsibility. In the United States there was a sharp division of public opinion.

Cuba had been in revolt against Spanish rule for more than seventy years, the latest rebellion dating from 1895. Spain was powerless in subduing the uprising. The United States had despatched the "Maine" to protect the interests of American shipping in Cuban waters. Then the battleship was blown up. American temper rose to white heat. "Remember the Maine" became the battlecry.

After the sinking of the Maine, the United States blockaded the ports of Cuba. The North Atlantic squadron had its base at Key West. The "Flying Squadron" under Comodore Schley was formed at Hampton Roads. On April 24, 1898 Spain declared war on the United States. From then on events moved rapidly.

The Asiatic squadron with its base at Hong Kong, China, was under the command of Comodore George Dewey, who had received orders to capture or destroy the Spanish squadron which was supposed to be in

Manila Bay. Comodore Dewey's squadron "entered the channel of Manila at 11.30 P.M. Saturday, 30 April, and early on Sunday morning, 1 May, sank, burned or captured all the ships of the Spanish squadron in the bay, silenced and destroyed three land batteries, obtained complete control of the bay, so that he could take the city, the chief port of the Philippine Islands, at any time, and all without losing a ~~single~~ single man, and having only nine slightly wounded. On 18 August Dewey and his ships aided Gen. Merritt in the capture of Manila."

The North Atlantic Squadron under Rear-admiral Sampson had been ordered to ~~to~~ blockade the northern coast of Cuba. After a few days Sampson received orders to intercept the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera which was reported to be on the way to Cuba.

On June 1, Sampson arrived off Santiago, where the Spanish fleet had in the meantime been located and at once ordered a strict blockade. On June 3, under his orders, Naval Constructor Hobson sank the Merrimac in the channel-entrance to the harbor in an attempt to "bottle up" the enemy fleet. By that deed Hobson became the "most kissed", popular hero of the war, though the Spanish fleet was not "bottled up".

On the morning of July 3, Sampson withdrew on the flagship New York to proceed to Siboney for a conference with Gen. Shafter, in command of the land forces, when it was discovered that the Spanish ships were leaving the harbor. At once the New York returned under full steam and joined the blockading fleet which was already giving battle under the direction of Commodore Schley. The entire Spanish fleet was destroyed and Admiral Cervera captured.

On July 17, Santiago surrendered and on the 21, the last naval engagement on the Cuban coast occurred when four ships bombed Kipe and took the port. July 25, Gen Miles landed at Guanica, Puerto Rico and the town surrendered. On July 28, Ponce surrendered.

P E A C E

On August 9, Gen. Ernst defeated the Spanish at Coamo, Puerto Rico and on the same day Spain accepted President McKinley's terms of peace. On August 12, the peace protocol was signed; on August 13, Manila surrendered to the Americans; on October 18, America took formal possession of Puerto Rico, and on December 10, 1898, the Peace Treaty between Spain and the United States was signed at Paris, 8.45 in the evening. On February 4, 1899, the war with Aguinaldo for the control of the Philippine Islands began; on March 23, 1901, Aguinaldo was captured, and on April 30, 1902, the Philippine war ended. But the kissing of heroes and the quarrels over "who did what" and who should receive credit or blame, continued for a long time.

T R U S T S

During the eighties ^hthe concentration of capital toward monopoly began to draw public attention. In Europe these combines were known as Cartels; in the United States we called them "Trusts". Karl Marx had predicted this ~~xxxxxxxx~~ development as a logical process of economic evolution; hence we Socialists were not disturbed by the growth of trusts. Ordinary politicians had no such insight; therefore they forbade trusts by law. When that failed they resorted to "Regulation". They're puttering at that hole yet. — The first anti-trust laws were enacted by states as early as the eighties, sixty years ago. In 1890 the United States Congress passed the "Sherman anti-trust law". All to little avail, for near the end of the century, the Chicago Civic Federation called for a "Chicago Conference on Trusts".

The Conference was held September 13, 14, 15, 16, 1899. A report was issued containing speeches, debates, resolutions, list of delegates, committees, etc. From the preface to that report, signed

C O N F E R E N C E

by Franklin H. Head, President of the Civic Federation of Chicago, we bring following excerpts:

"The discussion of the general subject of trusts and trade combinations during the past summer occupied seemingly more than any other the public mind. The greatest need in such discussion seemed, to use the happy expression of Lyman Abbot, to be light and not heat.

"For the purpose of eliciting the fullest possible discussion of such subjects from all standpoints, the Civic Federation of Chicago invited the Governors of the various states and the leading commercial, industrial and labor organizations to send delegates to a conference to be held in Chicago from the 13th to the 16th of September.

"A considerable number of students of economics from the various colleges and universities were also invited to give expression to their views upon ~~general~~ the same general topic. The response to this invitation was gratifying, and a most able and intelligent body of men from all parts of the country assembled for such a conference.

"The delegates appointed by the governors represented every interest in the respective states, including congressmen, ex-congressmen, ex-governors, ex-supreme court judges, attorneys-general, presidents of banks, presidents of railroads, manufacturing and commercial organizations, and representatives of labor, agricultural and educational interests.

"In the arrangement of the program especial care was taken that every side of the general subject should be represented by its ablest advocates.

"At the opening of the conference there seemed among the delegates to be a ~~suspicion~~ widespread suspicion as to the fairness of the discussions, and a feeling that some political motive might be behind the call for ~~ix~~ its assembling. Before the close

(continued on 58)

however, of the first day's proceedings this feeling had entirely disappeared, and people who supposed themselves to be entirely antagonistic as to their aims and the methods of obtaining certain ends found that all shades of opinion had much ground in common.".....

"The interest on the part of the public grew day by day as the reports of the proceedings in the newspapers illustrated the breadth of view covered by the various speakers.

"..... The debate set forth in the pages following gives the widest view yet presented of the important subjects discussed, and it is hoped that it may reach a wide audience."

"Franklin H. Head."

Accordingly, thirty-three governors appointed a total of 333 delegates to the Conference. Twelve governors and 17 attorneys general attended in person; likewise, 25 congressmen attended but not as delegates.

Merchants and manufacturers associations, bureaus, boards and clubs of trade sent 69 delegates while various labor organizations and trade unions sent 46, and agricultural and farmer organizations 14 delegates. The millers sent three.

From commercial travelers, railroad commissions and kindred bodies there were 14 delegates; universities, colleges and academies had sent 28 and political organizations 14. The underwriters had sent six and the Socialists two. Of delegates at large there were 30.

Including a goodly number of delegations of one and two, there were all told a total number of 724 delegates listed on the roll. It was evident that an earnest effort had been made to obtain a thoroughly inclusive representation. The local committee of arrangements for the conference on trusts consisted of 37 members, a fairly cosmopolitan body of men.

The officers of the Conference were:

Franklin H. Head, Temporary Chairman,
William Wirt Howe, Permanent Chairman,
Dudley G. Morton, First Vice-Chairman,
Henry V. Johnson, Second Vice-Chairman,
Stephan P. Corliss, Third Vice-Chairman,
Ralph M. Easley, Secretary.

During the four days of the Conference 94 delegates were called upon to speak. With the exception of the address of welcome, all talks pertained to some specific topic of trusts, monopolies or combinations of capital, industries or labor. Questions of a speaker were permitted; but rigid efforts were maintained not to let the program descend to the level of debate; the object being to hear all opinions on the subject, and keep them for the record.

The list of speakers was exhausted and the Conference was nearing its end. Delegate Gaines, of Tennessee, introduced the following:

"We have met here in convention through the courtesy of the Civic Federation and the city of Chicago. We have been royally entertained, not only by the convention itself, but by the citizen of Chicago. A vote of thanks is extended to the Civic Federation and to Chicago; to our distinguished chairman, who has proved himself peculiarly efficient and manifestly fair; to the conference secretary, and to those who by their participation have made the conference a success."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The report of the committee on resolutions, was presented by Chairman Luce, as follows:

"Your committee begs leave to report that after discussion and careful deliberation it has adopted the following resolution:

"Whereas, The call of the Civic Federation, under which this conference is gathered, inviting us to consider the subject of trusts, contains the following language:

"While it is not expected that a thorough investigation of even any branch of this great question can be made in so short a time, it is hoped that a beginning may be made and a plan adopted for following up the work along practical lines. The local committee in charge of the arrangements is composed of representatives of all political parties and, as indicated on this letter head, is chosen from various walks of life. The committee has no ideas or schemes of any kind to place before the conference. Its members have different views on the problems to be discussed, but are agreed on the proposition that a fair hearing should be given at the conference to all sides, and that everything should be done to make it of value to the public from an educational rather than a political standpoint."

"Therefore be it resolved, That in the opinion of the committee on resolutions, this conference is without authority, and it would be inexpedient for it to adopt resolutions purporting to declare the sense of the conference upon any aspect of the subject of discussion."

The report of the committee was adopted without debate.

On motion of Louis F. Post the conference, at 5.50 o'clock
adjourned sine die.

For us Socialists the Chicago Conference On Trusts was an interesting interlude. Had I another ~~xxother~~ 100 years of life before me, I would begin writing the epic of the class struggle starting with that conference. Think of it: Proletaire meeting Hammon!

/ / /

Other events happened during the nineties in Milwaukee; but they were chiefly of local importance. One of those was the Third ward fire of 1892. On the 28th of October the fire department had been called out 29 times to various parts of the city.

On that day shortly before quitting time there was a fire alarm from 277-281 East Water street. A west-northwest wind was blowing over fifty miles an hour. The fire had started in a three-story oil warehouse, located on the west side of the street. The Milwaukee Mirror & Art Glass Works and a wine and liquor house, both on the east side of the street, caught fire.

In the words of the Chief: "Then the second and great fire of the night started, viz: that of the Bub & Kipp (a seven-story furniture factory) How this fire really started will, in all probability, ever remain a mystery.... There were five engines and ten men working from a cistern withing 15 feet of this building, and the first knowledge anyone of the ten men had of the Bub & Kipp building being on fire was when the fire appeared as above stated, they having to run for their lives, leaving engines, hose and every thing else to burn up"

According to the version of the Chief, the fire destroyed 331 dwellings and barns; 115 factories, stores, offices and other places of business; 440 brick and frame buildings; 185 freight cars, and railroad offices and freight depots; it destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of property, and injured seven firemen - two of them fatally; it destroyed one-third of Milwaukee's fire apparatuses, and made 1,893 people homeless and swept away 45 acres of culture - all in less than five hours.

Chicago had sent four engines, Kenosha, Racine, Sheboygan and Oshkosh each one, together with the necessary equipment and men to man them. How many workers lost their jobs partly or entirely, was not stated. That was the Third Ward Fire.

The Milwaukee health commissioners of the nineties, and later, had no soft berth when they honestly tried to cope with the unsanitary conditions of the city. Smallpox, typhoid fever, infantile diseases, were the order of the day. The open waters, marshes, creeks and rivers, were so contaminated that nothing but disease could live in them; for they had been visited by that American curse, old as the human race, EXPLOITATION.

Every official health report was a tale of woe. On infant mortality we read: "It is a startling fact that of 2,073 deaths (including still births) 1,266, or 61 per cent of the whole, were children under five years of age." And, "Suggestions on sewerage and traps, and the best mode of preventing the introduction of gas from the sewers into private dwellings", indicate how primitive were the sanitary conditions of the earlier days.

The Burnham canal in the Menominee marsh was the cause of many bitter complaints. Says the report: "The thick, inky, putrid water of the canal could be seen in many places in a state of violent commotion, produced by fermentation. Although the canal is from 12 to 18 feet in depth, yet so noxious was the fermenting matter that the water, grains, manure and other filthy matter was thrown by power and explosive force of the gas generated, many feet in the air." —

"Various plans were suggested," continued the report, "to remedy the existing evils, such as pumping in fresh water from the marsh; using a ~~side-wheel~~ ^{side-wheel} ~~side-wheel~~ steamer to force down the water and create a current, or dredging out all effete matter from the bottom and dumping it into the lake." That was the same Lake Michigan from which Milwaukee pumped its drinking water!

While the health department complained of unsanitary conditions, foul rivers, polluted wells, faulty outhouses, ^{piles,} exposed manure, impure milk, and ^{high} death rates, the milkman, butcher, grocer, baker, business

man and citizen grumbled over the orders of the health commissioner and the persistence of the inspectors. When the ordinance was pending to license milkmen and dealers in milk, the milk interests held a public meeting in the Northside Turnhall to protest. Several aldermen were there, not to help the ordinance but the milkmen. And the health commissioner was there ~~xxxxxxx~~ on the next day to plead for the right of 25,000 Milwaukee children to have pure milk.

At another time some citizens of the Eleventh ward were in open revolt against the health department. This was in the summer of 1894, the same year in which Dr. Walter Kempster was appointed health commissioner for Milwaukee. Then a smallpox epidemic started. Those who were responsible for the disturbance were opposed to all isolation of smallpox patients or quarantine of stricken homes. The healthy visited freely with the sick. Often patients had no attending physician. Sometimes the attending physician did not report a smallpox case.

The mere appearance of a health official or "fumigating van" at the home of a smallpox patient was sufficient cause for a mutinous gathering. Once an open attack was made on the isolation hospital (pest-house they called it). At another time during a disturbance the corpse, a child victim of the disease, was thrown upon the street.

The authorities were powerless to handle the situation, both police and health officers being routed again and again. The commissioner appealed to the state health authorities which, after an investigation, sustained Dr. Kempster. To make matters worse, public authority was divided against itself.

Over 30 charges were brought to the common council against Dr. Kempster; after a number of them were sustained the council dismissed him from office. In the meantime the disease spread until there were over 1,000 cases in Milwaukee, nearly one-half of these in the Eleventh ward, the center of the opposition.

After his discharge by the common council, Dr. Kempster began an action against ~~the~~ city; the circuit court decided that the commissioner of health had been illegally removed from office. The Doctor was reinstated, collected his salary for the time he was barred from office and served as health commissioner to the end of his term in 1898.

It was a wholesome though costly lesson; but it established the power of the health department to deal effectively with contagious diseases. And today smallpox belongs to the "has-been" diseases, not altogether obsolete but of rare and mild occurrence.

About that time there lived in Milwaukee a physician Matthew Joseph Rodermund, M.D. He professed to be a "Natur-Artz" i.e. a physician only by the sanitative curing/power of nature. He summed up his belief, creed, science, or whatsoever we may name it, in following words:

"Two Causes Produce All The Diseases That Man Is Heir To
"Epidemics are due to two great Causes.

"Five words express it all: The Air and Our Acts.

"1. The Air — By the action of atmospheric conditions such as cold, damp, hot, impure, stagnant, unelectric air, and air-pressure upon various functions of the body.

"2. Our Own Acts — By violating the law of balance by what I designate the 'Big Four' — sleeping, working, eating and breathing.

"These two causes, either singly or combined, are the cause of small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid fever, measles, yellow fever, in fact, all forms of disease, no matter what name it has. This is all there is to it.... Microbes, mosquitoes and contagion, as the cause of disease, is an inexcusable delusion and assumption."

These excerpts are copied verbatim from a book published by Dr. Rodermund, entitled: "AS IT IS", pp. 82 and 83. This book is in my library and was sent to me in 1907, when I was alderman of the Twentieth Ward. By whom, I can not say; there was nothing to show that.

In that book Dr. Rodermund announced his authorship of several prior publications: "Fads in the Practice of Medicine," "Medical

Wonders and Blunders," and "The Appendicitis Fraud Exposure."

Since I can not presume to pass judgement in a controversy of this sort, my only purpose in recording this can be to suggest the question, whether or not, and to what degree, Dr. Rodermund's precepts influenced the violent smallpox riots of 1894, or were affected by them.

However, one observation must be included here. Atmospheric conditions in Milwaukee do not seem to have changed in the last half century, excepting for the worse; yet we must all agree that smallpox epidemics seem to be a thing of the past as far as our city is concerned.

That, too, is "As It Is". Now then, What did that?

In the municipal election of 1898 three events occurred, each of more than passing import to the development of Milwaukee.

The first was that the Koch-Rauschenberger and Consorts dynasty was swept out of office and from the new city hall; for one reason: "they had been in long enough," and second: "to give someone else a chance." In addition, they were mostly republicans.

The second event was the election of a new mayor, David S. Rose. He won the victory on the slogan: "Turn the rascals out!" More than six foot tall without an ounce of surplus flesh; handsome with glossy, jet-black hair and a rosy complexion; a lawyer, gifted with the oratory of a Daniel Webster — his audience thrilled with emotion when his stentorian baritone thundered: "Turn the rascals out!" When at the proper moment Mayor Rose marched up the aisle followed by his satellites like a Lieutenant heading the Darling ^{ten} Rifles, women held their breath and men rose in their seats to cheer. And when our Mayor drove down Wisconsin street up Grand avenue in a high-seated Stanhope drawn by snow-white, prancing steeds, a beautiful lady at his side, pedestrians stopped to doff their hats and stare. Youth adored him; sports swore by him. But many union men were wroth over the result of that election.

The third and most important event in this election, tho less spectacular, was the appearance of the Social Democracy on the ballot. Our candidates, Meister, Myers, Tuttle and Elsner, polled 2,414 votes. And a remarkably straight vote it was.

The turn of the century was preceded by a feverish period of industrial empire building; not only in our country but in all parts of the world. Tirelessly the U.S.A. patent office was grinding out new patent rights by the thousands, each year more than the previous year. Most of Milwaukee's powerful industries which have a world-wide reputation today, grew from the small beginnings of those days under the protection^{of} one or more patent rights.

Captains of industry were in the making. John I. Beggs had arrived in Milwaukee to consolidate the various^{ly}, scattered street-car lines preparatory to building The Milwaukee^{Electric} Railway and Light Company with its many corporate babies that were to follow. "There was big money in them there corporations." That was the mainspring of these operations. And in every part of our great land this concentration of capital was duplicated^d as the Conference on Trusts proved.

In every-thing we did we were merely weaving thread upon thread into^{an} economic fabric which is destined eventually to convert an old world order into a new. He who sees but the single thread can never sense the meaning of the fabric. He who grieves over a broken thread is entitled to his tears; but he may add pitifully little to our growth. Relentlessly time is on the move, changing scene, stage and characters.

And so the last century closed with our country busy cleaning up the mess in the Philippines, left from the Spanish-American war; and with Britain in South Africa cleaning up the Boer Republic.

Then in the spring of 1902 our father died.

After our mother's death, father continued to keep up the home with Louise and the younger children. One after another of the older children were married until only Louise and Laura were left. After their marriage, Hulda and Paul went to live in Chicago; Laura went to live with them. Sister Louise never got married; with ambitions of her own she went to live and work at the Schlitz hotel.

Father was now alone; he sold his tools and the homestead to our brother Otto. The furnishings of the old home were left to Louise. And father went to live in turns with one or the other of his children. He was troubled with laryngeal phthisis and had given up smoking. In September 1901 ~~XXXXXX~~ father went to live with our brother Hugo who had charge of a Methodist congregation in Shawano. We believed that the quiet surroundings and the pine-scented atmosphere would have a wholesome effect on father's ailment. He lived through the winter. Of the end Brother Hugo give^s following account:

"About the middle of March 1902, my father showed signs of extreme weakness; and on the 17th I sent for the Rev. Mr. Lutz, Clintonville, Wisconsin, pastor of the Evangelical Association, the church of which my father was a member in Milwaukee. The day following, March 18th, Mr. Lutz and I, at Father's request, administered the Sacrament of Holy Communion to him.

"About noon he had a sudden sinking spell; and from that time Father declined visibly. In the meantime, also at the request of my father, I had sent for our sister, Louise, who arrived at 8.30 that evening. Father readily recognized her, a consciousness he retained to the last moment, and conversed with her for a long time.

"At 12.30 Wednesday morning March 19th, Father requested to be lifted into his chair and the chair drawn to the sitting room, as he had done frequently during afternoons or evenings. We did as he asked; but before we could bring him to the other room he quietly fell asleep. His was a peaceful transition.

"Brief funeral services were held at our home, conducted by the Rev. T.W. Fessenden, pastor of the Methodist Church, Oconto Falls, Wisconsin, on Thursday afternoon March 20. That evening we accompanied the body to Milwaukee where services were held at the home of brother Emil, conducted by the Rev. J.E. Klein of Zion's Church of which Father had been a member since 1869, and all his children were brought up. where

"Interment was made in the family lot, Union Cemetery, Milwaukee, by the side of our Mother."

Thus the account of our Brother Hugo, relating the fulfillment of

our Father's days. There remains for me to add that ~~the~~ the six sons Father had raised, carried him to his final rest.

Father had lived to be near sixty-nine. His was a precious life, full of blessed toil and sacred duties toward his family which he never shirked. He was a truly Christian father, devoted to his home, gentle to his fellow-man, faithful to his church, a law-abiding citizen — loyal to the country of his choice.

Father never haled a fellow-man into court; no one ever cited him before a judge. Often he said: "It is better to suffer an injustice than to do a wrong."

My father's strong hand guiding me along a railroad trestle more than a mile in length, over the mouth of the Milwaukee river and the intrushing billows from Lake Michigan; a train thundering in upon us from behind, bell clanging, whistle shrieking angrily; Father's calm voice ~~reassuring~~ assuring: "Have no fear"; his right arm signalling, we standing firmly on ^a projecting railroad tie only inches removed from the grasping monster; then quietly resuming our way — that real occurrence was symbolic of what my father had been to me in my life.

In emergencies: never a muscle quivered — never his voice trembled.

Our father was wholly given up to his Faith; that was the philosophical foundation of his whole life. He stood firmly for "Gewissens-Freiheit" (freedom of conscience) with all that the term implies. To illustrate:

One time (I was then about twelve) there was a meeting of men, ^r church-members all, of different denominations, in the building that stood on the north-east corner of Walnut and Fourth street. All I can remember of that meeting is that it was called for the purpose of starting a German branch of the Y.M.C.A. Peter Rahr, a member of our church, and Father had agreed to attend, and I was allowed to go with them. It was on a Sunday afternoon. Of the meeting I can not recall a

single feature, not even the size of the gathering. On the way to the meeting I heard the two men talking about the Y.M.C.A. It seemed to me that my father favored it while Mr. Rahr opposed it. He said something about his boys belonging^{g/} to the church of his parents. My father answered something to this effect: "Bruder Rahr": you and I did not remain in the church of our parents. —

By the way, subsequently there was a German branch of the Y.M.C.A. in that building. Considerably later that branch was moved to the old La Crosse Depot building, located on the east side of Third street between Chestnut and Prairie, in the block north of the Steinmeyer store. When I grew older, I often went there though I never joined it.

/ / /

During my seven years with the Fuller-Warren company, I met a pattern-maker, Anton Drolshagen. He hailed from Paderborn, Germany, where he had learned the trade of cabinet making, came to Milwaukee to settle down, and became a good stove-pattern fitter. Throughout the years we became well acquainted with each other.

Anton was, like I, a Socialist. But he wanted to get "somewheres". When he suggested that we start a pattern-shop, we talked it over. "But it must be an eight-hours shop," I insisted. He was willing. So it happened that by 1901 we had the Milwaukee Pattern Works, occupying the second floor above the machine shop of Doelger & Kirsten, 505-507 Cedar street (W. Kilbourn avenue), the first eight-hours shop, either job or corporation, in Milwaukee.

The beginning was what we expected, uphill work. We had to begin at scratch for we were not known. It was my part of the job to introduce our firm; and I did as before - make pictures. First, a business card, the cut of which also appeared on our letter-head and envelopes. People kept the card for future reference. I made a pen and ink drawing for a base-burner. This caught their attention. Soon we got requests for estimates. And the work began to crowd us. We had to put on help. And we were growing. My brother Robert was our first metal pattern-maker.

Across the street from us was the huge Exposition building with its four chimneys symmetrically placed and its mighty, octagonal dome in the center, surrounded by numerous square, stunted spires. It was an attractive building and, with its capacity for accommodating thousands, it filled a real social and cultural need. During musical seasons ~~the~~ daily rehearsals took place; then we at our work with our windows open had genuine cultural treats. The building was surrounded by green-sward; after a warm shower the mushrooms sprang up. During lunch-time my brother Robert would go over to dig a mess - edibles only.

On one morning coming to work we found a heap of rubbish where the dome, spires and gables had stood. The North American Skat Bund had held its annual National Tournament in the building with thousands attending. It was over and all had gone well. Most of the visitors had left, and only a few hundred stragglers were still in the hall when somebody shouted the cry of fire. "The last had barely gotten out when the huge dome with its thousands of tons of steel came crashing down," says the report. Three firemen were injured. "If that fire had occurred thirty minutes sooner, there's no telling how many lives it would have cost," said the Chief.

Only the huge chimneys stood firm, mute testimonials of a one-time glory now passed. The annual "Monster" carnivals of the Social Democratic Party drew between twenty and thirty thousand people. The annual Ball of the brewery workers' union not far less. Occasional civic gatherings like the Fest of the Nord-Amerikanischer Saengerbund might draw equal numbers. Now there was no other hall in Milwaukee to accommodate such masses at one time.

In general, Milwaukee felt relieved that the old Exposition building had passed away without exacting the usual toll of human life. Yet everybody was agreed that our city needed a huge meeting place to accommodate its many business, political, social and cultural needs. So in due time a quasi municipal corporation was formed; funds were raised, plans prepared and the present Milwaukee Auditorium built on the same place where the Exposition building^{had} stood and before that the old Fourth Ward market hall.

The Milwaukee Pattern Works continued to grow; our Cedar street shop became too small for us. We bought a piece of land on the north side of Locust street west of Thirtieth, next to the Milwaukee Road tracks. We made plans for a shop of our own and built it on that site. We built a hot-water heater of our own design to heat the place.

We did all sorts of pattern work for all sorts of people; never were two alike. That's what made it all so interesting. There was the head of a large factory who employed close to a thousand people. His temper could explode like a blast; then he would thunder as a Jupiter. The while his help stood mutely by. The storm over, he was meek as a child. Once after such a scene, ~~he said in the privacy of his office:~~ ~~in the privacy of his office, he said~~ "Seidel, every one of those men with their families depend upon my success for their living; they can't understand my troubles, and I can't blame them."

It was during one of the financial panics in the first decade of this century. "Teddy" Roosevelt was president at the time. The afore-said customer had kept me late at his office. We were homeward bound in his car, his chauffeur driving. Telling of his financial straits, he suddenly burst out: "Seidel, I wish you Socialists 'ld take the factory off my hands."

"We don't want your factory," I parried.

"You know damned well, why," he laughed bitterly.

Well, that customer ^{gave me the order} of designing and making the patterns for a new line of goods he decided to make. He did not ask me to make him a price. He said: "I don't want to make my profits out of the pattern-maker. I want you to do the best there's in you. I know you can do it; and I'm willing to pay you." He kept faith and ^{e,} never quibbled over the bills.

Every Sunday morning, while the work was in progress, he was at our shop on Locust street. Sometimes he was alone, sometimes with wife and youngest son; always his chauffeur driving. And we would set up the shell patterns, look, view, this way and that, discuss, suggest, decide on possible changes, until we were sure that we had it right.

That done, our customer loved to chat a bit over this or that. He was well read and, in addition, kept himself informed. At the time the Wright brothers were experimenting with heavier than air gliders; and Count Zeppelin was working over his dirigible airships. "We will never

fly with a heavier than air machine. Zeppelin with his air-ships is on the right track," said our customer.

"We're riding the seas with heavier than water machines," I suggested, "seems to me, it's a matter of mechanics."

"Let's wait and see," decided our customer, and spoke of something else. He could roam over wide fields of experience. And when the hour drew near noon we all got into his car and he had us home by twelve. On one occasion speaking of Socialism, he said: "Seidel, I'm not at all afraid of Socialism; if you get too far ahead of us you will stand alone; if we fall too far back we'll stand alone."

For me those Sunday morning visits were delightful hours. As for the "Wrights": Within six months they proved that they could ride the air with their gliders; now they needed only an engine to fly.

Another customer we had was quite different. He ^{was sent} ~~came~~ to us with his troubles. He had a line of good heaters; but the ashpit door was so low that it was difficult to remove the ashes; and the grate-shaking arrangement was so awkward that the draft could not be controlled. Could we fix that? Looking the heater over, taking measurements and making calculations, I found a solution. But it required a new front.

We did the work for the complete line. They were highly pleased and paid us. The heaters are giving good service to this day. One time while the work was under way, the customer dropped the remark: "You know, we hire our lawyer by the year." I told him: "That's a bad place to do business." They brought more work; we did it. They paid what we had contracted for but refused to pay for the extras.

When they again brought work, I turned them down with the words: "Let your lawyer do your pattern work." The customer never came again and we were better off without him. Some time after that the firm was in the hands of a receiver.

From time to time inventors would call; once an inventress who be-

lieved she had an invention, called. She was a teacher who said she had "invented a dish-washing machine." She had been to a machinist to make it. He said he could not make the machine without castings.. She was sent to a foundry for castings. The foundry-man said he could not make the castings without patterns. Now she came to us to get the patterns. But we had no patterns for dish-washing machines. Didn't we make patterns? Yes, we did but we must have the drawings; where are they? She had no drawings; couldn't we make them? Yes, we could make drawings if she explain^{ed} to us what she had in mind. Well, she had in mind a /dish-washing machine.

"Have you done any experimenting with your idea," we asked.

"No, I have not; can you do that for me?"

"We can; as a rule the inventor does his own experimenting." I brought a sheet of paper and pencil: "Can you show me how your machine would work?"

"No, I can not."

"Would it be a drum or a square tank?" and I made a crude sketch of each.

"I can not tell."

"What would be its dimensions?"

"I do not know."

"Would the machine wash each separate: silver, glass-ware, crockery, pots and kettles, frying-pans, coffee pots?"

"I have not thought about that."

"Would the machine save time when you have only a few dishes?"

She slowly shook her head.

"Would the machine clean itself, put dishes away and tidy up?"

She sat back, heaved a sigh and said: "Perhaps it might be cheaper to pay a girl twenty-five cents to wash the dishes for me."

We agreed with her; and after spending an hour of our time, she

got up to leave without saying "good-bye" or "thank you", a very much disillusioned inventress. But I made the discovery that she could not put a mechanical thought on paper so others might understand her; nor could read a mechanical thought when I put it on paper for her. So I often wondered whether mechanical illiteracy is not relatively far more prevalent^{t/} among the educated than verbal illiteracy among workers. I have never found time to pry into that.

Yet our would-be inventress was a teacher. She might have had a practical idea if she could have worked it out. Many a good thought is lost in just that way.

We must not pass on without mention of "Billy Heyd", who grew up on Harmon street ~~(= = = = =)~~ in the same square of my childhood home. At this time he was at the head of the Brand Stove company, located where now is the Vocational school. We did work for that firm.

One day I was alone in the common council Committee room when Alderman Koerner sauntered in: "Hello Alderman!" he greeted.

"Hello, how are you?" I responded.

"Fine; yuno know what Billy Heyd says?"

"No; what does Billy Heyd say?"

"He says: " 'Seidel is a dam-phool!' "

"He's right," I sallied. Not getting a "rise out o' me", he continued:

"No - really, he said that."

"I told you: He's right."

"Yuno why he said it?"

"No - I'll bite: Why did he say it?"

"Well, he said: " 'Seidel is the best stove-pattern-maker this side of New York; he could make money if he stuck to his business instead of wasting his time in politics.' "

"Didn't I tell you: Billy Heyd is right?"

"Yes - but why do you do it?"

"I'll tell you, Alderman: Some things are worth more than money; being a citizen of our city, state and country is one of them."

"That's no lie!" said the Alderman earnestly and passed on.

By the way, in justice to myself I should say that while I knew what I could do, still I had no such notion of myself as Mr. Heyd expressed. I had seen some work which I had not done, that I sincerely admired.

Since the days of that winter when at ten I was sick with "consumption", and three competent physicians had given me up promising that I could not live to be twenty - since then the dire predictions of the bearded men haunted me like a curse. Only the strong faith of my parents and the ministrations of a fourth physician proved the three men wrong. I lived to be twenty, grew to be thirty, took a wife who bore me a son and daughter, and was now not far from forty. Still that specter pursued me. My father's death had revived it.

In one of father's cottages had lived a brewery teamster with his wife; they had no children. Mueller, the teamster, who was over six feet in size, could handle half and quarter barrels more easily than I could an eighth. Mrs. Mueller was a mere slip of a woman less than five feet. They lived happily until consumption felled the husband. He failed rapidly. When the end came the patient lay for days flat on his back with head propped up by pillows, distended eyes staring frightened on the ceiling recognizing no one, breath gasping, gasping, gasping for a bit of air, every gasp ending in a groan which became more feeble as strength ebbed, and finally died with a last inaudible breath. The end was a harrowing sight. And we were helpless.

Then the health of our sister Louise began to fail. Dr. Schorse advised her to take a good rest. Accordingly she lived for a while with brother Otto's family in the old homestead; she visited with Hulda and Paul in Chicago; lived in turns with other brothers and spent a summer's six months with brother Hugo at Shawano in the pines. There had always been a warm attachment between sister Louise and my wife Lucy. So it was but natural that Louise should finally come to live with us. By this time it was plain to all of us that Louise was afflicted with consumption. Our family physician Dr. Boerner ministered to her. Louise occupied a spare front room. Lucy nursed her like her own.

About this time I had caught a cold and was troubled with a severe

cough. Brother Otto suggested that we go to see his family physician, Dr. B. We went. After an examination the doctor said that I had a slight "touch" of consumption. He prescribed guaiacol of which I took two bottles; then he had a new compound: Triacol, which was supposed to be even more^{e/} effective. I was determined to fight back and made all sorts of plans. I would quit the confined shop and my trade, and get out into the open air.

Of course, all of us were worried; most of all Louise who believed that I had contracted the disease from her, in spite of all our precautions. Poor girl - she abandoned all hope to get well; now she had but one wish - to die soon that Lucy and the baby might live, and possibly let me get well again. Yet she was entirely blameless. However, Louise died while I was yet under Dr. B's treatment. Her six chums, girls all, who had often called on Louise to sing and chat, sang their farewell song: "Now rest in Jesus, O how sweet!" And they carried her to her last resting place beside her parents at Union Cemetery.

I continued my plans for the recovery of my health. Dr. Boerner, our family physician, had attended Louise. He stoutly maintained that I did not have tuberculosis; and he insisted that I^{I,} make sure of my real condition before I act. But how? He suggested that I save the first sputum I cough up in the morning in a sterilized bottle. After a few days he said the laboratory had found nothing, but he wanted a second sample of sputum to make sure. In another few days he reported:

"You haven't got tuberculosis; just as I told you."

"Then what is it?"

"A little over-work; take it easier till you feel stronger."

"Why did Dr. B. say so?" Dr. Boerner shrugged his shoulder.

And I felt remorse over the death of Louise. To die with the feeling of guilt when she was entirely innocent! How cruel!!

Oh - for the agonies of ignorance!

Our party was growing and we, including myself, were growing with it. From the Socialist "Vereinigung" I transferred to Branch 1, organized by Eugene V. Debs. It was our first English-speaking branch in Milwaukee. We met in the Ethical Hall on Jefferson street. Here I got to know/
Charley Whitnall, Howard Tuttle, Thos. C.P. Myers, Frederic Heath, Eugene Rooney, Nick Schwinn, and other Socialists of more or less purely native stock.

The "Vereinigung" having served its purpose, disbanded. Most of its members joined their respective ward branches; the remainder re-organized to form the German-language Branch. Eventually, we had a dozen or more such foreign language branches in Milwaukee County, all of them affiliate^d, nationally and having a weekly paper. The Jewish comrades maintained even a daily - the "Vorwaerts". These foreign-language Socialists counted among our most loyal comrades and were the hardest workers for our cause - the backbone of our bundle-brigade.

We aimed to maintain a local branch in every ward. Among the earliest, we had enough signatures to apply for a Twentieth Ward Charter. I transferred my membership from Branch 1 to Branch 20. Many of the charter members have crossed the great divide but the branch they started, lives on to continue their work.

And there was work to be done. Whichever way I turned, the jobs fairly cried out for attention. Somebody had to make a start. So I pitched in to talk about things that the people could see, feel and understand. The streets were dusty - inches deep, waiting for the next gust of wind to pick it up and carry it into our homes for us to breathe. And we inhaled it with all its germs. When a shower or the sprinkler laid the dust the roads were muddy and the kids carried the mud into our homes, germs and all, with their shoes or bare feet. Was it a wonder babies died young and the weakest went down with consumption?

Some eastern smarties called ours a Sewer Socialism. Yes, we want-

ed sewers in the workers' homes; but we wanted much, oh, - so very much more than sewers. We wanted our workers to have pure air; we wanted them to have sunshine; we wanted planned homes; we wanted living wages; we wanted recreation for young and old; we wanted vocational education; we wanted a chance for every human being to be strong and live a life of happiness.

And, we wanted everything that was necessary to give them that: Playgrounds, parks, lakes, beaches, clean creeks and rivers, swimming and wading pools, social centers, reading rooms, clean fun, music, dance, song and joy for all. That was our Milwaukee Social Democratic movement. There was but one way to get all of that - GO AFTER IT AND GET IT.

We had the message for our fellow workers; we must get it to them. But we had little money to put it over. Our weeklies, the Social Democratic Herald and the Vorwaerts, reached only a limited number. So we hit up on street corner meetings. But we also lacked orators. We had one German speaker in our branch, Carl Kleist. But German did not appeal to the young generation which we were after. We got one F.G.R.G-- from the East; he could hold a street crowd with a lot of statistics on wages, prices, profits, which he could rattle off like a talking machine, all from memory.

One evening after he spoke for our ward branch I had him at my home; we two sat on his bed until after midnight, talking. From him I learned how to hold a crowd. When he had returned east, the papers reported that F.G.R.G-- had recanted, admitting that his statistics were purely fictitious. He was "through" after that, and we were ^{wary} of outsiders. From that experience I drew my lesson: Keep faith with the "street crowd".

Our cause was too grand to require such chyster methods, I held. With genuine statistics we could do much better than did F.G.R.G--. Comrade Berger had an official column on Manufacture from the latest

U.S. Census reports on invested capital, labor employed, wages paid, costs of materials used, and value of products. He gave me that book. Here was visible evidence that could not be refuted. And it was authentic.

I made charts, perhaps a half dozen or so, about 2 x 3 feet in size, the lettering large enough to be read a hundred feet away, containing federal statistics on wages, prices, values of products, I wanted to convey. Every chart carried its own lesson. After a little practice, it was easy to hold the interest of my branch with a talk of more than thirty minutes. And we were agreed that we would have open-air meetings in our own ward.

A presidential campaign was on; our own candidate was Eugene V. Debs. I made a scarlet banner with gold lettering: "For President - Eugene V. Debs" with the picture of our candidate in the center. And I made a transparency with the lettering: "Workers of the World: Unite". We got a fife, a snare-drum and a bass-drum. Fred Reuter, a Spanish War veteran, was a member of our branch and could play fife or drum. He got some one to help him and in a pinch I could beat the bass-drum. We managed to get about two dozen kerosene torches to make a show and have light for our charts. In my yard was an 8 x 8 foot Chinese play-house I had built for the children. It was our headquarters and my workshop.

Thus equipped, we organized our forces; we fixed upon definite evenings and went out marching from one prominent corner to another; at each stop we made a talk of no more than 20 or 25 minutes. In that way we could hold three or four street meetings of an evening. Each one had his part to play. We stirred the ward as it had never been agitated before. Several times neighboring branches invited us to their ward. On Sunday mornings our bundle-brigade went into action; every home in the ward got a campaign leaflet or a "Voice of the People". These were as a rule County Central ^{/Committee} publications, issued during a campaign.

One time the Democrats were having a huge rally downtown. Our marching club staged a counter attraction; we marched from our headquarters on ^{Nineteenth} ~~12th~~ and Locust street to the elder John Doerfler's saloon, on Winnebago and Chestnut street, our downtown headquarters. On the way we were repeatedly cheered. We wouldn't keep our lights under a bushel. Returning we were nearly home when we were attacked with stone^s and frozen tomatoes from a cornfield on the northeast corner of Seventeenth and Center street. Our banner was soiled, our transparency damaged, but no one hurt. Soon I was as fluent with our statistics as F.G.R.G.-- had been; and we retracted nothing but added to our ~~xxx~~ indictment of Capitalism. We were growing; I too.

One winter some years later we had a very heavy snowstorm. It had been snowing all day, all night before, ~~xxx~~ all the previous day, and was still snowing. Streetcar service was in bad condition though the snowplows were constantly at work. It was on a Thursday, the evening of our branch-meeting. When after supper I got ready to go out again, Lucy warned:

"You ought not go out in this storm; you'll find no one there."

"Maybe not; but its all the more a reason why I should go."

I trudged a full three-quarters of a mile through the snow. At the hall, on Clarke and Teutonia avenue, there was ^a crackling fire in the huge cannon stove. Five young comrades, converts all who had recently joined as a group, stood around the stove to get dry. The air was thick with the smell of wet clothes. I joined them, waiting for more who did not come.

"There's no quorum, so we'll have no meeting", I announced. "But we can have a social gathering."

They drew up chairs and we sat with our wet footwear on the rail, chatting and smoking. Being the veteran among them, they asked me to talk of our early experiences and our struggles. They asked questions.

For nearly two hours we sat snugly, chatting of many things while the storm raged on outside, rattling the windows as if trying to get at us. Among others, I also told of our marching club. And of the cornfield and our injured banner. At that point the young comrades became very still; conversation lagged. One of them asked timidly:

"Comrade Seidel - "

"Yes?"

"D - did you ever find out - - ?"

"Find out what?"

" - who threw the stones at your parade?"

"No - we never tried to find out." More hem and haw, then:

"Would you like to know?"

"Well - it might do no harm to know - nor much good either."

He hesitated, then took heart to speak.

"I'll tell you - it was a bunch of us boys - we thought it a good joke - we couldn't tell anybody - it didn't seem right - so we agreed to all join together."

It was near ten; we broke up our session; all had enjoyed it; I too. We checked the fire, put out the lights, and tramped homeward through the storm. I told Lucy about the evening. She remarked:

"Good thing, you went."

And we laughed.

* * *

The Social Democratic Party was a dues-paying organization; it had no bountiful sympathizers to "come across" and pay either its propaganda or campaign bills. And its bills were paid; every business man in town knew that. When our political opponants had to "plank down" the cash, we could get credit with time to pay. We owed only one debt - honesty and fair play to the working class and our constituents. We owed nothing to others. And our reputation was good.

That was as true of our Branch 20 as it was of the party as a whole. To raise funds we were busy all the year around; our branch had card parties, entertainments, dances, mask-balls, each in season.

We had a regular Christmas party for the children with program, song, recitations, dances and gifts for every child, even for babes in arms. The Christmas celebrations were held at my suggestion; naturally I had to take charge of them, especially the program for the children. A committee of women provided the evergreen with trimmings and lights. And they helped in preparing the gifts.

My early experience as Sunday school worker came in handy. Every Saturday afternoon beginning five or six weeks before Christmas, I had the children at our hall practicing and rehearsing solos, duets, quartettes and choruses we all sang. A comrade school teacher, Miss Molnar played the piano for us. Comrade Meta Bochart rehearsed the dances with the little ones.

And so at our picnics; there were prizes for all the children. Even in contests and races all got a prize, winner or loser. Had they not all done their very best? I could never square my Socialism with rewarding some and slighting others. A defeat was bad enough without "rubbing it in". Especially at a festival arranged to make all happy.

When the early comrades had their first Sunday afternoon outing at Schnieder's grove, I had undertaken to prepare for the amusement of the children. At the time my wife was confined to bed with an open ankle. I had bought the toys and trinkets at a little toy store on Cherry street near Eleventh, on Saturday evening. On the morning we, my wife Lucy and I, wrapt the things for a grab bag while she was sitting up in bed. She got that much joy out of it. After dinner I was all set to give the kids a merry time.

I carried my ~~in~~ two bags to the picnic ground via the street car line. At the park several comrades helped to line up the children for

the races. All the prizes were hung up for all to see. The winners had the first pick; then all the losers had their pick. That was a new one and a surprise. All were happy and smiled, even mothers and fathers looking on. None had really lost. That opened the hearts of mothers and the purses of fathers. All the children had a free grab from the bag. After that the five cent grabs and sale of balloons paid for the fun with a little profit left over for the treasury.

In later years I was often approached by young people whose faces seemed strange and yet familiar; the youngsters had grown up. "Comrade Seidel, do you remember the picnic at Schneider's park? I was one of the kids there. We often speak of it."

Mostly all of the earlier and older branches had some local history testifying to their respective initiative and prowess. And it was a treat when they got together to hear them speak of their experiences.

The "Big Four", later Branch 22, was made up largely from members of the Socialistischer Maennerchor. Did you love song? Attend an affair of Branch 22. There to one side stood a group which under the direction of Richard Bayer sang one song after the other. You could also hear them at our County Picnics.

Branch 11, to which we owed our best county organizer "Eddie" Melms, grew out of the Coming Nation club which joined our party in a body. When that happened we were jubilant for it was a sign that our principles were taking root with the young generation without which we could never win.

Branch 10 and 21 were at one time ^{summarily suspended} ~~expended~~ to rid the party of several trouble-makers. It was the easiest way to avoid a long-drawn quarrel for we were approaching a spring campaign. The two branches were reorganized immediately. The ejected dissidents were furious and promised fearful results. When the votes were counted, both wards had elected their first Social Democratic aldermen.

Branch 17 which gave us such prominent Social Democrats as Arnold, Gauer, Metcalfe, Quick and others, had an auxiliary organization, the South Side Community Club. Every so often the club had an evening luncheon with a program of speaking, singing and story telling. Here Social Democrats could meet with sympathizers and others to carry on a little friendly proselyting. Cynics have called them fishing parties. Well, if they were that they were cleverly managed.

Branch 20 where I was member was the first to install applicants to membership with a ritual and pledge of loyalty to principles. Several other branches followed our lead. In 1917 that pledge and procedure was adopted literally by the party and embodied in our county constitution.

Branch 20 had a sound nucleus of veteran German Social Democrats who loved song. They started the Vorwaerts Maennerchor. Our branch ~~was~~ meetings were regularly opened with singing the first verse of the "Arbeiter Marseillaise" and the last verse at the closing. When the old comrades passed away and the new generation ruled which did not know the song, then we had no more singing at the meeting. Our meetings went "American" and I translated pledge and ritual into English. But we sang no more because we had no appropriate English labor hymn.

Our branches had autonomy, each managed its own affairs. The county Central Committee is made up of delegates from the branches and has charge of county affairs. It elects a County Executive Committee. The State Executive Committee is elected by the state convention. This committee also appoints a State Secretary and fixes his salary. Charters, dues stamps and other supplies are issued from the state office through the county to the branches.

To raise funds the county arranged picnics, shows, bazaars, carnivals on a large scale. Only the largest halls sufficed. Our annual carnival was held in the old Exposition building until it was destroyed

by fire. When the Auditorium was done we used that. The picnics of the party were the largest (and perhaps greatest) held in Milwaukee. The first two were held at Schlitz park, located where today the Roosevelt Jr. Highschool stands. When Pabst Park became available (now Garfield Park on upper Third street) it was there that we had our greatest successes. These were annual get-together affairs always featuring the most prominent speakers to be had in the labor or political movement. These picnics left a lasting impression upon Milwaukee's development, - social, political and cultural.

It was the resourceful Edmund T. Melms, receiving \$33.33 a month from the city as alderman, and five dollars a week from the party as county organizer, who organized and managed these picnics. It was Comrade Victor L. Berger who always knew where to get the best speaker as a drawing card for the day. The two made a fine team. And Milwaukee? Well, it just trekked for the day to the Social Democratic picnic, by the tens and tens of thousands as to an annual pilgrimage.

Preceding ours, there were other large picnics of nationals in Milwaukee - the German, the Irish, the Scotch; but none to match our International in size and numbers. At these national picnics fist fights were a frequent occurrence; and it was therefore always necessary to have plenty officers around to maintain order.

Now, "Eddie" Melms had an uncanny knack to win nationals - Finns, Poles, Russian, Greek, Serbs, Croates, Italien, and so forth; of understanding them, making himself understood and remembering their names. And they promised to come and help to make the picnic a success; and they came.

With such an agglomeration of diverse people - had Eddie provided for sufficient police protection? "Sure thing!" said Eddie with impatient shrug of shoulders. He was the busiest man on the grounds, seeing to program, games, music, food, drinks - and cars, for the sun was lowering in the west and parents were beginning to take their tired

little ones home.

Lights wer^e on as if a million stars were twinkling. It was dark overhead and dance music floated through the air coaxing the young and gay. Still they wer^e coming while others were going. Eddie stood at the gates, waving farewell with one hand, bidding welcome to new-comers with the other.

An officer passed to leave.

"How's tricks?" asked Eddie.

"Okay, but nuthin' to do," answered the officer.

"Why not bring the wife and kids next time?" asked Ed.

"Good idea, think I will," and left.

Eddie turned to me with a broad grin and twinkle in his eye, said:

"We showed 'em how to run picnics widout ah fight."

At one of our picnics an esteemed soldier of Civil War days, Lieutenant-Colonel J.A. Watrous, U.S. ARMY, Retired, was a silent visitor who came to see for himself, but was not recognized by any one of us. Only a few days later did it dawn upon^{us} that we had had a distinguished participant at our picnic.

A Milwaukee republican paper printed a letter in which the Colonel tells of his visit to the Social Democratic picnic. And he records his impressions in complimentary terms. I saved that news-paper clipping; it is hidden away somewhere in my files but I can not locate it. Hence I can not quote from it. But I well remember a pensive wish expressed in the closing paragraph in words to this effect:

"I wish that my party could have a Republican picnic like that with fathers, mothers and children attending."

(Signed) Col. J.A. Watrous.

That was our party at work building a new social conscience in our city; some call that the Melting Pot. We call it Social Democracy.

I have at hand an article yellow and brittle with age. It was clipped from a Milwaukee paper, a daily, about forty years ago. The article features a batch of indictments for graft and recites the charges on which these are based, giving names of persons and firms involved.

It is not to pillory men or firms that I'm using this clipping; but to illustrate the atmosphere of graft pervading Milwaukee city and county politics of those days. Hence all names are eliminated, by using letters of the alphabet instead. Each letter ^{/in parenthesis} stands for a separate and distinct person or firm. Recurrence of a letter means that the same person or firm appears again. All the rest is a verbatim copy of the article.

"WHAT THE INDICTMENTS ARE FOR"

"Fire Department Scandal."

"When bill No. 605 A, entitled 'A bill relating to the police force and the fire department of the city of Milwaukee,' was introduced in the legislature the officers of the fire department raised a fund of \$500 to defeat the measure. The bill provided that no member of the police force or fire department could be discharged until after he had had a fair hearing. The officials opposed the measure on the ground that it would destroy the discipline of the department."

"(A) Waterworks Deal."

"When the county hospital was remodeled it became necessary to supply the building and grounds with some sort of waterworks system. The system planned included over 6000 feet of galvanized pipe, fire plugs, hydrants, etc. The firm (A) & Co. offered to do the work for something over \$5,000. Former Supervisor (B) engineered the deal and exacted from (A) the sum of \$1,500 for getting the thing through the county board. Later he exacted \$150 from (A) for getting the claim allowed by the board."

"(A) Kitchen Plumbing Deal."

"Among other improvements at the remodeled county hospital was the repairing and reconstruction of the kitchen plumbing. The bid of (A) & Co. was something over \$5,000. Former Supervisor (B) also engineered this deal. He exacted \$1,500 from (A) for getting the bid accepted by the county board."

"(C) Tiling and Wainscoting Deal."

"The tiling for the county hospital kitchen, bath and toilet was

put in by the (C) company. His contract with the county was for \$5,835. This matter was probed two years ago by the special investigating committee of the county board, the investigation being conducted by Special District Attorney W.H.Churchill."

"(D) Deal."

"(D) was the architect whose plans for remodeling the county hospital were accepted by the county board. His original estimate was that the work of remodeling would cost the county \$85,000. The work finally cost between \$150,000 and \$200,000. Many sensations have developed out of the letting of contracts at the suggestion of (D)."

"(E & F) Deal."

"(E & F) were among the architects who sought to have their plans for remodeling the county hospital accepted. Former Supervisor (G) favored the (D) plans. Through (A), (E & F) offered (G) \$2000 if he would get their plans accepted by the building committee. The (D) plans were given the preference with (H) as the go-tween."

"Sale Of Old Morgue Site."

"The county board sold the old morgue site to (a) railway company Jan. 29, 1901, for \$40,000. The property was estimated by various real estate men to be worth not less than \$70,000."

"(I) Roofing Deal."

"The contract for roofing in remodeling the county hospital was let to the (I) works, Chicago. (J) is charged with paying (D) and (H) \$1,200 for the contract. (H) was convicted on this charge and afterward pleaded guilty. District Attorney McGovern said in open court that (H) had received but \$100, distributing the remainder among supervisors and others. The contract amounted to \$5,448."

"(K) Service Deal."

"The (K) Service Co. was a bidder for the contract for supplying the heat regulating apparatus for the county hospital. It is charged by (L) with paying \$1,500 to (D) and (H) for the contract, and this money was distributed by (H) and (D) among supervisors for their favorable action in awarding the contract. The (K) Service Co. got the contract at \$7,335."

"Laundry Machinery Deal."

"(M & N) were bidders for the contract to supply laundry machinery at the county hospital. The estimated amount was \$6,947. In this deal (H) acted as go-between, receiving a sum to be distributed among the other supervisors. (M & N) got the contract."

"(O) Brick Deal."

"(O), a mason contractor, bid for the mason work on the remodeling of the county hospital. The estimate for the contract was \$4,000. There was a change in brick after the contract was awarded. This change is alleged to have made a difference in cost of

\$1,200 or \$1,500. (J) was the agent and distributed the money, it is said. (O) is now dead."

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
How many indictments there were in that batch I can not say. These things had been going on for years in both, the County board and Common council. Previously there had been three grand juries in session; none of them returned indictments for wrongdoing in office.

A prominent Milwaukee daily of that time printed an editorial on the passage of the Milwaukee street railway franchise, as follows:

"Do not let them dodge the issue. Do not forget it yourself.

"A street railway franchise was passed at the dictation of a ring that sent its lobbyists onto the floor of the concil chamber while policemen guarded the doors and barred the public out. Despite the protests of citizens the ordinance was signed by the mayor in defiance of the popular protest and a court injunction. The fate of the ordinance now rests with the courts. If it stands the city is tied up until 1935 to a five-cent cash fare unless the company voluntarily lowers it. The best that can be secured under the ordinance is a four cent commutation rate."

Printed April 2, 1900.

Milwaukee's street railway system was not always what it is today; really, there was more chaos than system in the early days. We had all sorts of lines under many names: East side, West side and South side. The "Dummy" line on the South side ran to Forest Home cemetery with cars drawn by a small steam locomotive. We had "horse car" lines and we had "mule car lines". We had the Cream city company, the Milwaukee company. In addition we got a North Shore company and a South Shore company. That started the interurban companies.

One time on the upper West side we had car lines on Third street, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth, and Twelfth streets. Often the chief source of street railway revenues came from patrons to the base-ball park, or some amusement garden - notably Pabst, Schlitz, Blatz, Whitefish Bay, or Wonderland park. By and by, public parks came to displace the beer-

gardens. It was Washington Becker who gave Milwaukee its first two electric lines, one on Sixth and the other on Wells street.

Then, as popular gossip had it, came the "poor man" from the East to manipulate Milwaukee's street railway problem and become rich doing so. He acquired all the street railway property rights, incorporated them under T.M.E.R. & L.Co. as a unit, applied for a franchise (franch-is, Mayor Rose called it) and promised to electrify the whole "Schmier". In justice to him it should be said that the "poor" man kept his promise; mule-cars and horse-cars had to go.

Mr. Poorman from the East now had his paper creature: T.M.E.R. & L.Co. But without a franchise from the Common Council to do business in Milwaukee, that thing wasn't worth a begger's penny. He got the franchise. How? That's told in the editorial quoted above. That's all the public ever knew about it. There were stories afloat that it cost him a neat sum. There was some buzzing of \$250,000. Another story pretended to know that the money was paid in New York. Nothing was ever proven.

But this much is true: By that deal in the council chamber behind locked doors Mr. Poorman had forfeited the confidence of a large portion of Milwaukee people. That ill will persisted a long time after all the principals in that shady franchise deal had passed from public view.

* * *

How the boodle revelations of grand juries affected later campaigns is strikingly shown in another piece of evidence I have in my possession. It is a republican campaign leaflet of the fall election of 1904. That was the presidential election year. The leaflet consisted of four, 8 x 11 inch pages featuring national, state, congressional and Milwaukee county candidates.

The front page carries the heading: "WHY THEY SHOULD BE ELECTED."

Here are the pictures of Theodore Roosevelt for President; Chas. W. Fairbanks for Vice-President; William H. Stafford for Congress. About 400 words of text tell of the President's achievements: "Settling the monster coal strike in 1902 and ending the coal famine; securing the rights to build and control the Panama Canal and taking steps for its speedy construction; proceeding in a practical way to regulation of trusts; to enjoin the Beef Trust; stopping railroads from giving lower freight rates to big shippers; preventing the merging of Northern railroads." The leaflet credits "President Roosevelt, President McKinley and the Republican Congress with having made us the most prosperous country of the world."

Of the Congress-man we read: "William H. Stafford was elected to Congress in 1902. Speaker Cannon made him a member of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. His services there, in ferreting out and publishing all the evidence of official wrong-doing not covered by the Bristow report, proves him an enemy of graft in public office."

The back page of the leaflet is used entirely for the re-election of Gov. R.M. La Follette. The headline asks the question: "WHAT IS LA FOLLETTE TRYING TO DO?" The subheads give these answers: "Equal And Just Taxation." ... "Equal And Just Railroad Rates." ... "Candidates By Direct Nomination." ... "Who Shall Control The State?" ... "Protection To Railroad Men." A footnote in bold type reads:

"A primary election law, for the nomination of candidates by direct vote of the people, such as Gov. La Follette recommends, is to be voted upon at the election November 8th. Do you want this law adopted? Do not forget to vote on this question. There is a separate lever for it on the voting machines."

The two inside pages of the leaflet are used for the eight Milwaukee county candidates. Each one has his picture and a write-up. Of Mr. (P) candidate for District Attorney we are told: "Probably no man is so

well fitted to keep up the good work in the war upon graft and corruption. More than a hundred cases against men indicted for boodling are waiting to be tried." The candidate's "active experience makes him familiar with all of these cases. He has hunted for boodlers, has found them, has helped to indict them before the grand juries, and has helped to convict them in the courts." Moreover:

"The first grand jury investigations, two years or longer ago, resulted in nothing, because the grand jury law was wrong," says the leaflet. While the Candidate was Assistant District Attorney, he "drew a new law, and urged it upon the legislature, where it was passed and signed by Gov. La Follette. Everything the later grand juries have accomplished was done under this law," the leaflet reads.

Mr. (Q),

~~The~~/candidate for County Clerk, seeks re-election on his record.

"During his term of two years, he saved the county \$95,000 on printing and supplies. In 1902, \$62,000 was used in the clerk's office for blanks, blank books and stationery; in 1903, the candidate's first year, only \$19,000 was spent for these supplies, or \$43,000 less; in 1904, only \$10,000 will be spent, or \$52,000 less than during 1902."

Furthermore: "In the spring of 1902, \$3,030 was spent by the county clerk for ballots to be used in the election of a circuit judge; in 1903, the ballots ordered for just such an election, cost only \$59."

(R),

Of Mr. /candidate for Sheriff, we are told: "If elected sheriff, he will charge the county no more for board of prisoners at the county jail than the actual cost. This will save the county about \$15,000. He is pledged to this."

Mr. (S),

/candidate for County Treasurer, also seeks re-election; of him it is said: "Largely through his efforts, the county board, in September, 1903, paid off \$100,000 of county bonds, which they had

intended to renew. This saved the county from paying \$60,000 more interest on this debt."

When the candidate for Clerk of Courts ^{/Mr. (T)/} entered upon his duties "in 1903, he cut down the cost of printing court calenders from \$2.75 per page to 50 cents per page, thereby saving Milwaukee County \$7,700 in two years." In addition, he "has labored incessantly to improve the jury system, and great credit is due him for the splendid juries we have in our Milwaukee Courts."

More revealing are the achievements credited to Mr. ^{(U),} Candidate for Register of Deeds. While serving as Supervisor, "He was Chairman of the Committee which investigated the House of Correction. They found the management was rotten with graft and boodling, and that the county had been defrauded out of hundreds of thousands of dollars." Moreover: "He was a member of the Committee which investigated county printing, and reformed the letting of printing contracts, saving the county about \$100,000 so far." (*)

^{e/} More modest are the claims made by the Candidate for Coroner ^{/Mr. (V):} "During his first year, he conducted 460 inquests, which is 100 more than there were during the year before; yet the cost of the coroner's office has been no greater than it has been for many years past. The average cost of a ^{n/} inquest in most of the counties in the state is \$60 or more; in Milwaukee county, the average of an inquest is only \$28."

The Candidate for County Surveyor made no claims; perhaps there was little to claim. Still he filled a niche provided for by law. At the close of the election on November 8th, 1904, all the candidates on that leaflet had been elected - president, vice-president, congress-man, governor, and the whole county ticket; a progressive victory.

*) Mr. (U) was elected and was an important witness in prosecuting grafters, because of his position as chairman on investigating committees. Then Mr. (U) was arrested, hauled into court, found guilty and fined for petty larceny.

He had picked up a discarded clock-works from a junk-heap and taken it home with him.

In the spring of that same year, 1904, we elected our first aldermen in Milwaukee. At that time each ward had two aldermen; with twenty-three wards that gave us a council of forty-six members. In that first victory we captured four and one-half wards as follows:

10th Ward; Frederic Heath; Albert J. Welch.
 11th " : Edmund T. Melms; Gustav Wild.
 20th " : Emil Seidel; Carl Malefsky.
 21st " : Edward Schrantz; Henry W. Grantz.
 22nd " : Nicholas Petersen.

Victor L. Berger for mayor polled 15,056 votes.

Following the regular biennial City election, the first Council meeting was the Charter Meeting. At this meeting the President and City Clerk are elected, the Mayor's message and other communications are received, and appointments acted upon. Perfunctory ^{/matters/} are placed on file; appointments requiring approval were affirmed after suspending all rules interfering confirmation. As beginners we were expected to watch, learn and "goose-step".

Did they nominate their candidates for president and clerk; we nominated our own, and in each case the vote was thirty-seven to nine. We lost, which was fair.

Came the appointment of a Public Debt Commissioner; someone moved to suspend all rules which interfered with immediate confirmation. Vote: Thirty-seven, "aye"; nine, "no". In the same way, thirty-seven ^{we} voted for confirmation and nine against.

The S.S. Commissioner of Public Works was the next to be appointed. Again the move to suspend all rules with the same vote. And again the nine voted solidly "no" on confirmation. After a few routine matters were received and placed on file, that ended the meeting. Everybody seemed to smile, most of all the reporters. They had a story.

The aldermen were invited to attend a celebration; how many went I can not say. Our nine did not go. That was one of our rules. And the Daily News wrote: "The Social-Democrats, through their adherence to principle and their insistence upon the inviolability of party pledges, will serve to elevate the standard of politics."

April 30, 1904.

The School Board had voted to build a north-side high-school. It was to be in the 20th Ward, and \$175,000 had been allotted for site and building. Even the site was chosen. All this was done before the new council was installed.

It was now necessary to condemn the land, which only the Common Council could do, under the law. Legally no land could be acquired in a ward without the consent of the local aldermen. Such condemnation proceedings were always severely meticulous, requiring the passage of many measures - from a resolution to determine the necessity of securing the land to adopting the assessments of benefits and damages arrived at by a jury - altogether covering months and months of time.

Before signing anything I wanted to see the site for the building. The site was bounded on the north by Center street, on the east by Eleventh street, on the West by Twelfth street and on the south by an alley running from Eleventh to Twelfth street. On the ^{southern} end of the same block, the St Boniface congregation had its church, school and parish buildings. In addition there were several places of business on Twelfth street, still there today, and on Eleventh street more dwellings.

I walked one block north on Twelfth street. Here was the whole square between Hadley, Locust, Eleventh and Twelfth streets, almost entirely bare of buildings. The same was true of the next square to the north. I told Ald. Malefsky, my "side-kick" in the ward. We went over the whole ground together and agreed: "North Division High ought to have a whole square of land for its school. We would not sign."

At the next committee meeting I voiced the objections of us two aldermen to the Center street site as being entirely inadequate for a high-school building, and allowing no space for school-grounds or a field. The school-board spokesmen brushed our arguments aside, claiming that a site two-hundred yards farther north was too far away and had no street car lines, while here there were two car lines.

When they saw that we would not yield, they threatened that we

would have no North Division High School if we did not approve the site which the board had chosen. Now parents and pupils became alarmed and called on us telling of their sorry plight. "Yes, there should be room for field and playground; but the school was needed first. They had worked so hard for it." And they begged us to yield.

We signed and Center street site was bought. When the assessment of benefits and damages were approved, the cost of that site came to nearly \$40,000, not including small pieces which were bought later. Real estate men have told us later that for such a price we might have had a whole square two- or four-hundred yards farther north.

The building was under construction; I can not say how far along it was when we were asked to pass following resolution:

Resolved, "That the Board of Public Works be and is hereby authorized to lower and reinforce the foundation walls of the new North Division High School building now under construction at the corner of Twelfth and Center streets, at an estimated cost of about \$1,000 said work to be done by Wm. T Duke, the contractor for the mason work on said building, at the following prices, to wit: Excavation, 65¢ per cubic yard; brick laid, \$15.00 per M. and concrete, 25¢ per cubic foot."

Adopted Sept. 5, 1905.

To this day I never pass by that school house without a keen sense of pain over the wrong done, not to me, but to the thousands of students and children who must attend those two schools on that one square. *)

*)

Nearly forty years have passed since then. Recently I was informed that the school board has decided to buy the whole adjoining square within Center, Clarke, Eleventh and Tenth streets, land, homes and outbuildings, in order to have the land to give North Division High proper grounds and an athletic field. "Well done!" The costs? Who cares! Let's get the land, pay, correct a grievous error and forget about it.

Being game, I'll offer a suggestion to improve our stake. When the school board has the square, let's close Eleventh street from Center to Clarke street; then let North Division High and St Boniface school each get its respective share of the vacated street. Let both authorities co-operate to the end that all pupils get the most from the improvement. And let's all push to help the deal being born.

One of our early attempts was to change the hour of holding Council meetings, from ~~four~~^{four} o'clock in the afternoon to ~~seven-thirty~~^{seven-thirty} in the evening. Our purpose was to make it more convenient for workers to attend the meetings. We held that the presence of a large audience would act as a deterrent to graft; we overlooked the fact that graft does not thrive in full public view. It always works under cover of secrecy. However, we did not win and the meetings continued to begin at 4 p.m.

In those ^{days} Milwaukee had the voting machine at its elections. When first introduced, there was a doubt as to their reliability and the fear that they might be tampered with. But men who worked at machines all year around, readily took to the voting machine. Some complaints there were; they came from the precincts where the "weighty" voted. Shortly they learned to use it and the machine worked perfectly.

With the introduction of the primary election law, came a general revision of the entire election laws; herein the Social Democrats had many amendments to offer most of which were readily accepted in the legislature. A cleansing wind was blowing through Wisconsin. One section of the law permitted a declaration of principle under the name of a candidate, using no more than five words. We Social Democrats chose a uniform slogan: "Public Ownership of Public Utilities."

Came a time when the ballot grew so long that the machine could not contain all the names of candidates plus the questions to be voted upon. Then came the agitation of the "short ballot", a movement over which we Social Democrats could not get excited. We wanted workers to learn the use of the right to vote. And the short ballot got nowhere in Milwaukee.

But when the machine failed to accomodate tickets and questions, we had to have printed ballots in addition to the machine. From then on machines fell into disuse, were stored in the loft of the city hall and finally sold to smaller communities for which they were ample. But the machine was not a failure as a method of voting.

The efforts of Gov. La Follette (Sr.) for equal freight rates, aroused the railroad clique in the republican party and led to a bitter factional feud. Both factions resorted to calling names. The railroad politicians stood "pat", yielded nothing. They were "Stand-patters", or Stalwarts, as they preferred it. La Follette and his insurgents were the "Half-breeds".

Did one side carry its candidates in the caucus (later primary), the other faction was sure to bolt the ticket and vote for opposition candidates. So in the spring of 1904 we Social Democrats received the votes (no one can say how many) of bolting "Half-breeds". In 1906 the Stalwart bolted and turned the tables on the their enemies. By that time the republicans were so weakened in the Twentieth ward that they haven't carried it to this day. The same thing happened in other wards.

* * *

Well, here were the first nine on the job as aldermen in the ^{e/} common council. There wasn't the slightest sign by which any of them could have been picked as Social-Democrats from the rest. Look at 'em.

Frederic Heath, news-artist, and Albert J. Welch, typesetter, represented the Tenth ward with its German, Holland and Bohemian population. Neither of the two could speak a sentence in any but the Milwaukee American vernacular. Yet they were elected.

Edmund T. Melms, syrup-refiner, and Gustav Wild, machinist, both of German-American parentage were elected aldermen from the mostly German speaking Eleventh ward. Both could express themselves perfectly in Milwaukee American with its linguistic freedoms.

Carl Malefsky, cobbler, and Emil Seidel, carver and pattern-maker, represented the overwhelmingly German Twentieth ward. Alderman Malefsky spoke only German; Seidel spoke American and German equally well, ^(or ill.) He was a product of the Milwaukee public school of the earlier days.

Henry W. Grantz, machinist, and Edward Schranz, custom tailor, were the aldermen from the mostly German Twenty-first ward. Alderman Grantz was a Milwaukee boy while his partner was a German emigrant of naturalized citizenship who spoke very little Milwaukee American.

Nicholas Petersen, brewery worker, alderman of the chiefly German Twenty-second ward, was a naturalized citizen of Danish birth.

Those were the first nine Social Democratic aldermen. Nothing out of the ordinary; men as we meet them in every day life. Still, there was something more. Each one had passed a test before the Vigilance Committee as to his ability and character; each one had pledged loyalty to the principles of Socialism; each one had signed his resignation, undated, and left it with the Committee to be used in case --

Yes, it was a rigid procedure; smart lawyers held that we could not have enforced such a resignation. Perhaps - but in all the years I have been with the party we never had occasion to make use of it.

This is as true of comrades elected to county, assembly, senatorial or congressional positions as it is of aldermen and city officials. From the very beginning we aldermen caucussed on all measures which involved our principles.

During the first year of our term we nine Social Democrats introduced a total ^{of} 318 measures; over three-quarters of these pertained to matters in our respective wards. The remaining seventy-one ordinances, resolutions, and so on, introduced by our nine aldermen, had a wider bearing on social welfare and social trends. How broadly we planned the work of our municipal government, can best be shown by indicating what we attempted to accomplish.

- 1) Issuing bonds for New Isolation Hospital.
- 2) To change council meeting from four to seven-thirty, P.M.
- 3) Securing Union Label on City Printing.
- 4) Revision of Ward Fund allotment.
- 5) Minority Report on Printing bill overcharge.
- 6) Municipal Ice Plant.
- 7) T.M.E.R. & L. Co. sprinkling tracks
- 8) Eight hour provision on pump contracts.
- 9) Collecting fees for special priveleges.
- 10) Public Band Concerts.
- 11) Ventilating Natatoria.
- 12) Regulating Ice Prices.
- 13) Rel. to Firemen's hours on duty.
- 14) Land for N.D. Highschool.
- 15) Removing name from building tablet.
- 16) Analyzing ice for impurities.
- 17) Printing tax lists of corporation properties.
- 18) Ordinance establishing Eight Hour day.
- 19) Ordinance licensing sale of ice.
- 20) Interpellating Milwaukee Southern Ry.
- 21) Committee to advise Council on El. Light Plant.
- 22) Bill to protect police officers in service.
- 23) Permitting public meetings in public parks.
- 24) Ordinance requiring scales on ice delivery wagons.
- 25) Aforesaid ordinance defeated.
- 26) Amendments to Milwaukee Southern Franchise.
- 27) " " " " " " " Northern " "
- 28) Sprinkling T.M.E.R. & L. Co. tracks.
- 29) Bill to protect city employees against discrimination.
- 30) Repeating demands of No 15.
- 31) Amend Laws of Wisconsin.
- 32) Resolution to enforce a 40¢ Gas rate.
- 33) Ordinance to regulate the operation of street cars.
- 34) Ordinance for the safety of street cars.
- 35) Ordinance for fenders on street cars.
- 36) Docking the mayor's salary for absence from city.

- 37) Censuring City Attorney .
- 38) Rel. to bill protecting firemen and police officers.
- 39) Isolation Hospital Bond Ordinance.
- 40) Union Label on all City printing.
- 41) Using Water Department surplus for work for jobless.
- 42) Rel. to Circuit Court decision on Eight Hours.
- 43) Resolution to cover patrol wagon.
- 44) Rel. to Fire Boat engineers.
- 45) To regulate the running of street cars. (Min. Rep. adopted)
- 46) To buy Schlitz park for public purposes.
- 47) Rel to Pure Food Ordinance.
- 48) To vacate an alley in 20th Ward. (N.D.V. High School.)
- 49) To tax T.M.E.R. & L.Co. property by state. Tax Commissioner
to allot returns to local treasurer.
- 50) To tax Telephone property in same manner as foregoing.
- 51) Rel. to Fire Works (Sane Fourth).
- 52) Committee to investigate garbage incinerator, and report.
- 53) Vacating alley for N.D. Highschool.
- 54) To establish standard loaves of bread.
- 55) Vacating alley, (follow up).
- 56) Bill requiring 3/4 vote to grant franchises and ^{a)} majority
vote of electorate.
- 57) Committee to investigate charges against city employees.
- 58) Ordinance requiring filing of street railway time-table.
- 59) Resolution to acquire Gas Light company property.
- 60) Requiring placing of time-pieces in street cars.
- 61) Charging compensation for priveleges granted.
- 62) Bill empowering common council to fix salaries.
- 63) To establish wood and coal yards.
- 64) Ordinance to provide for referendum.
- 65) Cease to remit water bills to charitable institutions.
- 66) Experiment with crude oil sprinkling of macadam roads.
- 67) Investigate extortionate prices for ambulance service.
- 68) Subscribing to Municipal Journals.
- 69) Relative to comfort stations.
- 70) To stop sweeping of street cars at end of run.
- 71) To engage lecturers on municipal problems.

Our first year (1904-'05) in the common council was coming to an end and the second half of our term was at hand. The foregoing tabulation is merely an extract of the year's work. We were gaining the confidence and respect of the electorate. On March 24, 1905, the Evening Wisconsin wrote: "The clean campaigns of the Social-Democratic party in this city have given to other political organizations a model worthy of imitation."

During our second year we nine fought for 349 measures we introduced, or thirty-one more than the first year. We fought against the heedless granting of street railway franchises through thirty skirmishes in committees and on the council floor; and we lost. A few of the

high-lights in our demands were^{e/} the following: We demanded: "Law enforcement against gambling; additional days relief from duty for police officers and firemen; half-holiday on Saturdays for the ward-workers." We demanded barriers at railroad crossings; safe skating rinks, free for young and old; unobstructed aisles in theaters for the safety of patrons. We wanted a municipal electric power plant; an ordinance for food and milk inspection; and^{an} ordinance prohibiting the sale of dangerous fire crackers and fire works. We wanted public drinking fountains; checking weight of coal at delivery; the "Tuberculosis Exhibit" for educating the public. We wanted police officers and firemen to have the right to a public hearing before being kicked out "for the good of the service". And above all, we didn't want to pay a mayor his salary when he loafed on the job and spent his time in Arizona gambling with mining stocks.

Of course, these were not really Social-Democratic demands. Yet it meant a fight in each case to win a minimum of decent treatment of the public at large and of public employees from the political forces that ruled. Far too often public office was deemed to be a means of graft. As one very respectable business man put it to me: "Now you're in, make all you can, they all do it."

* * *

About this time a news item caught my attention. It said that a California railroad, methinks the Southern Pacific, had successfully laid the dust along its right of way by sprinkling with crude oil. If they can overcome the dust evil so can we, I reasoned and introduced the following resolution in the common council:

"Whereas, the cost of sprinkling our streets is a considerable item in the expense of our wards, therefore be it
"Resolved, that the Board of Public Works be requested to make, at its earliest convenience, an investigation as to the feasibility of using crude oil in the sprinkling of our macadamized street. Such investigation is to cover the following points:

- "Comparative costs of oil and water sprinkling.
- "Effect of oil sprinkling with regard to health.
- "Effect of such sprinkling as a suppressive of dust.
- "Effect of such sprinkling on cleanliness of streets.
- "Effect of such sprinkling on the comfort of our citizens."

(Introduced May 29, 1903)

When the resolution came up for a hearing before the Committee of Streets and Alleys, I was the only one ^{to} appear asking for its passage. The opposition was in full force, some making sport of the proposition; even the committee clerk: "Think of ladies trailing the oil through the oil." The best the committee did for me was to hold the resolution in the committee box. Toward the end of the coming year it was reported for "indefinite postponement".

Some time later, (how much I can not remember, perhaps two) I walked from the flushing tunnel station up the hill which is now E La Fayette Place. There I came to a block of pavement which to my amazement was covered with a black oil to gutter. I stopped, stared, laughed and mumbled: "So they started to experiment with oil." Some places the oil was running, at others it was running along the gutter and the whole had a covering of screened gravel. Everywhere were oily footprints. It was a very messy looking job, it looked like a flop and I was scornful. If memory serves me right it was the block on what is now N State Avenue from E La Fayette to E Kane Place. Apparently they got the oil on it and were waiting for it to soak in. I left, carefully spread the mess, and consoled myself: "We'll learn." *)

During one of the David S. Rose campaigns huge signs were displayed in the down-town section; visible for blocks they were POWER

TAXES MORE IMPROVEMENTS". Sceptic voters asked: "How can that be done?" Easily; watch him. In our first term bond ordinances were passed authorizing the issuance of bonds to the amount of \$1, 790,000. After rescinding ordinances covering \$350,000 there still remained \$1,440,000 authorized to be issued. That's how the wizards got the money for the improvements. They borrowed, paying high rates of interest.

There were school-bonds, park-bonds, fire department bonds; viaduct-bonds, docking and dredging bonds and police department bonds; sewer district bonds for the East side, West side and South side. And there were permanent street improvement bonds which ran much longer than the pavement lasted for which they were issued. The municipal light plant bonds did not get the three-quarter and was lost.

At another time the list of contemplated issues amounted to \$2,460,000. This included issues for a city auditorium, a police station, flushing tunnel park and bath house, North side natatorium, South side natatorium, besides others for running improvements. The city was growing, its problems growing and the problems demanding attention were multi-farious. The slogan arose to let the future contribute toward paying for the improvements it needs. That sounded rational but did not give us the best returns for the tax dollar the city was spending.

It was spring 1906 and the two year term of the first nine Social Democrats in the common council approached its end. In March the Milwaukee Free Press paid us this compliment: "The Social Democrats have brought to the common council a spirit of honesty and independence that was needed to bring that body into better public repute."

Our ward branches were nominating their ward candidates. In the 20th ward I had announced that I could not again accept the nomination for alderman. A babel of protests arose: "Nuthin' doin' --- must

run --- goin'ta quit us --- we need a candidate --- " Over an hour the arguments lasted, some of us in tears - I too. Finally I yielded and was ^{a/}agin their candidate. But I needed support in the council; so Comrade A.W.Strehlow became my team-mate. At home my wife said she knew I would accept again. "Of course," said the boys in the shop, "only logical".

In that election we captured six wards with twelve aldermen, after losing the 10th with Aldermen Heath and Welch, as follows:

9 Ward: Bernard Baeumle, Henry Ries.
 11 " : Ald. Melms, Ald. Wild.
 12 " : Robert Buech, Max Grass.
 20 " : Ald. Seidel, August W. Strehlow.
 21 " : Ald. Schranz, Ald. Grantz.
 22 " : Ald. Petersen, John Hassmann.

~~William Arnold ran third with 16,784 votes.~~

The two chief opponants in that election were Mayor David S. Rose and Alderman Sherburn M. Becker. They called eachother names with the Mayor referring to his opponant as "Silverspoon" Becker while the Alderman came back with "Tinhorn" Rose. The "All the time Rosey" Democrat was defeated by the Republican alderman. Our candidate for mayor, William Arnold ran third with 16,784 votes.

* * *

While the Social Democrats grew to be a power in Milwaukee's political arena, our city suffered a most brazen attack of franchise grabbing. Soon after the thirty year street railway franchise had been so successfully stolen from behind locked council-chamber doors, the city hall was over-run with fortune-hunters, greedily fishing for whatever privileges were yet to be had. They asked for Shoreline franchises - north and south; for new interurban lines, and extension of existing lines; for telephone franchises - the Automatic, the Independent, the Metropolis, and the West Shore companies; for street-tunnel franchises for heating conduits and various other purposes - briefly: any valuable right the common council could be cajoled into giving up. There were always "damphool" or "damcrook" votes to lend a helping hand in squandering these assets.

We Social Democrats had no difficulties with franchise grants to private corporations; we simply voted against all franchises. permitting public utility companies to make the profits while the people "hold the bag." We maintained that any money made out of public service should go into the public treasury to be used for the benefit of all the people. Thus the people would be served and aldermen remain honest.

"That's illegal," argued the "privateers".

"Then we must send men to the legislature to change the law and make it illegal to rob the people," we retorted.

And that's just what we did. We also elected men to the state Assembly. In the council proceedings of 1906 - '07 are contained 127 entries which show how helpless our council was. From these, 70 measures were^{e/} chosen and sent to the legislature, asking for the right and power to do things - all the way from determining salaries and abating nuisances to collecting and removing ashes, rubbish, manure, and charging for the service. It was a ridiculous situation: We had not the right to do things but we could give away the right^{t/} to do them.

And yet, while we fought for "home rule", we voted to spend money to show a Tuberculosis Exhibit prepared by the National Anti-Tuberculosis Society. Thousands visited that show and it had to be extended. Yet not once was a voice raised protesting the legality of the expense.

In the same year 129 damage suits were filed against the city of Milwaukee for injuries to life and limb, allegedly due to negligence on part of the city. In some cases the city may have been responsible; others were feigned and merely efforts to get a little easy money. But most of these suits were over loose planks in old wooden walks where the injured claimed to have been tripped. However, the city was forced to hasten the exit of the old wooden walk.

On December 10, '06, I introduced this resolution in the common council: "Resolved, That the City Attorney be and is hereby instructed

and directed to investigate and make report to the Common Council within thirty days from and after the adoption of this resolution, under what authority of law the so-called private detective agencies and so-called mercantile police agencies are organized and operated."

On December 24, '06, the Common Council received following reply:

"There is no specific law under which such agencies are authorized to operate. The authority that men have for engaging in such business is the same authority that all have who desire to offer their services to others for hire.

"As far as I am able to ascertain, there are but two of these agencies in the city of any degree of repute and permanency - that of Wilson and Riemer located in the Merrill building, and the Merchants' Police, Fred Leich, manager, in the Caswell building." John T. Kelly, City Attorney.

On January 7, '07, a supplemental report was received:

"I beg to make further report of the following agencies, whom I am advised, are of good repute and are permanently established:

"The Dorsch Detective Service, of which Paul G. Dorsch is the proprietor, place of business, No 121 Wisconsin street.

"Edward G. Tracy, with offices in the Camp Building, corner E. Water and Wisconsin streets, is managing and conducting a private detective agency."

John T. Kelly, City Attorney.

On January 21, '07, a further report was received:

"Making further report with reference to merchant police and private detective agencies, I am advised that:

"The Interstate Detective Agency, located at 201 Grand Avenue, Joseph Spehn, manager, should have been included among those formerly reported by me to your honorable body as of equal permanence and reputability with the others."

John T. Kelly, City Attorney.

What did I aim at with this resolution? Frankly, to gather information on private detective agencies for the purpose of showing them up and driving them out of the business of hiring out to corporations and worming their way into labor unions, spying and provoking violence in case of strikes.

In an enlightened democracy the secret service should be solely a function of a free and responsible government. A free people should no more have private detective agencies than it has private police forces, private military companies or private naval squadrons. Any good that

private detective agencies may ever have done, is many times over offset by the injustices they have caused. Labor unions could tell some doleful stories; wrecked hearthstones and disrupted family-ties could add a chapter of their own.

On September 26, 1936, appeared a three-column picture in a local paper under the headline: "State Law Ruined Us in Wisconsin," They Say"

Under the picture appeared the following footnote:

"Asher Rossiter (right), general manager of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, told the senate civil liberties committee in Washington Friday that the agency was forced out of business in Wisconsin and closed its Milwaukee office two years ago because of a state law requiring the registration of private detectives. This resulted in exposure of undercover workers reporting on labor activities, he said. Robert A. Pinkerton, president of the agency, is shown with Rossiter. Committee hearings were adjourned indefinitely Friday."

Dear reader, note in the foregoing the clause on "undercover workers reporting on labor activities"! Then let me ask the question: By what law of equity should any individual or corporation have the right to send "undercover workers" into labor unions to report on labor ~~act~~ activities? Or lodge activities? Or church activities? Or family activities? Or laboratory activities? —

With our second term and a new mayor we also got a new ^{m/}comon council president: Alderman Meisenheimer. The new (republican) administration did not like us Social Democrats any better than did the Rose-democrats; but we received more consideration because our vote in the common council had increased from nine to twelve. Besides, our party had gained in public favor with a steady growth in votes.

One of the prettiest parliamentary ^{fights/}I have seen in the common council lasted over a year and was won by the minority. It was against T.M.E.R.&L. company over the price the city was asked to pay for electric light per lamp.

In 1905 Milwaukee had 1,922 electric street lights, erected, main-

tained, operated and owned by the company. For this service the city paid the company \$78 per lamp, per year, under a five year contract. When the bills were paid there were always deductions for "outs". An out meant the time a lamp was out of order.

On December 15, 1905 that contract expired and was not renewed; the company continued to supply service without a contract.

On May 14, 1906 the Board of Public Works transmitted to the common council the electric light bill amounting to \$66,615.02. The bill was referred to the Committee on Street Lights.

(Alderman Melms, lone Social Democrat on that committee, set to work on that bill at once.)

On August 6, nearly three months later, the majority of the committee reported to the council on the bill and recommended payment at the rate of \$78 per light or a total of \$68,665.26, minus deductions for outs.

(That was exactly what the company bill asked for.)

Alderman Melms dissented and offered a minority report, recommending payment at the rate of \$70 per light or a total of \$61,613.69 minus deductions for outs.

(That was eight dollars less per light than the old price and the majority was too scared to act.)

Therefore, on motion both reports were laid over to the next regular meeting of the common council.

(The majority was playing for time.)

On August 20, the day of the next regular meeting, the majority had both reports sent back to the committee for further consideration. (The majority feared to make a stand.)

On September 5, the majority reported again recommending full payment of the company bill.

Alderman Melms again dissented and offered a new minority report now recommending that the city pay a flat rate of \$60 per lamp or a total of \$52,811.74.

(That was \$18 per lamp less than the city had been paying.)

The Greater Milwaukee Association sent a communication to the council expressing the ~~the~~ opinion that "a rate of \$78 seems excessive when Detroit pays only \$52 per lamp per year."

The entire matter was again sent to the committee.

The company sued the city. ("A bluff," said Melms)

On October 15, Alderman Smith offered the following:

"Resolved: That a committee of two Aldermen and the City Attorney, ~~negotiate~~ with power to act, negotiate a contract for a period not to exceed five years, at such reasonable price as may appear for the best interest of the city."

Referred to the Committee on Street Lights.

("Nuthin' doin' ", said Melms, "we fight where all can see.")

On October 29, the Street-lights committee reported to the common council and unanimously recommended that a city order in the amount

of \$61,613.69 be issued to T.M.E.R. & L.Co.

(The majority had collapsed and now tried to save itself with the minority recommendation of August 6, 1906, namely a price of \$70 per lamp.)

But the common council passed a resolution unanimously declaring its willingness to pay its obligation as soon as, but not before, a reasonable rate per lamp had been agreed upon.

Again the whole matter was sent to the committee.

In April 1907 a proposition was made to the common council and adopted May 27, under which ~~granted a five year contract~~ the city agreed to a five year contract and a flat rate of \$65 per lamp per year for all overhead and underground connected lights.

On August 5, 1907 the company notified the common council that it accepted the agreement of May 27, 1907.

Signed by the President and Manager.

It was a signal victory for Alderman Melms, for his comrades in the council and the party caucus, and for the electrical engineers and others on the outside who supplied data and material. And it saved the city treasury the difference between \$78 and \$65 for each lamp or a total of \$25,000 the first year.

* * *

On July 9, 1906, I presented a resolution, to permit the use of the lake front for public bathing under proper regulations; that the common council passed without opposition. A short time later Alderman Kane initiated his first move for a public bathhouse on the lake front. The Milwaukee Yacht club was seized by the spirit and donated the land for a bathhouse. The^{n/} Alderman Kane fathered a bond issue to raise the money for building the bathhouse. In that way Milwaukee got its first lake shore public bathhouse at what was later called Mc. Kinley Beach.

From that beginning Milwaukee's lake shore bathing facilities have grown to what they are today; and many have been the aldermen and private citizens who have contributed to that growth. Even so the lake shore development is not finished and may not be for a long time to come. But private control of the beach has passed to make way for

community use. What that shall be each generation must decide for itself. The riparian rights now belong to the public as a whole. That's an achievement of the past thirty years.

Milwaukee has^{been}/very liberal with providing wading, swimming and bathing facilities. Besides the lake beaches we have river banks for swimming and bathing and wading pools at our parks and playgrounds. As if to fill the cup to overflowing, Milwaukee's government has built and maintains swimming pools sheltered from storm and frost, with temperate atmosphere and water for we have ^{seven} / natatoria. Nearly all of that development has been accomplished within the last forty years. The aged of today were the pioneers in those years.

* * *

In the summer of 1906 I introduced a resolution in the common council requesting the Chief of police to advise the license committee as to the moral fitness of applicants for saloon licenses. The resolution was adopted and the chief reported on the qualifications of prospective licensees.

Among the applicants was one nicknamed "Gypsy" to whom his neighbors strenuously objected as morally unfit to conduct a reputable saloon. They declared that "Gypsy's" saloon is a dive frequented by criminals who use the place as a hideout; that a colored woman sat in the basement area-way stopping girls on their way to or from work enticing them to come in; that prostitutes, alone or in company, come and go freely, and other such statements. And they begged the committee to refuse the license to said "Gypsy". I supported those citizens in their pleadings before the committee and spoke for them in the council chamber.

The Chief had his own ideas: "Of course, Gypsy is not a man to invite to a pink tea. But he knows horses - sold many to the city - never a bad one." As for the ^{habitués/} ~~inmates~~ of the place the chief held that

they must have a place to live after serving time; it's easier to keep "tab on them when they live together". Perhaps so; but do we need to license dives to retrieve those who have gone astray? "Well, you can't stop business," answered some.

That fight over Gypsy's license was drawn out over many committee and council meetings. The reports in the press read like a serial well spiced with humor, pathos and dramatic highlights. The Chief himself was an actor of no mean quality; as when he put on his tear-act over the wrongs he suffered at the hands of "whipper-snappers". That act netted him a cartoon in the press of a flooded committee-room in which the Chief's enemies were being drowned in the Chief's tears. In the year-end review of local history that cartoon appeared as one of the year's highlights.

In all our important disputes with the reactionaries we had a sort of "secret service" of our own which kept us reliably informed on what was going on in the enemy camp. So we knew that the colored woman had come out of her basement area wall to run wild, up and down the street yelling to the top of her voice: "Dey won't dare shut us up - dey won't dare." That was rank defiance hurled at the entire administration and its council. Dozens of citizens had seen the spectacle, heard the challenge and signed an affidavit to that effect. What would the administration do?

At that time our Milwaukee Pattern Works was yet located on Cedar street a few door west of Fifth street. Once a month I had to prepare and mail the bills to our customers. That was an overtime job and occasionally kept me late. One time it got to be eleven o'clock before I was ready to lock up, go down Fifth street to Grand avenue, drop my mail in a box and wait for the Twelfth street car. It was a very dark night and I saw no one. But turning into Fifth street from our shop and crossing the alley, I heard foot steps on the cobble-stones of the

of the alley and a deep-throated voice cautionaing:

"Look Out, Alderman, you're being shadowed."

I was so completely caught off my guard that I could only blurt out:

"Let 'em do their damndest!", and hurry on.

Later I reproached myself for not stopping and at least thanking the voice in the dark. It is obvious that I could not even use the story for it would have betrayed the unknown voice. Or he might not have wanted me to stop for he also might have been shadowed. But I had friends on the force.

Gypsy did not get his license, ran a while without and finally quit without any further struggle. But I can not be sure for Gypsy simply faded out of my further struggles.

At about this time the Milwaukee Auditorium Company was organized. A popular campaign was started to raise the funds through stock subscriptions by business organizations, civic societies, labor unions, individuals, the City and the County. And plans were under preparation for an institution much larger and far more serviceable than the old Exposition building had ever been. The Auditorium was years in building and in the spring of 1910 a bond issue of \$25,000 to finish it, was approved by the people in the election.

As a matter of fact, the Auditorium enterprize was never operated as a profit-paying institution; all the surplusses through the many years of its existence were spent on maintainance and improvements. On the whole the management has kept the Milwaukee Auditorium in "A No.1" condition - in better condition than other municipal auditoriums that I have seen.

In 1940 our auditorium halls were^{e/} in use 818 days for purposes as follows: Industry, Education ... 361 days; Conventions ... 152 days; Social, religious, meetings etc... 69 days; Lectures ... 43 days; Concerts, dances ... 123 days; Miscellaneous affairs ... 57 days; Athletic events ... 13 days.

* * *

Page 1540 council proceedings of March 1907 contains following entry: "Pursuant to a resolution ... introduced at the regular meeting of the Common Council on March 4, providing for a committee of five to investigate into the causes" of youth delinquency, "the Chair appointed the following aldermen as such committee: Seidel, Weil, Schmitt, Steffen and Yunker."

The committee held its meetings regularly on a fixed day of the week; anyone interested in our quest was welcome to sit in. The meetings were conducted in a sprit^{i/} of congenial conversations. Questionnaire blanks had been prepared for those who had advice to give. It was at one of these meetings that for the first time I heard the term "Social Center", used by Alderman Weil.

At this time also, The Better Milwaukee Association sent a communication to^{of} the common council declaring itself in favor/neighborhood parks and playgrounds. And a special committee was busy at securing options on plots suitable for playgrounds. I can recall only the names of three on that committee: Mrs. Elinor Fulcomer, Mrs. C. B. Whitnall and Dr. Daniel Fulcomer.

On August 5, 1907, the common council bought two parks in the Twentieth, my ward. One was Franklin square between N Thirteenth, N Teutonia, W Clarke and W Center streets, adjoining Twelfth street school, which cost \$31,000; the other was the Auer avenue playground between W Auer, W Burleigh, N 22nd and N 24th streets. For this the city paid \$37,500. At the same time the Fifth ward on the south side and the Twenty-first ward got additional playground space. To say that I was gratified^{i/} is putting it mildly, though others did the plodding; but it was yet a long time before those grounds came into their own. Other master builders were yet in the offing.

The Seidel committee on delinquent youth continued its weekly meetings; the revelations of wrongs done to our youth continued to agitate

the public conscience. Over 150 questionnaires had been answered by interested men and women; and some of the answers stung like whiplashes: "Less than one-quarter of all the boys and girls who finish grammar school, continue their schooling; and more than three-quarters quit school at fourteen or less and go to shops and factories to work eight, nine or more hours a day, thus falling prey to industrial ailments and early decay."

When day's work was over they were mostly too tired, that is, for work but not for adventure. Supper over, they started out.

"Where're yu goin'?"

"Out fer-ra walk."

"Better yu stay in an' read a book."

"Aw, Gee! Can't a fella get a lid'le fresh air?"

Once outside they soon formed gangs, fourteen, fifteen year olds; seventeen, eighteen year olds. Schools offered no places saying: "Come in." So at the corner street-lights they gathered until the officer ordered: "Move on!" At the alleys again the officer ordered: "Move on!" At the saloons and pool rooms they were ordered to "Move on!"

They found their own haunts; from these they issued forth as Teutonia Indians, or Bloody Sixty-four. Then real troubles began.

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The 1906-'08 term of the common council came to its end and another campaign was on. The state legislature had changed the makeup of the common council. Under the new setup each ward elected only one alderman; in addition the city as a whole elected twelve aldermen at large; both groups of aldermen meeting together made up the new common council. With twenty-three wards the council then had 35 instead of 46 aldermen as formerly.

When our branch made up its ticket I declined the nomination in favor of Alderman Strehlow. I wanted to get out of politics. The Vigilance committee would not have it so and nominated me as candidate for mayor to run against Rose as democrat and Pringle as republican. I put up a bitter campaign in behalf of the 80 out of every 100 boys and girls who had to leave school at the age of fourteen to go to work in factories, mills and shops. When the votes were canvassed the count showed: Pringle 18,411, Seidel 20,887, Rose 23,106. Gardner, an independent, got 713 votes.

In that election the Social Democrats gained, besides other positions, three wards in the common council with following standing:

- 9 Ward; reelected Ald. Ries.
- 10 " : elected William Koch, regaining the ward.
- 11 " : reelected Ald. Melms.
- 12 " : reelected Ald. Grass.
- 17 " : elected Louis A. Arnold.
- 19 " : elected Jacob Rummel.
- 20 " : reelected Ald. Strehlow.
- 21 " : elected Charles L. Weiley.
- 22 " : reelected Ald. Hassmann.

During the year 1908 there occurred a vacancy among the aldermen at large; a special election was held in the spring of 1909. The Social Democrats nominated as their candidate for the vacant position Emil Seidel, thus winning their first alderman at large. That gave the Social Democrats ten aldermen in that council. One of Milwaukee's papers wrote:

"Every union man in town, regardless of his political belief, regards Victor Berger, Emil Seidel, Frank Weber and their associates as honest men."

The Milwaukee Journal, April 2, 1908.

That was a busy year the common council had from 1909 to '10. After an absence of a year I was back again. Stirred by the youth welfare agitation, the people had turned "park-minded"; and the council handled nearly sixty matters on parks and city planning that year. The Metropolitan park commission submitted a second tentative report embodying a plan for neighborhood centers.

Then also Isham Randolph, C.E. presented his first plan for an Outer Harbor to the common council which referred it to a special committee consisting of Aldermen Bogk, Altpeter, Connelly, Grass and Tarrant.

After much debate the council reduced the water rate from four-and-one-half cents per hundred cubic feet to four cents/^{a hundred;} at the same time the quarterly meter reading charge of twenty-five cents was abolished. This was done to reduce the surplus in the water department treasury; but nobody seems to have thought of building up a fund for water purification.

Some aldermen there were who seemed most unhappy until they had the city so tightly shackled that no outside railraod competition could enter. At the same time these very aldermen cringed and begged, "praying" the railroad commission to help us get rid of dangerous grade-crossings. Nowhere was the curse of faulty city planning more evident than in the constant interference between railroad transportation and city street traffic. For Milwaukee the very beginning of grade separation meant costly work in the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 13th and 21st wards, not to mention the many other wards. Since its beginning much costly work has been done; yet the job is far from finished. And tracks have come and tracks have gone. Today many thousands of passengers bound for outside destinations ride over our streets in fleeting busses.

During that year the common council was involved in the granting of one hundred special priveleges - tunnels, sidetracks, bridged al-

leys and streets, bay-windows, area walls and outside stairs encroaching upon public highway, etc., etc.

Some aldermen voted as they were told; others were more discriminating. Then for some reason that was never explained a feud broke out over bay-windows which had been installed; it sounded like the rattling of dead bones come back to life. Whatever it was, the council voted to rescind the ordinance and ordered the windows removed. This was in the middle of August. Seven months later the windows had not yet been removed and the local alderman presented a remonstrance of citizens protesting the removal of the bay-windows. There the case rested for the time being.

At that time there was much bad feeling among city employees chiefly over the inequities of salaries paid. There were strong suspicions of unfair favoritism which resulted in jealousy, backbiting and poor co-operation. Those who felt aggrieved talked bad. Of course; paying a civil service clerk \$40 a month, or a clerk-stenographer \$8 a week, or a confidential secretary \$900 a year, are not things to speak well of. And ^{o/} s_A they talked but did nothing else to correct the evils..

Under those conditions Ald. Arnold, the first Social Democrat sent to the council from the 17th Ward, fathered the resolution "that a special committee of five be appointed by the President of the Common Council to prepare an ordinance containing a revised list of salaries for city officials, including a sliding scale therein." Following aldermen were appointed to the committee: Altpeter, Connelly, Bogk, Walter and Arnold.

According to ordinary practice Alderman Arnold should have been the chairman of the committee. It was he who sponsored revision of salaries which at best was a thankless job. Somebody was sure to be unsatisfied. Still, the committee set to work and by the end of the year a new schedule of salaries with a sliding scale of increases had been^{n/} adopted.

The opposition had aldermen who would collaborate if we could "show them". A goodly portion were progressives; mostly, they favored playgrounds and additional bathing facilities. And they worked hard with us for crook-proof election laws and honest elections.

We worked together to pass an ordinance for a bureau of weights and measures, introduced by Ald. Bulder.

And we passed an ordinance providing for air-brakes on all street-cars, introduced by Ald. Bogk.

We passed another ordinance demanding lift-jacks and other safety appliances on all street-cars, introduced by Ald. Melms.

And yet another ordinance providing for stopping of street-cars on the near-corner ^{of intersections/} to "take on" and "let off" passengers, introduced by Ald. Weiley. That rule is in force to this day.

Now and then somebody wanted to investigate - perhaps the inspection of public works, or a research into methods of cleaning and conserving asphalt pavements, or of laying concrete walks.

Aldermen were concerned with personal property assessments and taxes of corporations whose stock-in-trade fluctuated widely throughout the year; and did the ^{corporations/} pay their just share toward the taxes?

But fate rides fast. Little Hattie Zynda, a minor on the north side, was missing. Days later her mutilated body was found showing signs of brutal assault. Parents and neighbors of the child were wroth; the police were slow in acting, they charged. Ald. Weiley asked for a committee hearing of the Chief; another alderman asked for a \$1,000 ^{/reward} for information leading to ^{/arrest of the murderer.} But the money was not needed. The culprit told on himself; he talked too much. He was a well-known imbecile of the neighborhood whom everybody accepted as harmless. Of course, Justice did the rest.

YOUTH'S PLIGHT

While the annals of the current common council were added to the historical records of Milwaukee, the political hosts were lining up for a bitter struggle over the control of the next council. The democrats had picked Vincenz Schoenecker as their candidate for mayor; the republicans had nominated Dr. John Beffel while the Social Democrats again ran "Seidel for Mayor".

In my 1908 campaign for mayor I had stressed the plight of the workingclass boys and girls. As the oldest of eleven children in our family, I had a bare chance of finishing primary and grammer school with nothing more than wistful dreams of highscool and university for the future. And I was only one of a great many. Basing my argument on figures and facts published in a manual by the Milwaukee school-board, I made the following plea:

"We parents of Milwaukee send our children to the public schools from the time they are six up to fourteen years of age. During that time the city of Milwaukee spends \$24 on each child per year for education. At about fourteen years of age they graduate.

"When they graduate, they are divided into two groups. Of each 100 graduates 20 are set aside which are then sent to the city high-schools. On each one of the pupils attending high-school, the city of Milwaukee now spends \$48 per year.~~sixty dollars~~~~for the boys and girls.~~

that;

"There is nothing wrong with ^{that,} every one of our young people are entitled to the best education that we can give them.

"But what do we do to the other 80 out of every 100?"

"Speak up! What do we do to them? Ah, you know: We send them to the factories, the mills and the shops; we make them produce wealth - eight hours, nine hours, ten hours a day - six days each week - 52 weeks each year. Then we assess the wealth they create and collect taxes therefrom; and we use the money we have collected from the wealth created by the eighty out of every 100 and spend it on the twenty out of every 100.

"And to heap our cup of iniquity to ~~to~~ overflowing, we do not spend

another cent for the education of the eighty out of every 100 of our boys and girls.

"We boast of our democracy, our civilization, our Christianity; but we are not democratic, nor are we civilized, neither are we Christian so long as we do one thing for the 20 per cent and ^{a/} another thing to the 80 per cent of our children."

It was this simple statement of a crying social injustice together with the exposes of other equally great wrongs which stirred the voters to express their dissatisfaction with things as they were. In 1908 the city of Milwaukee came within a few thousand votes of being carried by the Social Democrats. The next session of the Wisconsin legislature appointed an interim committee to study the problem and report legislation. *)

In 1910 the Social Democrats carried the elections, winning in municipal, county, state assembly and senate and elected one congressman. In the very next session of the legislature the interim committee reported and the Continuation School law was adopted. If my memory is right, the first classes were in session in the Manufacturers' Home on Mason street in Milwaukee, by June or July 1911. Building/~~xxxxxx~~ And I paid them a visit, rejoicing over the beginning though it was only small.

* Interim Committee appointed by 1909 Legislature:

President Van Hise, University of Wisconsin;

C.P.Cary, State Superintendent of Schools;

Carrol G.Pearse, Supt.Milwaukee Public Schools;

Dean L.E.Reber, University Extension Department;

Dr. Charles McCarthy, Legislative Reference Library.

Dr. McCarthy acted as Secretary and "visited those European states credited with having reached some reasonable solution of the problem of training the young workers".

FATHERS ANSWERED

The city election of Milwaukee was held on April 5, the first Tuesday following the first Monday of the month. The count of the vote showed following result for mayor: Vincenz Schoenecker, democrat - 20,530; Dr. John Beffel, republican - 11,346; Emil Seidel, Soc. Democrat - 27,608. Other Social Democratic candidates elected as city officials were: Carl P. Dietz, City Comptroller; Charles B. Whitnall, City Treasurer; Daniel W. Hoan, City Attorney.

Of the 23 ward-aldermen to be elected the Social Democrats won 14 as follows:

Fifth Ward — Martin Mikkelsen.
Sixth Ward — John L. Reisse.
Eighth Ward — Gilbert H. Poor.
Ninth Ward — Henry Ries.
Tenth Ward — William Koch.
Eleventh Ward — Edmund T. Melms.
Twelfth Ward — Max Grass.
Thirteenth Ward — Albert F. Giese.
Seventeenth Ward — Louis A. Arnold.
Nineteenth Ward — Jacob Rummel.
Twentieth Ward — August W. Strehlow.
Twenty-first Ward — Charles L. Weiley.
Twenty-second Ward — John Hassmann.
Twenty-third Ward — Ferdinand W. Rehfeld.

As a result the democrat-republican-progressive group had all told nine ward aldermen left in the council. But that was not the whole picture. Of the twelve Aldermen at Large, the terms of six had ended and successors were elected; also a successor for Alderman Stiglbauer who had died. The Social Democrats won the seven seats as follows:

1, William John Alldridge; 2, Victor L. Berger; 3, Dr. Benn P. Churchill; 4, William Coleman; 5, Joseph Sultaire; 6, Albert J. Welch.
7, Martin Gorecki, to fill vacancy caused by Stiglbauer death.

Note: For the mayor's Inaugral Message: See Appendix.

A NEW DEAL

Youth of today can not appreciate the long way we have come to provide the educational opportunities that today ar^e theirs. Milwaukee spent nothing for vocational education at that time. There was no "Boys" nor "Girls" trade school. Manufacturers felt the need for technical training and started a trade school. But that school taught chiefly those trades in which high wages were the rule: Machinists, pattern-makers, plumbers, builders. The mercenary motive laid the school wide open to criticism, of which I did my share. To meet that the school was finally turned over to the city. Educators held another viewpoint and made a real school out of it.

A NEW DEAL

The City Clerk and the President are officers of the Common Council, elected by the aldermen at their first meeting for the ensuing term. The President is the presiding officer. Besides being the recording officer, the Clerk has numerous other duties, some prescribed by law, some directed by the Council and some merely wished upon him by usage. Among these are issuance of licenses, help in the tax roll, administering oaths, recording chattle mortgages and bills of sale, supplying information, filing documents, official advertising, correspondence for the Council, election work, issuance of certificates of election, and so forth.

Ald.

The new Council elected ^{Ald.}Edmund T. Melms, President and Carl D. Thompson, City Clerk; as his deputy he appointed Henry Ohl Jr. The Clerk did a little housecleaning of his own: He reduced the amount of advertising to the legal limit, thus savin^g a neat sum. With the help of police officers he checked up the poll lists and removed the names of over 17,000 nonexistent voters.

City Clerk Thompson introduced an up-to-date filing system for all official documents, records and correspondence; a card case system for keeping record of all licenses issued; uniform blank forms for all Council documents.

The cumulative index of all ordinances passed by the Council was brought up to the current year, requiring the indexing of all ordinances passed since 1906, in which year the last index was made. Finally, City Clerk Thompson introduced a newly arranged and larger form of council proceedings combined with file number index for all proceedings of the council. The working out of the system was a major contribution of Mr. Thompson to the filing of municipal records. It was not long before other cities asked for information and copied it.

THE CITY TREASURER

When Charles B. Whitnall took charge of the treasurer's office, he reappointed McLaughlin and Drew to continue in the positions they had held for years. And among the force of clerks, appointments were made only when vacancies occurred.

Under the Charter, Milwaukee must^{collect} its taxes before February first. Taxes unpaid at that time become delinquent and must be sold. Delinquent taxes are subject to a penalty of 10 per cent. So-called "tax-sharks" hang around the treasurer's office at that time waiting for a chance to buy up these taxes. When later the home owner comes into money and wants to redeem his property, he must settle with the tax-shark, paying him \$1.10 for every dollar~~he~~ he advanced. The city gains nothing, the home owner loses while the "shark" is the winner. It is a primitive and brutal arrangement.

City Treasurer Whitnall had a law passed allowing him to give the home owner six months more time at an additional cost of only six percent. In that way the shark is sidetracked. That arrangement has been in force from that day to this. In those years thousands of tax payers have taken advantage of it to defer payment of all or a part of their taxes to serve their convenience. If they paid after a month or so the penalty amounted to only a few cents. That way of dealing with the problem benefitted the city and the home owner; in the aggregate a handsome amount flowed into the city treasury; and

the shark lost the greater part of a lucrative business. Many small home owners found it easier to save their homes by paying their taxes in the summer time.

During the fifteen years prior to Mr. Whitnall's term of office, the tax certificates on numerous pieces of property ^{had} reverted to the city because of unpaid taxes thereon. Former city officials paid no attention to this condition and the city was kept "holding the bag". The amount involved at that time was estimated to be no less than \$37,000 and possibly as high as \$50,000. Mr. Whitnall had all these properties listed, designated, and collected all evidence needed to proceed against the delinquent owners. This material was turned over to the City Attorney for action. Needless to say that he got results.

Mr. Whitnall had bold financial plans for "The city of Milwaukee, a forty million dollar corporation, with an annual income of more than fifteen millions.... Let the city be its own banker.... Place the treasurer under supervision of the bank examiner.... Let the citizens deposit their savings with the city treasury Pay the depositors an adequate rate of interest Deposit the city bonds with the state treasurer as security" It would have been a plan worth trying and might have saved the city from the shackles of a huge bonded debt to the advantage of every citizen. Financial democracy, so to say. But his term of City Treasurer expired before he could realize that plan. — Alas, for what might have been.

My Land Commission folder contains "An Act No 100 S relating to the creation of a board of public land commissioners"; and "An Act No. 1046 A to authorize all cities of the first class to designate a board of city land commissioners for the purpose of acquiring and disposing of lands in certain cases." We had been to Madison to speak for the passage of that law. It was passed and the Common Council had adopted it. It was now up to the Mayor to appoint that land com-

mission. Confering and receiving suggestions/Whitnall and others, I sent the names of following citizens to the Council which approved of them.

BOARD OF LAND COMMISSIONERS

Moses H. Brand, H. H. Jacobs,
August Richter, Joseph A. Mesiroff, C.B. Whitnall.

* * * * *

CITY COMPTROLLER

Carl P. Dietz was elected City Comptroller in our administration. As his deputy he appointed Leslie S. Everts, a capable accountant. The two of them made an excellent team, both resolved to make a record. It is easy to knock a past administration; but when they found a cash ~~xxx~~ deficit of over \$166,000 and more than \$50,000 of uncollected taxes, those were serious charges. The books didn't balance.

A business man takes stock once a year. Milwaukee had never made an inventory of the property it owned. Our Comptroller made the first inventory of the city's property. Previously the value had been placed at \$31,000,000. The inventory showed a value of \$42,969,075.48; all bound in one volumn for ready reference.

The payroll of the city was contained on loose sheets, each department having a different size and shape, nineteen of them. Each sheet was folded and filed away and hard to find again for reference. Such a system was next to no system for practical use. It was so easily disarranged. The new payroll was in bound volumn form with index and tabs like a reference book. That was the Dietz-Everts payroll, easily kept, easily handled and difficult to disarrange. The city never returned to the old, proving that our Comptroller builded well.

The old budget also consisted of loose sheets, pinned together and hung over a hook. Appropriations were made in lump sums with little or no effort at itemizing. All the items for a million dollar request of a department head for the year, might be contained on a few letter-head sheets, with not even a previous budget to make comparisons. In fact, under the old budget system a comptroller could control very little more than lump sums. Surely, it required work and patience to break

old, yet competent employees from ingrained habits and teach them new tricks at accounting. But they learned and the Dietz-Everts method of preparing the budget is in force to this day.

Then our Comptroller introduced a set of Ledgers. First: The General ledger; and Second: Subordinate ledgers for 1: Appropriations, Revenue, Expense; 2: Bonded Debt; 3: Interest and Sinking Fund; 4: Liabilities; 5: Property; 6: Trust Funds.

In conclusion the following achievements deserve brief mention: Started public education in municipal financing. Paid vendors promptly to take advantage of cash discounts. Introduced rendering of monthly public statements. Introduced daily and monthly time records for employees in wards. Introduced keeping of records in Department of Purchasing. Introduced system of checking pay rolls avoiding duplication. Abolish^{ed/} blanket appropriation^{s/} which cover up individual transactions. Introduced records of daily checks on receipts and disbursements. ~~Introduced monthly public statements.~~ Fostered inter-departmental co-operation for sake of economy.

It has been said that, in a year and three-quarters^{the} City Comptroller has introduced more improvements than all the comptrollers in the previous fifteen years. However, it would be unfair to assume that all progress in that department has stopped since the Social-Democratic administration. And it would be only fair to admit that the Dietz-Everts administration has set a shining example for others to follow.

CITY ATTORNEY

As stated before, Daniel W. Hoan was elected the City Attorney of our administration. As his assistants he appointed a staff of young, aggressive men, all of them eager to make a record, and each one with some special ability. "Hoan and his bunch of kids," gibed the political cynics. Well; they showed 'em. Here are the names:

John J. Cook; Mark A. Kline; Eugene L. McIntyre: Assistants.
W. H. Timlin, Jr; Clifton Williams: Special Assistants.

After eighteen months of hard work City Attorney Hoan reported these accomplishments:

"When the city attorney took office he found over one hundred old lawsuits, involving over \$1,000,000 pending against the city in the courts, some of which seventeen years old. So far almost one-half of these have been brought on for hearing, with the result that the city was assessed only about five per cent of the total damages claimed.

"2. Fought the street railway company and compelled that corporation for the first time to sprinkle the streets between its tracks in accordance with an ordinance.

"3. Fought the street railway company and compelled that corporation for the first time to pay (under protest) ~~yearly~~ license fees of \$15 per car each year, amounting in all to \$9,000 a year.

"4. Entered suit against the T.M.E.R. & L. Company for the payment of \$72,000 of back license fees.

"5. Started suit against the street railway company to compel it to pay for pavement between tracks in accordance with franchise provisions.

"6. Won the case against the steam railroads compelling them to pay for pavement next to their tracks, amounting this year to about \$12,000.

"7. Won proceedings for cross-town lines with partial double transfers.

"8. Active prosecution of cases brought by other departments, involving housing, health, sanitation, smoke nuisance, weights and measures, selling of liquor to minors, loan sharks, and illegal employment offices.

"9. Challenge of 'peculiar' assessments methods of Tax Commissioner Schutz.

"10. Refusal to prosecute strikers for the use of the word "scab" applied to strikebreakers.

"11. Average yearly amount of settlements for damages reduced from

\$42,000 to \$9,000.

"12. Prepared more than forty bills submitted to the legislature giving the city wider powers in the direction of home rule.

"13. Fought for the dissolution of an injunction restraining the city from employing tax ferrets. Succeeded in dissolving temporary injunction.

"14. Defeated the attempt to declare the creation of the commissioner of public works office and all its public work illegal.

"15. Successfully defended the city against a seizure of land on which the refuse incinerator is located, the suit involving over \$50,000 .

"16. Successfully sustained, before the supreme court, the ordinance requiring tuberculine test of all milk.

"Most of the ordinances and legal proceedings pass through the city attorney's office. The ordinances relating to lifting jacks, cleaning of street cars, engineers' licenses, elevator operators' licenses, the eight hour day on all city work done by contractors, sanitary factory inspection, and other measures were all carefully drawn in the city attorneys' office and contain no jokers.

"It was a bold step on the part of the city attorney to call the attention of the state tax commission to assessments in Tax Commissioner Schutz's office, which indicated that the tax office ~~policy~~ policy was to "soak" the small properties with full assessments, while the big ones are let off easy.

"Tax Commissioner Schutz held that the stock of foreign corporations was not to be assessed. Hoan brought to the attention of the state tax commission the case of the Hamburger Estate and stock in a foreign corporation, the Gimble Brothers Company, worth \$650,000. This \$650,000 was not assessed by Schutz. The opinion of the state tax commission, known to have been prepared with unusual care, ~~stated~~ stated that the stock of a foreign corporation held in Wisconsin should be assessed and that any doubt should be resolved in favor of the city."

For the five years preceding City Attorney Hoan and his staff, the average yearly amount of settlement for damages in suits against the city was \$42,000. This has been cut to \$9,000. Hoan has wrested from the state railroad commission a decision that all main grade crossings on the south side must be abolished.

"The northwest side track elevation matter has been decided in favor of the city, and it is now up to the railroad commission to order the work done."

In that way "Hoan and his bunch of kids" have boxed the ears of the political fogies, right and left. It was a show to please the Gods.

The two years of Social Democratic rule in Milwaukee have been chock-full of administrative, economic and social advancements. Even before they took office, the newly elected officials were busy with plans for improvements. There was never a lack of new ideas. The first rule laid down required that every appointee to a full-time position which paid an adequate salary, give his full time to the city job. Some demurred, but we were adamant.

The administration had not yet been installed when plans were completed to abolish the Board of Public Works and substitute a department with a single head as Commissioner of Public Works. At first there was no opposition to the change; then certain interests scented danger and questioned the legality. The lower court declared the change illegal; in the upper court this decision was reversed.

After exchanging a hundred or more communications with men from all parts of our country, many of which seemed to be more interested in the salary to be paid than in our problems, we decided to appoint such local talent as we had. Accordingly I appointed as

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS
Harry E. Briggs.

The appointment proved a "lucky strike" for Commissioner Briggs lost no time in appointing as his deputy a man in the city employ who had been tried and not found wanting. It was he we aldermen went to when we wanted reliable information. He was promoted to be:

Deputy Commissioner John McGucken.

Commissioner Briggs set up following bureaus: 1, Street Construction and Repairs; 2, Street Sanitation; 3, Bridges and Public Buildings; 4, Sewers; 5, Purchases. Each one is under the supervision of a superintendent. The work of reorganization was extended to the Engineering Department, Plumbing and House Drain Inspection, Meter Repairs and Water Distribution. Following are the names of the Superintendents: Charles A. Mullen; J.J. Handley; L.J. Klug; Henry J. Kruse; Henry Campbell.

City Engineer: Joseph A. Mesiroff. I had advocated to merge the Water Registrar with the City Treasury Department; that could not be done without a change in the law. Therefore I appointed John Doerfler, Sr. to the position of Water Registrar. Aside of that there were no other changes made in the personnel of the Water Department that I know of.

To complete his organization, Commissioner Briggs secured Charles A. Mullen a paving expert from the East and made him Superintendent of Street Construction and Repairs. Mullen knew the Barber asphalt trust well; he knew that the \$2.40 Milwaukee was paying for a square yard of bit~~u~~lithic pavement was a plain holdup. He struck "Trinidad Lake Asphalt" out of the specifications. The trust threatened suit. Mullen laughed: "They won't sue; they know they're bluffing." And the trust didn't sue.

Mr. Mullen knew pavement well; he had written a pamphlet on pavements for the administration which was printed in the council proceedings of 1910-'11. With cost figures and illustrations it covers fifteen pages. It was he who advocated the oiling of all macadam pavements. "You will save the sprinkling with water," he argued. In one year he oiled 71 miles of macadam. That practice was continued and in a few years Milwaukee became one of the best paved cities. Yet when I introduced my resolution asking the old board to experiment with macadam oiling, I was laughed out of the committee. Today we can cross our roads in rain or shine without getting muddy shoes or raising dust.

The Mullen pavement costs less than one-half of what we paid to the trust. The first stretch he put down was laid on Windlake avenue. And it stood up. Then the Council passed the proceedings to pave Vliet street. The street was ripped up. Then it was discovered that the grade set up was based on the old datum/^{line} which had been changed. Past engineers had taken no notice of that change. They might get away with a technical error without endangering the assessment; but we could not

D E L A Y

take such a chance. So the Common Council had to go over the whole procedure a second time. Businessmen and residents protested the delay. We could not even explain without endangering assessments for work already done. Summer was nearly gone. Frosty nights set in while the work was being done. When the winter was over those parts hit by frost went to pieces. Concrete just can't take frost before it is set. "There's the Mullen pavement for you!" jeered the politicians. The Mullen pavements which stood up, were not mentioned.*)

The bithulithic trust pulled another fast one, the so-called "binder course". It was a thin layer applied to bind asphalt and concrete; paving experts did not use it for it only added cost without additional merit. Mullen would not consider it at all.

Our Commissioner of Public Works introduced the first power flushing machines for cleaning streets. Former administrations

*) One difficulty generally met with by officials in charge public construction work, is to get efficient inspectors who can not be influenced by contractors.

I have heard Mr. Mullen complain thereof; and I have read the complaint of Mr. Simmons. Every now and then I have heard complaints made by one or another superintendent in charge of construction work. And I have heard Mr. Stoelting make the same complaint.

The best of specifications are of little value if the inspector can not be relied upon to hold the contractor to obey them.

The city service law is rigid and severe. But civil service has not yet found a way of rating the integrity of applicants for inspector.

A dishonest inspector may be discharged forthwith if found out. But that is no solution to the problem for the harm is done.

To the writer it would seem that this evil will persist as long as we putter with the contract system. A contract is a gamble. To be awarded a contract, the bidder must be low and responsible. But he does not want to lose. He takes a chance of slighting somewhere - either the work, the material or the worker. Whichever it be, the City in the loser.

Note: For further notes on Pavements: See Appendix.

STREET FLUSHING

had flushed the downtown streets with unwieldy hose which was a sloppy job at best.) ~~Commissioner Briggs introduced a new machine for cleaning the streets which did a quick and efficient job.~~ (And he installed the first waste paper receptacles in Milwaukee enlisting public cooperation to keep our streets clean.

With the help of the Comptroller, Commissioner Briggs brought up-to-date accounting methods and records into the department of public works. This implied cooperation with every other department of the city.

Withal, Harry Briggs had a strong affection for his slide-rule; they were inseparable. And when one asked the Commissioner a question, he would first consult his rule before answering - much like an astrologer consults the stars before deciding. With this difference: the astrologer is mostly in error while the slide-rule is always right. That rule knew many answers providing one knew the rule.

With our advent to office the term of the old health commissioner ended. ~~So~~ It was necessary to make an appointment. My mind was set upon having factory inspection started by the health department: the sooner the better. To feel the old commissioner out, I invited him to a conference. It lasted over an hour. He had nothing to offer on factory inspection; he really thought that state factory/was sufficient. That was what I wanted to know, and I told him: "You're not my man."

To give me time to find a strong commissioner, I appointed Walter P. Stroesser; according to an understanding the appointment was referred to the committee on health. From the seven applications for the position I picked the name of

DR. WILLIAM COLBY RUCKER

and sent it to the the common council for confirmation; however, not until the Social Democratic caucus had given its approval. The council suspended all rules interfering with immediate confirmation and confirmed the appointment by a vote of 32 to 3. This appointment caused a stir in Washington, D.C. as will be seen from a news dispatch to the Milwaukee Journal.*)

Dr. Rucker was a Milwaukee boy who had received his first education here, taken up the medical ^{2/}profssion and received his degree of M.D. He joined the navy and became an officer in the U.S. Public Health and Marine Hospital service under Surgeon-General Walter Wyman. Dr. Rucker married a Milwaukee girl and the young couple had an only son when Mrs. Rucker died. The bereft father could not take his son with him when

*) The news dispatch reads: "Journal, Milwaukee, Wisc. In a leading editorial the Washington Times says of the recent appointment of Dr. Rucker as health officer of Milwaukee, 'A very good example that respected and progressive health commissioners are necessary if civic progress is to be well balanced. Some of our eastern cities have had a very unsatisfactory experience as health commissioners whose power in office has certainly not been based on any ~~personal~~ marked personal or professional distinction. But even in some of these cities ~~the~~ there are glimmers of a new era. When Seidel won his fight all students of American politics realized that Milwaukee would be worth watching.' "

called to his duties and so he left him in the care of his mother-in-law, the child's grandmother.

Dr. Rucker had made a worldwide reputation for himself even before he was our Commissioner. It was he who was sent to the Pacific coast to discover how bubonic plague cases continued to slip into the United States in spite of rigid maintenance of quarantine. One day while on duty in San Francisco harbor he noticed a rat leaving a quarantined vessel swimming to the dock. Following this lead he caught on^c of these rats and proved by tests that they were actual carriers of the plague.

That was our health commissioner. He was loaned to us for one year and ^{expired} when his leave of absence/~~xxx~~ he would have to report again for duty. He liked the work here; it was so important and he could be with his boy. So he lost no time in tackling our problems where they hurt most. There was our way of running all our sewerage, household and industrial waste into three rivers which carried the filth into the lake to dirty our water supply.*)

Typhoid fever cases multiplied. Dr. Rucker investigated and re-
^{bacilli}
ported to me: "Mr. Mayor, I've found colon/dangerously near the water intake. We must advise the people to boil the water until we can start to chlorinate it." He had spoken to Superintendent Bohmann and the plans were ready for installation. He sent a report on the typhoid situation to the next council meeting. He reorganized his department and had inspectors uniformed. He worked with the health committee for more milk inspectors; and in preparing the factory inspection ordinance. "He made us think of my country tis for thee," said an old-time inspector.

*) For months we had been expecting the report of a special committee of three national experts on sewerage disposal and water purification, consisting of John W. Alvord of Chicago, George C. Whipple of New York city, and Harrison P. Eddy of Boston. When it finally arrived these experts recommended plans so huge that it would take years of time and millions of dollars in expense to purify our water supply.

Now, that's just what we had been doing: Spend millions in money and years in time. But we spent all that to pollute our drink water. So this was what we got for abusing our rivers and lake.

ISOLATION HOSPITAL

My file on Child welfare contains a seven-page mimeographed circular "concerning the proposed purchase of the Schandeln home and the city's dereliction^e in making suitable provisions for the care of contagious diseases, and begs to submit this statement to his Honor, Mayor Emil Seidel, to the Hon. Board of Aldermen, and through the press to the Public at Large." As signature to the circular appear the names of following physicians in typewritten mimeograph: "Dr. Phil. Rogers; Dr. C. H. Stoddard; Dr. C. A. Evans; Dr. H. J. Gramling and Dr. A. M. Bodden. Committee."

This circular bears no date to indicate when it was written, neither of day, month or year. Though I can not vouch for the truth of all its statements, still I repeat them because I believe that in the main they were^e true to conditions at the time. A meeting of The Medical Society "of the 13th inst." is said to have resolved as follows:

"Therefore, be it resolved, that it is the sense of this Society that a positive emergency exists at the present time, and that the first active step for the betterment and safety of this community lies in the recognition of the urgent need of building an isolation hospital at once upon a suitable site."

Lacking the space to present the full seven pages of the circular, much of which is pure political oratory, I quote only the essentially descriptive portions:

"The present building, formerly the Wisconsin General Hospital, is located in a congested part of the city It is a frame structure about 35 years old, containing 12 or 14 rooms. Of these but 8 are devoted to the patients, the others being sleeping quarters for the help, dining room, kitchen, office and bath During the past two years the hospital has been used entirely for the care of diphtheria and scarlet fever patients, while those afflicted with measles have had to shift for themselves. The diphtheria and scarlet fever patients are on the same floor, and their rooms are separated merely by a corridor Let the following figures indicating the situation on Monday, Jan. 16th of this year, speak for themselves:
 Number of rooms used for scarlet fever cases - 5; number of rooms used for Diphtheria cases - 3; number scarlet fever cases - 20; number of diphtheria cases - 7; number of beds in each of 3 scarlet fever rooms - 4; number of children in one scarlet fever room - 5 (2 in one bed); in children's recreation and dining room - 3 beds; number of cases refused admission this day - 4; number of nurses in attendance - 3.

"Two nurses sleep in one room; one nurse sleeps in bath room.

"Hundreds are annually refused admission to this hospital for lack of room For two years past, with the exception of August and September of 1910, the demand for this hospital's care has exceeded its limited capacity. On the day cited above (Jan.16) a poor mother was denied admission for her child suffering from scarlet fever

"There is a positive and real danger that those who go there for the cure of one disease may contract another equally severe, or even more severe. Segregation is impossible proper protection is impossible.

"No decent provision is here offered for the housing of the nurses. It has happened that three nurses have had to sleep in one small room."

So much for the Isolation Hospital which our city had when we came into office. The rest of the circular deals with the proposal to buy the Schandein residence for hospital purposes. The circular of The Medical Society concludes:

"The physicians of the Medical Society of Milwaukee County have but one motive in voicing this opinion, which is given in a spirit of altruism which challenges criticism."

Then follow the typed names of the committee as shown above. In so far/as the committee of physicians recited existing conditions, their circular was helpful; it informed the public and spurred us on. Some there were who judged more severely: "Seeing that we meant business, the Society is trying to get out from under and climb on the band wagon." Others argued: " If these conditions ^{x/} existed for two years past, why didn't the Society speak sooner when one of its own members was Health Commissioner?" They saw in the circular a slam at the new commissioner.

AN EPISODE

From my files I take a folder labeled "Rucker", containing over 70 sheets of closely typed affidavits, letters and other exhibits. A first warning came to us from a student who worked in the circulation department of a local morning paper. I quote from his sworn statement:

"On Sunday morning, when going home at about 7.30 or eight o'clock (I heard) that something extraordinarily had happened for the ~~Sxx~~ socialists.... When I got back Monday morning I learned that it was a scandal in the City Hall, involving a girl and a city official, Mr. Rucker. About 8.30 I heard that a warrant was to be issued at once, and that an extra would be issued.... I was waiting until 10 o'clock but nothing happened.... We were waiting all day long. By that time I definitely knew it was Rucker.... About 5 o'clock they said the warrant would be issued in 15 minutes, and then 10 minutes to 6 I was called down to help handle the kids who take charge of the papers the presses were running and the extras were supposed to be out in a minute. Then suddenly it was called off. girl in the

"Question: "Was the/Sentinel building Monday morning?"

"Answer: "She was in the building Monday."

"Signed...."

"B. Emmet."

Frank Weinheimer, who went to the District Attorney with John Brophy, president of the Allied Council, to inquire about a label case which had been pending three years, deposed:

"Then he (Assistant Worcester) commenced to say something about getting a warrant out for a certain official of the city for a case of bastardy.

"Question: "How did he happen to say this?"

"Answer: "He just sprung this on us and he said it was going to split or put a hole in the Socialist vote"

"Signed...."

"Frank Weinheimer."

What about the woman in the case? For her own sake and the sake of her family I shall ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ refer to her only as The Woman. My folder contains a deposition signed by Fred C. Lorenz, senior member of the law firm Lorenz & Lorenz which was retained by the doctor as his attorney. Mr. Lorenz deposes and says in part:

"That he is acquainted with Dr. William Colby Rucker and that he knows The Woman who has made an accusation against Dr. Rucker that The Woman visited the office of this deponent and told him that she had cause of action against Dr. Lemon, the Street Railway Company, and the President thereof; that deponent listened to her nearly an hour.... and discovered that The Woman was not of sound mind and advised her to go to her home and take a long rest that since The Woman's picture was published in connection with her charges against Dr. Rucker, not less than

than twenty-five doctors have communicated with deponent and informed him that The Woman has annoyed each and every of said one doctors in a similar way by calling repeatedly at their offices and telephoning, and attempting to have various surgical operations performed upon her and in many other ways; that deponent has also had telephone and other communications from at least twenty lawyers whom she has visited for the purpose of commencing action that she has been thrown out of the offices of nearly all of said lawyers that she became a public nuisance; that she has been arrested three or four times; that Lieutenant O'Conner, Station Keeper Paulus and one other police officer made complaint ~~xxxx~~ to the County Court that The Woman was insane; that Charles B. Perry was appointed her guardian ad litem to represent her upon the hearing, who after a thorough examination consented to her being committed to the Milwaukee Hospital for Insane for thirty days which was later renewed for another thirty days and finally upon her promise to Judge Carpenter that she would leave for her home she was released from custody "

Here the affidavit of Mr. Lorenz relates in detail that in October, 1909, The Woman had intimate relations with a man in his home and that the two were surprised in the act by a daughter of the man. In conclusion Mr. Lorenz expressed his conviction that the charges against Dr. Rucker will be proven to be wholly without foundation. As a result of this indiscretion of her husband, the offended wife is now suing him for divorce. (Reported in 1910.)

Surgeon J. O. Cobb, stationed at the time in Milwaukee, representing the Marine-Hospital Service, made an independent investigation and reported his findings to Surgeon General Walter Wyman. I was given a copy of this report for my file. This is what Surgeon J.O.Cobb says:

"Another important affidavit is one of patrolman Henry C. Bell. He is a reliable man, and has known the girl for same time as a character around town. He states that in April 1910, The Woman told him that she was in the 'family way' and that the man was a prominent official in the city hall. Ten days previous to Dr. Rucker's arrest said patrolman was in a drug store on his beat, talking to the clerk when The Woman happened to cross the street and the patrol man called the clerk's attention to her at this time, remarking: "I don't see any evidence of her being in the 'family way' that she talked to me about last April." Later, after the case of Dr Rucker was published, patrolman Bell went into this drug store and he and the clerk discussed the former story. The point brought out in this affidavit is that, if the story is true, the girl had in mind a real, or imaginary (most likely the latter) person in the city hall long before Dr. Rucker was even in Milwaukee, and while he was ~~was~~ still in San Francisco."

An Attorney at Law wrote:

"Hon. Emil Seidel,

Dear Sir:-

I am not acquainted with Dr. Rucker, neither am I a Socialist, but I am pleased with the way Dr. Rucker took hold of the office, and I am pleased with your appointment, and in the main with your administration.

When I heard of Dr. Rucker's arrest, I was grieved, because I knew the woman. She was my client off and on covering a period of eight years past, and if there ever was a nuisance, she was one. I would not believe her under any circumstances. I think you do right to hold Dr. Rucker until you have more proof

Yours very truly,

J.E.Wildish."

Alderman Martin Mikkelsen sent a record from the South Side Police Station reiterating what has already been stated and added:

"The Woman then went around telling her troubles to every policeman on the corner in that locality.

Ald. Martin Mikkelsen."

To show where the physicians stood in this matter I bring in conclusion a letter addressed to Dr. J. J. Cobb, Surgeon, by Dr. John J. McGovern, of which I was given a copy for my file. It reads:

"To Dr. J. O. Cobb

Dear Doctor:-

I desire to say that I attended the conference of Physicians at the District Attorney's office and participated in the discussion of The Woman's case on Friday September 23, 1910. I listened to the entire medical story of the case as presented by Drs. Beffel and Becker. Dr. Beffel stated that after examination of The Woman on Saturday September 17, 1910, he expressed the opinion that The Woman is not pregnant. Dr. Becker stated that there was no foetus, no placenta, or other evidence of pregnancy found save the microscopical specimen said to have been taken from the discharge. It was agreed by all the physicians present that there were no tangible evidences of pregnancy. I have no personal knowledge of the source of the microscopical specimen and in itself it did not prove a recent pregnancy.

I repudiate the published statement that I in any way confirmed the diagnosis said to have been made by Dr. Becker.

Yours truly,

(Signed) John J. McGovern, M.D.

September 25, 1910."

"I fully concur in the above statement as far as my knowledge of the case goes.

(Signed) Gilbert E. Seaman, M.D."

Well, the District Attorney had issued the warrant for the arrest of Dr. Rucker. Contrary to newspaper reports, the doctor was never

E X P L O S I O N

arrested for the simple reason that he had been recalled to Washington, which the sheriff did not know. The District Attorney in his zeal to get Dr. Rucker, bungled his game and lost him. That was the reason for continued conferences.

The miserable affair had kept our office in turmoil for more than ten days interfering with all our regular work. Again there was to be a meeting. Of course, with reporters around to help the propaganda. Victor L. Berger was running as our candidate for Congress.

"I'll go over to see what ~~the case is~~ ^{the District Attorney is} doing with the Rucker case, and let you know," said Berger and left with several comrades.

We, Carl Sandburg and I, were busy with the morning mail; we made little headway; ever and ever the case bobbed up to annoy us. "Really, there's nothing to it," assured Carl. "That is, if the judge is fair," I injected. "Don't worry," he said softly, "it'll work out all right; it always does."

There was a disturbance in the outer office, gay voices - boisterous laughter. The door burst open - in stormed Berger with the rest, all flushed with hilarity; they could hardly calm themselves to speak.

"What happened?"

"The case exploded," laughed Berger.

"But how?"

"You tell 'im." And another answered:

"The woman was there; lawyers and doctors argued her condition and disagreed. Berger was permitted to ask her one question."

"What did he ask her?" Again they all laughed. Then:

"Miss, please tell us when you had your last monthly?"

"Two weeks ago," she piped before anyone could stop her.

Everybody laughed; the District Attorney fumbled; ^{(blanched} blushed and/ by turns. He mumbled something no one could hear for laughter.

The judge nodded feebly while laughter kept up. The Woman looked bewildered; she did not know what had happened.

Thus ended the District Attorney's bastardy case.

For our administration the District Attorney's campaign of malice was over; but our health department was without a commissioner. Dr. Rucker's leave of absence had been revoked and he was at once "again placed on important Service duty," Surgeon-General Wyman wrote me. In an effort to recover the services of the Doctor, I made a personal call on the Surgeon-General to press my request. He agreed to put it "before the bureau".

Under date of October 3, I received a three-page letter from the Surgeon General telling of "a very threatening aspect of the cholera situation in Russia and Italy," and of the "greatly enlarged activity in California to root out the infection of bubonic plague now existing among rodents", in view of which "the Bureau feels it must hold on to its highly qualified officers".

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~DR. FREDERICK A. KRAFT~~

On October 10, the Common Council approved my appointment of Dr. Frederick A. Kraft, a local practitioner, to be Commissioner of Health for the term expiring on the third day of April, 1914. Dr. Kraft was not an allopath; but he was a good sanitarian and made us an excellent health commissioner. Before appointment he said to me: "The Russian-Japanese war killed and wounded over 325,000 lives; in 1908 the industries of the United States killed and maimed 616,295 lives; that must stop. We can do our share in Milwaukee." That was to my liking; he was my man and made good.

Dr. Kraft was in office only a month when the four hold-over Assistants, Drs. Jermain, Pateck, Coffey and Hackett resigned in a body; for what reason I never inquired. Dr. Kraft notified the Common Council and announced his appointees: Dr. C. F. Darling, Dr. F. N. Sauer, Dr. H. C. Oakland and Dr. E. S. Taylor. The resignations were placed on file; the appointments were confirmed unanimously. That was that.

Commissioner Kraft resumed the work where his predecessor had left off. He continued the watch over the water, followed up chlorination

and ordered boiling of drink water when necessary. He extended the functions of the department. In the winter of 1910-'11, the added inspection force of four men and one woman went into action. In the first year over 50,000^{inspections} were made in more than 1,100 factories and shops.

Privy vaults abolished and toilets installed in 91 factories.

Emery wheels and grinders were guarded in 65 factories.

Heating systems were installed in five factories.

New plumbing installed in 54 cases.

Hundreds of drinking fountains were installed.

Hoods and fans installed to remove dust, smoke, fumes: 55 workshops.

Miss Finch inspect^{ed} places where women are employed: A large number of lunch- and dressing-rooms forced to improve sanitation; improvements in 133 sweatshops and 50 bakeries; effective ventilation installed in six factories; skylights in three factories; new toilet facilities in five laundries.

Food inspection was reorganized and the staff increased by three men; a restaurant inspector was added early in 1911. Formerly, stock-yards and commission houses were watched; under the new set-up every restaurant, lunch room, candy manufactory, grocery and meat market is inspected.

Thousands of dollars worth of goods were condemned as unfit for food. The city milk supply was closely watched. The City Attorney and his staff won the case for tuberculine testing of dairy cattle. It was a notable victory. Forty restaurateurs were prosecuted and fined for serving milk below standard; all that law work done "by Dan Hoan and his bunch of kids".

A Bureau of Publicity was started to spread information on matters of public health; monthly bulletins were issued; a folder on contagious diseases was prepared; displays at the Dairy Show and the Budget Exhibit were made; minor displays in downtown store windows were shown - all to spread a better understanding of the meaning of public health.

Blue Mound Sanatorium, an experimental anti-tuberculosis station conducted by Milwaukee physicians, was taken over by the City of Milwaukee; it was opened to patients on June 23, 1911; and in September

Greenfield Sanitorium was opened to patients. Both institutions were placed under a Superintendent and provided with Matrons and Nurses. The fight against tuberculosis had become a public business.

The insufferable "pesthouse" agitation was laid by Dr. Kraft; boldly he announced plans for a new Isolation Hospital; the Council provided the bond issue. The building progressed and was to be put into use by the spring of 1912.

At the end of 1911 Dr. Kraft announced that the number of cases in the six leading contagious diseases, namely: Scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid fever, measles, smallpox and whooping cough, had decreased during the year by 3,349 cases, a decline of over 40 per cent. Of course, I can not say how much of that was due to the increased activities of the health department. Only time could tell.

One day Mrs. Sarah M. Boyd called at the mayor's office to tell me of the work the Visiting Nurse Association is doing: "Very few people in Milwaukee know that there are sections in our city in which over one-half of babies born, die under one year of age," she said. "Nearly all these babies could live if they had the proper care." These nurses ~~xxx~~ went into the homes of newly born babies to give such advice, help and attention as ~~xx~~ necessary to protect the mother's health and save the baby's life.

Mrs. Boyd maintained that their work is beyond the experimental stage, and that mothers grow strong and babies live when given the right care and attention by trained nurses. "But the needs are so great and our means so small, that we can't do very much," she said.

Mrs. Boyd wanted the Mayor to appoint a commission to make an experiment in a section where infant mortality is notoriously high, keep records and draw its own conclusions. "The tryout might cost about \$4,000." That was fair enough. But we needed the help of the Common Council. She promised to call upon the aldermen and plead for the babies of Milwaukee.

We drafted the resolution with an appropriation attached, in the mayor's office; Victor L. Berger took care of it in the board of aldermen which adopted it unanimously. Mrs. Boyd suggested the names, and I appointed Milwaukee's first

CHILD WELFARE COMMISSION

W. N. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Francis Boyd,
Dr. John M. Beffel, Dr. L. Boorse, Dr. G. A. Hipke.

The Commission had gone quietly at work; it had set aside a section of thirty-three contiguous blocks in the worst ward; it had engaged Wilbur O. Phillips, a specialist, and made him secretary; it had established a Baby Welfare Station where mothers could bring their suffering ^{babes} and get expert advice and attention; it had won the co-opera-

tion and confidence of public institutions - church, schools, teachers, and clergy. Happen what may elsewhere - here a crusade was on the save mothers and babies.

The commission had worked faithfully about five months when one day Dr. Beffel came in, all smiles, to announce triumphantly: "Mr. Mayor, so far we've reduced the death rate in our district among babies under one year of age by more than sixty-six percent;" he beamed. "Had we started a little sooner we would have saved more," he added.

The record looks even better when compared with what happened in the rest of the ward, outside of these thirty-three squares. In 1910 the deaths of babies under one year numbered 219; in 1911 the number of deaths among babies had risen to 233. The workers who had done the work and those who had helped to reap the harvest, rejoiced; the others wistfully asked: "Can't we have that done for the whole ward." The Commission answered: "Yes, if the Common Council will follow our plans; we have asked that \$66,000 be set up in the next budget to establish eleven Child Welfare stations throughout the city."

Let's pay tribute where it is due. The whole Commission deserves ~~of~~ credit; Mrs. Boyd with her visiting nurses who performed loyally deserve a special merit.

And that's Social Service.

By passage of a resolution, the Common Council directed the Mayor to appoint an

OUTER HARBOR COMMISSION

citizens were appointed:

Complying, following

M. A. Beck, 294 Greenbush Street;
W. P. Bishop, 904 Summit Avenue;
William George Bruce, Merchants' & Mfrs'. Association;
Col. R. G. Butler, 196 Martin Street;
Edward Cornillie, 241 Washington Street;
Robert Clarke, 151 Reed Street;
J. J. McSweeney, 457 Maryland Avenue;
Frank J. Weber, Fed. Trades Council, (Brisbane Hall;
A. L. Worden, 284 Kewaunee Street.

(File Number 76)

The Commission was given a big assignment: To plan and build the outer harbor. That was in 1911; after these many years (1943) the Commission is yet in existence with its Senior member, William George Bruce, still serving without pay. There is a notable ^{record} of civic devotion.

In the same manner there was appointed a

MARKET COMMISSION

consisting of:

J. J. Bitker, 1801 Fond du Lac Avenue;
Frank Brandecker, 2719 Chestnut Street;
Herman Deutsch, 501 Mitchell Building;
Nat. Stone, Boston Store;
R. L. Stone, 2106 Prairie Street.

(File Number 1220)

That Commission met regularly in one of the mayor's outer offices and had many valuable recommendations to offer.

Noting the successes of Child Welfare workers, those engaged in anti-tuberculosis work urged the administration to appoint an

ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS COMMISSION

The requisite resolution with appropriation was passed and the following names submitted for appointment:

H. A. Wagner, 505 Galena Street;
Miss Katherine R. Williams, 15th District, No. 2;
Dr. Hoyt E. Dearholt, Goldsmith Building;
Dr. A. N. Baer, Hathaway Building;
Mrs. T. Spence, 585 Newberry Boulevard. (File Number 217)

Every one of these citizens had its own affairs to attend to; yet each

one of them gave freely of its time in the anti-tuberculosis crusade, with Dr. Dearholt recognized the untiring Nestor of the campaign. I honor their memory.

HOUSING COMMISSION

In like manner a Housing Commission was appointed with following citizens as members thereof:

Walter Bender, 85 34th Street;
John E. DeWolf, 185 Prospect Avenue;
Rev. H. H. Jacobs, 861 First Avenue;
William E. Schuchard, 263 29th Street;
Dr. William Thorndike, 182 Biddle Street.

During and after the World War the housing situation became critical owing to the rapid growth of the city. Daniel W. Hoan had been elected mayor in 1916 and took a live interest in the studies of the Commission. The final outcome was the Garden Homes housing project - a co-operative company which built 100 homes. It was eminently successful; a 40 X 100 foot lot and a five or six room dwelling with a three acre community park thrown in, cost less than the similar-sized homes contractors were building without a local breathing spot. Then some of the members became infected with the profit itch when they discovered that they could make a neat gain if they could sell. And they sacrificed the co-operative that some might sell. But when the storm of 1929 broke, a goodly number lost their homes, which could not have happened to the co-operative. So that was that.

When today, on an election day, a stranger comes to our town, it is not easy for him to discover where the voting is being done; there is so little excitement. Excepting for an occasional election booth in some precincts, candidates' cards in some store windows, or a stray ticket peddler, there are in many sections no outward signs that an election is going on. It was not always so.

There was a time when we had no voting in schoolhouses, no honest registration lists, no election commission to assure us of an honest election. In some precincts it was impossible for a candidate or his^{1/} challenger to check up on the voting. Iron-fisted thugs were in control of the booth.

Social Democrats, progressives and other minority groups combined to ~~prepare a~~ ^{strengthen the} new election law with Eddie Melms, Moses Brand and Fred^{*)} Jones doing the bulk of the work. Of course, others of us helped with suggestions and practical advice. And the law was enacted.

This law provided for a tri-party Election Commission clothed with power and authority to enforce honest registration and orderly conduct of all elections. All election officials are appointed by the Commission; all must answer to the Commission and may be discharged forthwith, the action being final. That law and Election Commission set-up are in force to this day though there have been amendments to the law.

So quietly are elections conducted today that the electors of four precincts in the Ninth ward vote at Garden Homes School without interruption while hundreds of pupils and their teachers are attending class. There are no gangsters around to give orders or start a fight. The whole procedure is an education in itself.

*) In passing, it should be said for Mr. Brand that he was also the author of the new Civil Service law which was passed by the legislature at that time.

Fred Jones was one of those Social Democrats who did much work in the movement without aspiring to political office. He was an engineer who taught in the Handtke Brewery School. He was well grounded in his profession, a dues paying member of our party, and gave our aldermen all sorts of technical information with-

As soon as possible after we took office, steps were taken to put the new law into effect; and it was my duty to appoint the first tri-party election commission. Under the law, appointments are subject to certification by the respective party secretaries as to the bona fide membership of each appointee. The first appointees were:

John G. Reutemann for one year (Democratic Party);
Sebastian Walter for two years (Progressive Republican Party);
Robert Buech for three years (Social-Democratic Party).

Herman C. Schultz was chosen its first secretary by the Election Commission. He had been in charge of all election matters under the old setup, knew all its weaknesses and was one of that minority which helped to frame the new law. When Secretary Schultz was elected State Senator, he adopted the byname Senator Schultz. In addition to his regular duties, he took a live interest in matters of municipal finance and taxation and many of his suggestions were adopted. Having served the city many years on the election commission, Senator Schultz's ^{health} failed him and he was obliged to retire without a pension. Democracies have short memories. Walter H. Gaedke succeeded the Senator as secretary of the election commission.

out ever getting more than a mere "thank you" for his work. At that time the automobile was yet suffering growing pains and drivers had all sorts of trouble with ignition, smutted spark-plugs and loose wiring.

"The Diesel engine will stop all that," Fred Jone used to say. When asked how, he answered that the Diesel needs no sparkplugs. Always he wound up with telling how Diesel perfected his engine, demonstrated its practicality and proffered it to the German government, but was turned down. Diesel then turned to England and found English business more accessible. They came to an understanding. Diesel was to return to England on a given day to sign agreements. He told his friend of his success, took passage for England, and was never again heard of after that.

That was Fred Jone's story of the Diesel engine. I tried to check up on it but no one could tell me about it. Fred Jone left for Europe. He was drafted in the first World war, I was told; and I never met him again.

The first Diesel engine I saw is installed in the Riverside pumping station of the Milwaukee water works, on the west bank of the river, above Locust street.

"It's a peach," according to Superintendent Henry P. Bohman.

Acting on a petition of G.R. Butler and others, to create a Commission to promote cultivation of vacant land by the unemployed, the President of the Common council appointed the Aldermen Coleman, Minkley, Sanger, Smith and Welch, to collaborate with like committees of the Board of Supervisors, the Merchants and Manufacturers and the Federated Trades. The Common council directed the Commissioner of Public Works to co-operate by conditioning the land. As to the names of the other committees, I have only those of the Merchants' and Manufacturers: Col. R.G. Butler, S.Y. Gillen, Arminio Conte, Emanuel L. Phillip and Archie Techtmeyer.

The Common council created an Art Commission to which the Mayor appointed the following: George B. Ferry, Louis Mayer, Alexander Mueller and William H. Schuchart.

The story of the striking garment workers of Milwaukee, of the interference of police with the pickets, of the Mayor's letter to the Chief of police, and the final settlement of the strike in the mayor's office, has been widely peddled; but to my knowledge the sequel to that story has never been put in writing.

To better understand, it should be said that the David Adler clothing manufacturers had three shops: one in the heart of the city, another in the south side Polish section, a third in the north side German section. The workers were divided. The central shop struck; the north and south shops continued work. Seems to me the latter two shops were not in the organization. However, the strikers had rights; so had the others. The strikers asked me to speak at the Westside Turn Hall, which I did. The strikers wanted the other two shops to strike also.

"Down to the South side," yelled someone - who, I can not say. Sensing mischief, I warned and prevailed on them not to go. And they promised. Returning to my office I had hardly gotten busy when Carl Sandburg, my secretary, came in:

"The strikers are out there; they were at the South side factory."

FIRE & POLICE COMMISSIONERS

I was dumfounded, angry: "Damned fools - they promised not to!"

"They had trouble, throwing stones, breaking windows"

"I knew they would have, that's why I warned not to go."

The delegation stormed in; all tried to speak at once. Coldly I stared at them: "Why, did, you, go?" Helplessly they turned on each other.

"They was shooting down there."

"Why did you go? You promised... Look what you did ... Can't you hear the chief laughing on the hill? You helped him lick me." The newspapers printed lurid stories of a jeering mob throwing stones, breaking windows; of a hard-pressed foreman shooting in self-defense.

When the striking delegation left our office I asked Carl Sandburg to get David Adler on the phone. I pleaded with Mr. Adler not to hold the injury done, against the strikers. I asked him to have the damage repaired and send me the bill. I would pay it.

Then Nat Stone of the Boston store called at my office and suggested that we have a conference. David Adler of the firm, Leo Krzycki and Abe Gordon of the Union, Nat Stone as mediator, Carl Sandburg and myself were present. And we did not adjourn until we had an agreement signed by all to settle the difficulties. Mr. Adler never sent me a bill for the damage done.

The sequel to the story is that the legislature passed a new police and fire commission law under which the chiefs are held accountable to the commission instead of the mayor. I had to appoint the new

BOARD OF POLICE AND FIRE COMMISSIONERS

William Schoen, for a term to end the first Monday in July, 1912 and until his successor is appointed.

Emanuel Phillip, for a term to end the first Monday in July, 1913 and until his successor is appointed.

Nicholas Petersen, for a term to end the first Monday in July, 1914 and until his successor is appointed.

Benjamin Scherrer, for a term to end the first Monday in July, 1915 and until his successor is appointed.

Sherman Brown, for a term of five years, beginning the second Monday in July, 1911, and until his successor is appointed.

In the main that legal set-up is in existence to this day.

Our administration created the position of

CHIEF EXAMINER of STATIONARY ENGINEERS

Under the ordinance engineers operating steam power plants must pass an examination as to technical fitness in order to obtain a license; it was a safety measure. We appointed the first Chief Examiner, Reinhard Kunz, who also acts as boiler inspector, for he is held responsible for the safety of all steam boilers in our city.

Chief Examiner Kunz has held that position for well-nigh thirty years and is still faithfully on the job every day. It is a record we may well be proud of. The office and its force pays for itself.

INSPECTOR OF BUILDINGS

I appointed Carl F. Ringer, Sr, a prominent architect of Milwaukee, Building Inspector. Past building inspectors had been notoriously derelict^e in maintaining the provisions of such building code as we had. In addition, the many special privelege ordinances passed by the Common Council, had knocked the legal bottom completely out of all the building ordinances we^{still} had. As a result many a brave fireman paid with his life for the Council's criminal sloppiness.

"This must stop," we vowed; and before appointing the new inspector, I exacted a promise that he would work with all his might for a new building code. Building Inspector^{1/} Ringer promised and kept faith. A building code commission worked with him. When today the insurance rates are lower in Milwaukee than in other cities of its size, it is the rigid enforcement of a good building code which made it so. To be sure, a well trained fire department under Chief Steinkellner has also done its share.

My folder on Recreation holds various communications, all of them dealing with Child and Youth problems. Here are the minutes of the first meeting of the

COMMITTEE ON PLAYGROUNDS

Following members were present:

Dr. Franz Pfister, Chairman;
Dr. George P. Barth, Chief Med. Insp. Public Schools;
Charles Minter, Physical Director, Y.M.C.A.
George Wittich, Physical Director, Public Schools;
Hasso R. Pestalozzi, Chief Truancy Officer.

The Committee offers seven recommendations.

Here is a three page report on a Plan for Organizing and Establishing a Department of Public Recreation; eight recommendations.

Here is a four page legal opinion by Asst. City Attorney Eugene L. McIntyre on the method of procedure.

Here is also Bill, No. 445 S., introduced by Committee on Education and Public Welfare, to create sections 926-20a to 926-20f inclusive, relating to the creation of boards of public recreation.

And here is a report of a Recreation Survey of Milwaukee, made for the Child Welfare Commission by Rowland Haynes, Field Secretary, Playground and Recreation Association of America. The copy in my file contains 47 pages of closely typed text and five pages of statistical tables. My copy was submitted to me by Wilbur C. Phillips, Secretary of the Child Welfare Commission.

There are a dozen, or more, additional communications on recreation, all of interest; but I have not the space for them. Some women, I can't recall a single name with certainty, experimented with sociables in Wahl school on Fourth and Galena streets. Other experiments were carried on in the Siefert school on Fourteenth and Galena streets; by Principal O'Hanlon in Clarke street school on 28th street; by Ludwig H. Kottbauer, teacher at the Forest Home Avenue School; in fact, more or less agitation in most of our schools for the educational valor of our city had been stirred: SOMETHING MUST BE DONE FOR THE EIGHTY OUT OF EACH ONE-HUNDRED OF OUR YOUTH.

Chapter 509, Wisconsin Laws for 1911 enabling the city to act, was passed by the Legislature. It was now up to the Milwaukee to adopt the law. Arrangements were made to put the question to a vote

of the people in the spring election of 1912. Dorothy Enderis buckled her armor and went forth to do battle for its adoption. She won with a vote of 13,368 to 9,977.

We had built the first recreation building in Lapham Park, formerly Schlitz Park owned by the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. and in earlier days Quentin's Park. It is located across Eighth street, between Seventh and Ninth, north of Walnut and running north to the old Teutonia road. The Brewing company had built a pavilion on the north end of the grounds; there Milwaukee gathered to hear opera, concerts, and orators of national fame - Carl Schurz, McKinley and Bryan among them with people perching high in the rafters, so big were the crowds.

When the Brewing company could no longer make the park pay, Joe Uihlein offered it to the city for \$52,000. I tried to persuade him to give it to the city as a memorial to Joseph Schlitz, founder of the brewery. I knew Joe Uihlein well; he grew up on Fifth street next to our church on Walnut street. I had appointed him Commissioner of Debt under our administration. I labored long and hard with him. "No-o," he said, "we can't afford it." I offered to retain the name, Schlitz Park. No-o, they couldn't. And to think that the Company had made millions upon millions out of that brewery.

So we bought the park and paid the price; the city needed it, for the Sixth and Second wards were badly congested and were building a ghetto. There was also a hill with a lookout tower in that park. My dream was to preserve the pavilion, the hill and tower, from which on clear days we had fine views of Milwaukee, as ^a local features and an historic spot.

After the referendum of 1912, the Common Council turned the park over to the School Board which now had the power and was better fitted to carry on the Recreational activities. The tower was ripped down, the pavilion razed, and the hill levelled. The Recreational

building was transferred to Ninth street; the Roosevelt Jr. High-school was built in its place, and the Gaenslen School for Crippled Children erected on the grounds. Perhaps that was all for the best; but my dream of ^a/neighborhood feature and historic spot was shattered.

"What will I do about Pabst Park?" Alderman "Billy" Baumann asked me one day. "Buy it for a neighborhood park," I told him. It was located in his ward on Burleigh and Third streets. Today we call it Garfield Park, named for James A. Garfield, the Martyr President. That park too, has its history. Much Social Democratic history is linked to it, for we had many of our largest gather^{g/}ings there. Before the Pabst Brewing Company owned it that was Schuetzen (Sharpshooter's) Park. That was in the days following the Civil ^{1/}War. Every Sunday, weather permitting, the "Schuetzen" marched to that park with fife and drum, sometimes a brass band, for rifle practice.

Pabst Park also had a hill on its north-east border; tables and benches stood there and plenty of trees for shade. Our annual picnics at Pabst Park were a model of the American Melting Pot, at work. When the city bought the park the hill was levelled. A pavilion was built. Today, thousands enjoy the hospitality of Garfield Park and pavilion. Still it seems to me that the hill need not have interfered with that.

The Milwaukee Garden, on Fourteenth and State, was lost to the city. I regret that to this day. That Garden, Quentin's Park, the Lookout Tower, the first Baseball Park on Twelfth and Lee, Schuetzen Park, The Windmill, The reservoir, The Dam, and the west bank of the Milwaukee River - they all were the scenes of our childhood haunts, brimful of secrets and mysteries.

So forgive me if "them's my sentiments".

Our administration arranged for and set up a Budget Exhibit in the Auditorium. It was the first one held in the City of Milwaukee. Such an exhibit can not only be very interesting; but it can be very instructive and enlightening. What can be more important than the administration of our city - the place where most of us must live the greatest part of the year and some of us all the year around?

We've been taught to call that politics: Therefore, we leave the government of our city to the mercenary care of politicians, as if it were their business and not ours. When then the evils of politics crop out we roundly cuss the politicians and call for the district attorney and judge to clean the mess up.

The real remedy lies with us. The way to take politics out of government is to take government out of politics. The governing of our city must become a scientific function. Until we drive politics u/
ot of government we will have bad government. Until then government will not only be bad, but also costly.

The Budget Exhibit should be the annual business meeting of Milwaukee, with the citizens sitting in a^{s/} stockholders. The administrators should be there to answer and explain. Much like the annual meeting of a town. That's real democracy at work.

Our Budget Exhibit was free. Elected and appointed officials were present to answer questions and explain. Thousands came to see and inquire. But there was room for thousands more.

That was Milwaukee's first Budget Exhibit. That was ^{over} thirty years ago and we did not have another since. One does not light a candle and put it under a bushel. Neither does one build a city and hide it away. Let the World know what you're doing. Let the world see what you have.

MILWAUKEE, LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE!

Very early in our administration we got in touch with President Van Hyse of the Wisconsin University on establishing a —

BUREAU OF ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY

DIRECTORS

John R. Commons B.M. Rastall Leslie S. Evarts
Secretary: John E. Treleven

CONSULTING EXPERTS

Organization

Major Charles Hine,
V.P. & Gen'l. Mgr. So. Pac.
and Ariz. Eastern Rys.

Harrington Emerson,
Consulting Efficiency Engineer,
New York.

Engineering

F.E. Turneure,
Dean Col. of Engineering,
University of Wisconsin.

Louis Reber,
Wisconsin University, formerly Dean
Pennsylvania State College.

Accounting

S.W. Gilman,
University of Wisconsin.

Peter White,
Chicago Bureau Pub. Efficiency.

Finance and Taxation

T.S. Adams,
Member Wisconsin Tax Com.

H.R. Sands,
Chicago Bureau Pub Efficiency.

Health and Sanitation

H.L. Russel,
University of Wisconsin.

W.T. Sedgewick
Massachusetts Inst. Technology.

Social Survey

H.H. Jacobs, University Settlement, Milwaukee.

S T A F F

M. Cerf, Accountant,
Chicago.

R.E. Goodell, Accountant,
Chicago.

Percy H. Myers, Accountant
and Editor.

Fayette H. Elwell, Accountant,
Milwaukee.

J.B. Tanner, Cert. Account-
ant, Cleveland.

S.M. Gunn, Sanitarian, Massachu-
setts Inst. of Technology.

Ray Palmer, Consulting En-
gineer, Chicago.

J.C. Duncan, Accountant,
University of Illinois.

ENGAGED ON SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS

Edith Shatto,
Secretary Commission on Tuberculosis, Milwaukee.

Wilbur C. Phillips,
Secretary Child Welfare Commission, Milwaukee.

The Bureau was at work. As reports were ready they were printed. The order in which they appeared followed to some degree the problems as they arose. Here I can present only the titles:

- 1 Plan and Methods.
- 2 Alarm Telegraph Systems.
- 3 Garnishment of Wages. (See below)
- 4 Women's Wages. (See below)
- 5 The Refuse Incinerator.
- 6 Citizens' Free Employment Bureau.
- 7 Free Legal Aid.
- 8 Newsboys of Milwaukee. (See below)
- 9 Review of Bureau's Work; Guide to Budget Exhibit.
- 10 Plumbing and House Drain Inspection.
- 11 Water Works Efficiency.
- 12 Garbage Collection.
- 13 Health Department: Milk Supply.
- 14 Water Works: Present Supply and Future Requirements.
- 15 Health Department: Education and Publications.
- 16 Water Works: ~~Efficiency~~ Operating Efficiency.
- 17 Recreation Survey.

READY FOR THE PRESS

- 1 Communicable Diseases.
- 2 Ash and Rubbish Collection.
- 3 Sewers: Construction and Operation.
- 4 Electrolysis of Water Pipes.

STUDIES IN PROGRESS

- 1 Taxation: Assessments, Special Assessments, Accounting, Business Procedure.
- 2 Health and Sanitation: Inspection, Infant Mortality, Meat and Foods.
- 3 Purchase Methods.
- 4 Water Works: Rates, Accounting, Business Procedure.
- 5 Management of Public Structures.
- 6 Sewers: Accounting, Business Procedure.
- 7 Street Construction.
- 8 Street Cleaning.
- 9 Organization: City Government, Public Works Department.
- 10 City Engineer Department: Accounting, Business Procedure, Filing System.

In addition to the work done for the city, the Bureau of Economy and Efficiency made surveys for quasi-public agencies, not directly connected with city government; for these the agencies paid, namely:

- 3 Garnishment of Wages: Published by Wisconsin Bureau of Labor.
- 4 Women's Wages: Published by Wisconsin Consumers' League.
- 8 Newsboys of Milwaukee: Published by the Industrial Commission.

For the next year's work we had planned three surveys for which

the money had been set up in the budget. The first was taxation with the object in view of relieving the homes from the undue burdens of the property tax^{*)}. The other two surveys were for the police and fire departments, aiming at fire and crime prevention.

Those surveys were never made. A succeeding administration used the money set up for them for other purposes. The Fire and Police departments have moved forward under the clever guidance of Mayor Hoan's administrations. But the problem of taxation has not moved one jot nearer toward a safe and scientific solution. As a result thousands of workers lost their homes during the recent business depression.

*) Take note ye who would build workers' homes that can weather the storms of capitalist exploitation: Here is basic problem No. One.

A summary of the measures occupying our administration reveals a wide field of activities. Here are those on labor:-

Fixing a minimum wage for city employees.
 A committee on relief for the unemployed.
 Relative to uniforms for city officers.
 Fixing hours of employment for city mechanics.
 To provide for half holidays during election.
 Sanitary ventilation in factories.
 Improve fire protection in annexed territory.
 Licensing of stationary engineers.
 Lighting of stairs and halls in tenements.
 Condemning use of rookeries for dwellings.
 Union labor on viaduct.
 Enclosed vestibules on cars to protect motormen.
 To establish lodging house for transients.
 Relative to guard rails on scows.
 Scientific assessment of workers' homes.
 Full payments of patrolmen including "off" time.
 Auto-ambulance for police department.
 Union label on city printing.
 Union label on city book binding.
 Appropriation for bureau of Unemployed.

Measures for the protection of health:-

Small parks and breathing spots ⁿ/_{in} congested districts.
 To build Municipal hospitals.
 Appointed Commission on Child Welfare.
 Regulate keeping of domestic animals in city.
 Free distribution of anti-tetanic serum.
 Free distribution of anti-meningitis serum.
 Rendering of dead animals.
 Increase number of sanitary police.
 Increase number of milk inspectors.
 Establishing effective food inspection.
 Acquiring anti-tuberculosis sanatoria.
 Permitting Social Workers to erect fresh air cottages.
 To protect health of school children.
 Inspection of cleaning and disinfecting street cars.
 Relative to prevalence of typhoid fever.
 Relative to location of Isolation Hospital.
 To permit city to install lavatories.
 To erect comfort stations.
 To authorize city to do plumbing, etc.
 To bar certain persons to serve intoxicants.
 To extend free medical service.
 To purchase sewer cleaning machinery.
 Appointing ~~an Anti-Tuberculosis Commission~~ ^{(mission/} an Anti-Tuberculosis Com-
 Health Department publications for the public.
 Enforce regulation of doors in public buildings.
 Prohibiting use of public drinking cups.

For ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ a resume of other various measures handled during our administration, pertaining to public ownership, economy, recreation, public utilities, et cetera; - See Resume under Appendices. ^{x)}

We set up a Community Christmas Tree in 1910. No, it was not the first in the Country - the first one only for Milwaukee. As far as I know, the first Community Christmas Tree in the Country was set up by a school teacher in a small town to cheer the sojourner who could not be home for Christmas.

The teacher wrote her story and a magazine printed it. On my way home from the office I saw a copy on the news-stand and bought it. There I saw her story of the first Community Christmas that I know of. And it fired my imagination as a steadfast adherent to the Christmas tree.

Why not a Community tree for Milwaukee? There must be many strangers within our gates who can not be home for Christmas. A tree will make them feel at home. But Christmas was less than a week away with no time for Council action.

Next day I called in Harry Briggs and showed him the story: "Why can't we have that, Harry?" He was thoughtful, then answered: "We can - you give the word and I'll have it done."

On Christmas Eve our tree blazed forth in all its glory, in the Court of Honor. A platform had been put up on the grounds of the Deutscher Club. The nearby carillon boomed its Christmas aires. A band played greetings. Samuel McKillop lead in the singing. I was on with a Merry Christmas talk. That was Milwaukee's first Community Christmas tree.

As for the teacher; I can not recall her name; neither the name of the little city or town. Or the name of the magazine for I bought it only once. It might have been the Arena - but I'm not sure.

Our term was nearly three-quarters finished with only a few months to go. Our Comrades swore that we had made good, absolutely; opponents were just as positive that we had failed in everything. "Why, the Social Democrats eat cabbage" charged a manufacturer who had read Zona Gale's story of her visit to my home.

As for the seven daily papers, the Polish, German and two English rarely said a kind word for us. The other three English papers displayed some degree of fairness in the beginning. Toward the end they were quite as violently non-partisan partial.

The opposing politicians saw clearly that they could not risk another three-corner fight. Among themselves they agreed to fuse and call themselves, non-partisan. And the seven dailies were as one in their support of hybrid non-partisans. It was a clever ruse and caught the unwary.

Against such an unholy alliance of money, politics and propaganda we had only the Social Democratic Herald, a four page weekly equal in size to two pages of a daily. To give us a fighting chance we started the Milwaukee Leader, a daily. The first number appeared on December 7th,, 1911. It was widely acclaimed and at one time had the largest circulation in Milwaukee. Now we could go into battle.

At the head of their ticket the Non-partisans had placed Dr. Gerhard Bading, the former health commissioner whom I had refused to re-appoint. As his opponent the Social Democrats had nominated Mayor Seidel to succeed himself. The fight was on and it was a bitter one. When the vote was counted the score showed:

Dr. Gerhard Bading	43,174
Mayor Seidel	30,272

It was the day after election. I was late getting started for the office; in fact, I had left word that I would be, ^Ifor/was very tired and needed a good rest. Viola, our only child was off to North Di-

vision High. Lucy, my wife spoke casually, but nothing of the election. While they said nothing, still I could see that they suffered more from the uncertainties of public office than I did. However, Spartan fortitude forbade complaints.

I sat at my breakfast table, the telephone handily to my left. Every now and then the bell tinckled: "Hello?" No answer, then a suppressed: "Te - te - te - " Within a few minutes the same call with same performance. After the third call I merely lifted the receiver and before he could utter a sound, I drawled: "You're ashamed - to - tell - your - name - I - know - you - George " That hit him square in the face; he called no more. I had recognized a mannerism of his.

Then the door-bell rang. Lucy answered the call. Shortly she returned holding a large package carefully wrapt. Undoing it she held a dozen of American Beauties. We stared at the roses, at each other, as if in awe - Attached was a card - it read: "Sarah M. Boyd" I swallowed hard and gazed through blurred eyes - Never was a flower better named -

In those days we had huge window panes fronting on the street. There Lucy placed the roses for a passing world to see. There they stood until the petals had fallen, one by one. I have met angels in human garb. Sarah M. Boyd was one of them.

With the Spring elections of 1912 out of the way, the Social Democrats of Wisconsin were preparing for their State Convention, and voting on delegates to the National Socialist Convention, which had been called to meet at Indianapolis early in the summer. I was elected as one of the delegates to the National Convention. To give Lucy, my wife, a change of scene I took her with me to Indianapolis. Arriving late in the afternoon after an all-day ride, we were in our room, tidying up for dinner when Lucy suddenly complained;

"I feel sick to my stomach."

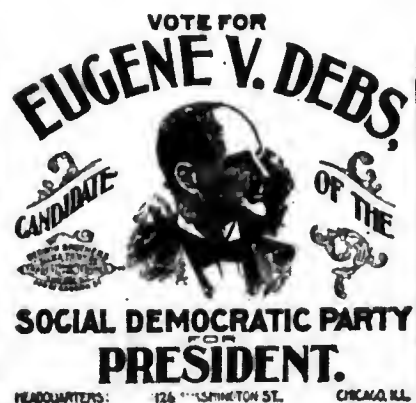
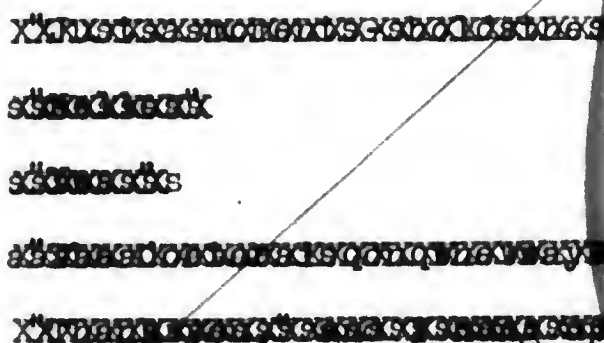
"No wonder, we haven't eaten much all day."

"It's not that, it's the water, I think. It tasted bad."

I perked up: "Where'd you get the water?"

"From the faucet."

"My gosh - Mother - that's river water!" I called the desk clerk asking for a doctor at once.)



(Doctor and a nurse were there; they gave her an emetic. Lucy threw up, felt relieved, rested and recovered quickly. Nurse and doctor left with a few pleasentries and a warning against tap-water. I knew that but had forgotten to warn Lucy.

The National Socialist Convention was in session. Being a dues-paying organization, the number of delegates allotted to each state, was determined on the basis of paid-up membership. I can not recall how many delegates were present ~~HUNDREDS OF DELEGATES~~ - perhaps between two and three hundred. All sorts of discussions arose, on tactics, questions of principle, platform demands, organization, and so on.

C A M P A I G N

Such discussions were always earnest, frequently bitter and threatening disruption. There was little room for levity at our conventions. The class-struggle did not permit of that.

By 1912 the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.)^{n/} about six years old) had become very strong in the western states. Our delegates from these states made a determined effort to have the Convention place itself squarely on the I.W.W. concept of labor organization including its tactics. A heated and prolonged debate ensued; a breach which none really wanted seemed inevitable. But a compromise resulted with the Socialist Party declaring for the principle of industrial organization, and condemning the use of "sabotage and violence" as means of the class-struggle.

The Socialist Convention adopted a platform for the coming presidential campaign, made provisions for a Campaign Committee, and nominated as Socialist candidates: Eugene V. Debs for President and Emil Seidel for Vice President. So prepared, the Socialist Party entered the national campaign of 1912.

A Campaign Committee of five, consisted of Comrades:

O. F. Branstetter,
W. E. Rodriguez,
A. M. Simons,
Seymour Stedman,
Carl D. Thompson.

J. Mahlon Barnes was the Campaign Manager with National Headquarters located at 111 North Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

As per arrangement, each candidate was allowed a Companion of his own choice, while on the road. I chose Comrade Herman Mueller, a photographer of Milwaukee, who carried his camera wherever he went. Each candidate had also a secretary who took care of business details such as transportation, hotels, collections and so on. I picked xxxxx J. Louis Engdahl as my secretary. He was a capable reporter on the Milwaukee Leader and proved to be an excellent publicity man. After each meeting, with his routine out of the way, he never got to rest

(Summer, Fall 1912 (3))

169

T O U R S

until his night letter was on the wire to Headquarters and the Milwaukee Leader. The three of us made a competent team and work^{ed} in perfect harmony. We were all set and on the train by 4.30 P.M.

Our first assignment was a five day tour, July 13 to 17 inclusive to Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. Saturday evening we spoke at Old City Park at East Chicago; Sunday afternoon we were at a Socialist Picnic in Swenny Park at Ft. Wayne; Monday evening we were in Hamilton with a large audience waiting in Balloon Park. With an open date Tuesday we stopped over at Terra Haute to confer with Gene Debs on our letters of acceptance and other campaign matters. On Wednesday we wound up our first tour with a paid admission meeting at the Airdome in Belleville, Ill. We had collected \$125 on that trip.

Our second tour started on Sunday July 21 in Ohio and ended on Saturday August 5 in Kansas. During those 16 days we made 17 dated meetings as follows: 5 in Texas, 4 in Oklahoma, 3 in Kansas, and one each in Cincinnati O, Louisville Ken, Memphis Tenn, Hattiesburg Miss, and Shreveport La. Total collections amounted to \$725 on that tour.

After a rest of five days we started a third tour in Iowa on August 12 and ended in Minnesota on August 18. During the 7 days we attended 9 meetings in all, that is: One in Iowa, 2 in South Dakota, 4 in North Dakota and 2 in Minnesota. All of these meetings were attended chiefly by farmers. Still, our total receipts amounted to \$175.

Our fourth trip was the Atlantic Seaboard tour; it started with August 25 and ended in New York City on September 29 with a monster meeting in Madison Square Garden. Throughout the 31 days we spoke at 32 scheduled meeting: Three in New York state, 3 in Pennsylvania, 3 West Virginia, and two meetings each in Maine, New Jersey, South Carolina, Florida, Connecticut and Massachusetts. One scheduled meeting each was held in Indiana, Vermont, Delaware, New Hampshire, Rhode

Island, Maryland, Ohio, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia. We had collected \$1,800 on that tour. After the New York meeting we had three days to get home, rest up, and be in Sioux City, Iowa to start our Pacific Coast campaign.

We were now on the fifth and last tour of the campaign. The Campaign Committee had agreed to let me take my wife on this trip instead of a "body-guard" Companion. Tactically that was a good move for the suffragist sentiment was strong in the western states. We were 29 days on that tour during which we made 40 meetings. To convey a better idea of territory covered, I'm presenting the daily schedule, omitting minor details:

October,	October,
3: Sioux City, Ia. Auditorium.	4: Lincoln, Neb. Auditorium.
5: Omaha, Neb. Auditorium.	6: Laramie, Wyo. Opera House.
7: Rock Springs, Wyo. Opera House.	8: Ogden, Ut. Tabernacle.
9: Salt Lake City, Ut. Cong. Ch.	10: Twin Falls, I. Dreamland Pavilion.
11: Pocatello, I. Open Air Meet.	11: Idaho Falls, I. Auditorium, 8 pm.
12: Butte, Mont. Noon Open Air.	12: Helena, Mont. Auditorium, 8 pm.
13: Missoula, Mont. Opera House.	14: Tacoma, Wash. Moose Hall.
15: Aberdeen, Wash. Gr. Theatre.	16: Portland, Ore.
16: Salem, Ore. Armory.	17: Grants Pass, Ore. Open Air.
17: Ashland, Ore. Open Air.	18: En Route.
19: Fallon, Nev.	19: Reno, Nev.
20: San Francisco, Cal. 11 am.	20: Oakland, Cal. 2 pm.
20: Santa Rosa, Cal. Skat. Rink.	21: Fresno, Cal. Court House Park.
21: Los Angeles, Cal.	22: San Diego, Cal. Open Air.
23: Yuma, Ariz. Yuma Theatre.	24: Globe, Ariz. Miner's Un. Hall.
25: Deming, N. Mex.	26: Trinidad, Colo.
27: Denver, Colo. German Meet.	28: Denver, Colo. English Meet.
29: En Route.	30: Springfield, Mo. Woodman Hall.
31: Granite City, Ill. Dance Acad.	November:
November:	1: Saginaw, Mich.
2: Detroit, Mich. Moose Temple.	3: Chicago, Ill. Afternoon Meeting.
3: Milwaukee, Wis. Eve. Meeting.	4: Superior, Wis. Sons of Norway Hall.
5: On train all day to vote in Milwaukee.	

On this fifth tour we collected \$1750. The total amount collected on the five tours was \$3,575.00.

According to J. Louis Engdahl, who stuck with our team throughout the entire campaign, we were on the road 90 days, made 92 scheduled meetings, not missing one, and travelled over 25,000 miles.

Numerous and interesting incidents and features occurred at or in connection with our meetings for the recording of which I lack space here - for instance: The bringing of sick on their cot placed

near the platform better to hear, at Rockdale, Tex. Min/ Picnic; or the dozen or so well behaved seven, eight, nine, ten-year old Indian children at the Deming meeting, holding the front row, jumping up to dance every time the audience burst into applause; or the Mixed Quartette singing spirituals at the Williston meeting; or the well trained and masterfully directed Mass Choir, offering a half-hour program at the Chicago meeting; or the 18 non-scheduled speeches between main meetings in Connecticut, and so on, and so on.

Two meetings there were which demonstrated my ability to hold the rapt attention of my audience. At Detroit I spoke in Moose Temple to a packed hall which was located on the third floor with the speaker's rostrum at the end facing the street. I was in the middle of my two-hour discourse when fire alarm noises drifted in from the street - clanging of gongs, sharp commands, muffled sounds of pump-er exhausts. Undisturbed, without a sideglance one way or the other, I continued with a little more emphasis calmly to make point for point. A whole hour longer I held their enthusiasm until the last word of my story was told. Not one of the audience left his seat. And when the meeting was dismissed they left orderly without the slightest sign of panic. Hand-shaking formalities over, the meeting personnel and our party followed. And when we got out in the open there was the fire department playing the hose on a building three doors to the left.

The other meeting was in San Francisco. It was set for eleven o'clock Sunday morning. The audience was there but the speaker was not; he had spoken at Fallon, Nevada Saturday noon and at Reno in the evening. Now he was on the train bound for 'Frisco' and the train was an hour late.

Shortly before twelve we arrived at the hall. ^{s/} Mis Mailey was in the Chair. Before introducing me she warned: "Make it short; many

of them have been waiting two hours; they're tired."

"All right," I assured her and started. The reception I got had no sign of fatigue in it. It was nearly two o'clock when I had finished. Only one had left about one o'clock; he turned to wave his hand as a sign of "good-bye" and left hurriedly. I interrupted myself to say warmly: "Farewell Comrade!" That brought another round of applause. We were as one - my meeting and I. The audience rose reluctantly. Many left slowly and many more lingered. I should have enjoyed to visit with them another hour; but I had another meeting at Oakland that afternoon.

The "Chairman" clasped my hand: "I never saw any ^{thing} like it," she said with emotion, "only the railroad fireman left to go on duty."

That was my campaign for Vice President. According to a tabulation by the Appeal to Reason, the total popular vote cast for Debs and Seidel was 901,062.

After I got through with the national campaign, I took the rest I needed which consisted chiefly in getting again acquainted with my family and an orderly home routine while cleaning up the mail which had piled up for my attention. To plague me there were many reminders of promises for dates I had made. Most of these I turned over to the Comrade Lanfersiek, secretary of the National office. The applications for German meetings were sent to Comrade Adolf Dreifuss, translator secretary of the German language group. He was planning for a national tour.

One request for a date I could not refuse; my promise was too definite. So on the day ^{t/}after Christmas I was in Corpus Christi. At the station Comrade Dolan told me that the secretary of the business-men's club had withdrawn their support. Now there was no money to pay. "Can you get your crowd together?" "Sure I can," he said. "Go ahead, we'll have the meeting anyway." By two o'clock I spoke in a small park to about 75 people including a few mothers with their children. All were cheerfully responsive. I got the names for a branch. A collection was taken; I told them to keep ^{it} for their branch. I had addressed myself especially to the children; mothers understood it. They shared their lunch with me. The bill? What's the use! It was worth it.

By March 15 I was out again on the road; this time on a thirty day tour for the Socialist Party Lyceum Department, chiefly in New York state with a half dozen dates in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Under the Lyceum plan the country was ^{cut} into twelve compact districts, each with five speakers; this reduced the cost of fares and increased the speaker's time for useful work. It made more intensive use of the party's platform talent as a whole; but it drastically limited the use of exceptional talent. At one time 72 speakers were busy. Comrade L.E. Katterfeld directed the Lyceum.

By April 15 I was home again preparing for my next tour.

For the summer of 1913 the Redpath Lyceum Bureau had arranged a series of debates in connection with their Chatauquas on the question: "Is Socialism desirable for the United States?" As a prominent Social^aist I argued for the affirmative. Ex-Congressman J. Adam Bede, a "Stand-pat" Republican, represented the negative. We were continuously on the road from May 18 to September 4 inclusive, touring eight states with dates as follows: Nine in Georgia, 6 in Alabama, 10 in Tennessee, 17 in Kentucky, 25 in Indiana, 10 in Ohio, 20 in Michigan and 11 in Pennsylvania - a total of 108 days. *)

The debate was one of the big drawing cards of the Chautauqua; everywhere the local press **) gave it special mention. Throughout

*) For Itinerary see Appendixes.

**) From the many clippings, here but a few:

"It was a sharp, snappy debate, Mr. Seidel leading for a half hour, then Mr. Bede replying for the same period, then fifteen minutes each and the five minutes each to close. The big Chautauqua tent was well filled."

Birmingham, Ala., Ledger.

"One of the enjoyable features of the Chautauqua was the debate on Socialism last evening, with Hon. Adam Bede standing for the negative, while ex-Mayor Seidel, of Milwaukee, argued in behalf of Socialism."

Mayfield, Ky., Messenger.

"The debate was enjoyed by everyone of the large audience, which numbered over 1,200 people."

Rochester, Ind., Sentinel.

"The debate between Hon. Emil Seidel and Hon. J. Adam Bede was an intellectual treat."

Henderson, Ky., Gleaner.

"There was a 'full house' attendance at the Gary Chautauqua where Emil Seidel and J. Adam Bede met in debate on the question of Socialism. Many Socialists from all parts of Northern Indiana were on hand to get a glimpse of Seidel. Both speakers were given a rousing reception."

Gary, Ind., Times.

"Niles Chautauqua last night heard one of the greatest living exponents of Socialism and one of the greatest wits and stand-pat politicians of the present day in joint debate from the same platform on the proposition, 'Is Socialism Advisable for the United States?' The debate was a novelty in Chautauqua entertainment, besides supplying one of the best educational features of this Year's program."

Niles, Mich., Sun.

those sixteen weeks the subject for debate was never changed. Still, the debate was never twice alike. With each bit of new material, evidence or argument, offered by either side, the debate changed, much like the shifting scenes of a motion picture. I was asked for "advanced copy" of what I would say. I could supply none; neither could Mr. Bede; for the very simple reason that neither of us knew what the other had "up his sleeve". It was that uncertainty which kept us from becoming stale. And it precluded all possibility of collusion. The entire tour, hard as it was, netted me a wealth of

"Pitting his serious and earnest argument against the happy, humorous and breezy exposition of J. Adam Bede of Minnesota, Hon. Emil Seidel, candidate for vice-president of the United States, defended Socialism and claimed that it was inevitable, in the debate last night on the subject: 'Is Socialism Advisable in the United States?' The debate was heard by an enormous crowd. The two men had entirely different styles of arguments which made the debate the more interesting."

Brazil, Ind., Times.

The "Marion (Indiana) Daily Chronicle" July 10, 1913 reported:

"SEIDEL and BEDE ARGUE the ISSUE of SOCIALISM"

"Before Crowd Which Throngs Chautauqua Tent Champions of Collectivism and Individualism Contend in Interesting Intellectual Combat."

Seidel Shots.

Socialism is the next step in economic evolution; capitalism is to be followed by socialism as certainly as feudalism was followed by capitalism.

Socialism does not mean the abolition of private property, but of capital employed for profit rather than for use.

Socialism offers the worker his only hope of relief from existing wrongs.

Under socialism the incentive for the exploitation by capital of labor will be destroyed.

Socialism has no more to do with religion, one way or the other, than medicine; no more to do with it than capitalism. Its mission is purely economic.

I do not attempt to conceal the fact that I appeal to class consciousness. We, the workers, are tired of being skinned.

Socialism is not only logical, it is inevitable.

Socialism means the social ownership of those instrumentalities which

Bede Bombs.

The object of life is happiness. Individualism is more productive of happiness than socialism could be.

Destroy the incentive for industry and you destroy industry. More than that you destroy progress.

I never knew two families that could get along under community of ownership. How can eighty million people be expected to succeed where even a dozen fail?

Every practical effort toward common ownership of all the tools of trade and fruits of labor has failed. Look what happened at New Harmony, in your state, where a thousand picked people, under the leadership of a great captain of industry, fell down on the job.

When a man accumulates enough to live on under socialism he will have no further incentive to labor, and he will retire. We will quickly become a nation of two classes—loafers and slaves.

The value of property privately owned in this country is between two hundred and three hundred bil-

lion dollars. I ask how are you going to acquire it?

experiences and an host of friends the memories of which will go with me through the rest of my life.

One evening on my way to Chautauqua camp two men approached me saying the^{y/were} Socialists - miners who hadn't the price to get in. There would be more of them on the slope outside. Would I please speak a "bit louder so they they might hear". Would I? "You bet, I will, Comrades." It was a warm, soft night; all the drops were rolled up to let a gentle breeze fan the air - a night made to carry the voice. The chairman called time on my first round. The audience applauded. ^{d/} An^a like an echo from the hillside there was more applause. They had heard. After it was over the same two comrades waited to thank me.

Seidel's Shots (cont.)

Bede's Bombs (cont.)

theory of public ownership, for which we stand, and which is the only rational and scientific method of solving the problem.

We guard against the dangers of tyrannical control of socially owned property by the referendum and the recall, through which the people as a whole will decide the fate of men and measures.

Socialism stands for the equal rights of women; the men who work side by side with women in the mills appreciate them and realize the necessity of their having the means of their own emancipation—the ballot.

Socialism and anarchy are exact opposites; anarchy means no law; socialism more law.

Socialism means the freedom of the toiler to enjoy the full product of his own labor.

Many of those in this audience who now are opposed to socialism will ten years hence be its earnest advocates.

Socialism will promote public morality by destroying the incentive for maintaining those businesses which debauch men and women for profit.

When society manufactures for use and not for profit we will have an end of shoddy goods and the waste of labor involved in their making.

The struggle for socialism is a battle in which the young especially should engage, because it involves their right to share the full fruitage of the future.

Mr. Bede tells you funny stories to take your minds off the subject.

If the spirit of the Christian religion in the hearts of men is all that is necessary, I am willing for that, but when that comes, capitalism will go.

Mr. Bede says that socialism is a "joy ride in the dark." The trouble with Mr. Bede is that he is groping around in the dark.

We had government and community ownership before socialism was thought of, and under the present system we can own collectively all it is desirable for us to own in that way.

The workingmen of this country have more than five billion dollars in savings. They could buy collectively under the present system five of the biggest trusts in the country. They can own and operate co-operative factories. In this way they can get every advantage proposed in socialism, without becoming slaves of a government.

They tell you socialism is as far from anarchy as day from night. They're right—about twelve hours apart. Socialism one day and anarchy the next.

Socialism and atheism are akin. Nearly every great socialist leader is an atheist. Most of the great socialist writers talk of atheism as a part of the system.

We have made wonderful advances in the betterment of the condition of the average man in a hundred, yes, in fifty years. Great movements for social service are characteristic of our time.

When we get perfect enough for socialism, anarchy will be just as good, for anarchy is simply the elimination of law, and when selfishness is no more, we will need no laws.

What we need under this or any other form of government is the spirit of the Christian religion working in the hearts of men. When that comes, social abuses will disappear, and until it does come, they will be in evidence under any form of government.

I deny that socialism is the next step in economic development. Decentralization is going on in many lines of industry. We have more farms in Minnesota than we had ten years ago.

If we could get the people out to

The Redpath Chautauqua wrote that it was booking me for a 1914 tour. I discouraged that for our National Office had prior claims. An International Socialist Congress had been called to meet in Vienna ~~date~~ in the summer of 1914. Our National Executive Committee had decided to send three delegates. The party referendum voted overwhelmingly to send Victor L. Berger, Emil Seidel and Oscar Ameringer, in the order named. The three of us were from Wisconsin which did not please the New Yorkers - a bit of sectional jealousy.

We prepared to go. Then Austria declared war on Servia; the Socialist Bureau announced that the Congress would meet in Paris. We were in New York when Germany declared war. Now the Congress would meet in Brussels, we were informed. The Chicago office advised us to wait a day or two. When Germany attacked Belgium the International Socialist Congress was called off.

Berger tarried in New York. Oscar and I started for home, stopping over at Atlantic City on our way. He had an invitation from Dr. Blank of Philadelphia to visit him at his cottage by the seashore. It was a sweltry railroad ride with plenty of passengers, smoke, dust and cinders. Sweat oozed from every pore while we babbled like children of the relief to come at "the cottage by the sea", under the shade of the old oak tree, a boat on the tie, our tortured feet splashing the cooling waves.

Comrade Dr. Blank treated us royally and gave us a pleasant time. We had our dip in the waves; we had our walk on the Board-walk; we heard the music from the pavilions with their thousands of lights; we saw ~~the~~ stout ladies in wheel-chairs displaying jewels and we saw an immense beach. And in the evening we had a ride in a launch over the glassy waters. But we found no cottage by the sea or shade of old trees or boats on the tie such as we know of ~~existings~~ in Wisconsin, the "land o' lakes". So we hurried back home.

With the International Congress cancelled I was in the harness again for the National Office filling engagements on other tours ~~at~~ which kept me busy until the spring of 1916. Comrade Dreifuss had an Eastern and a Western schedule; there were the "American Socialist" (national weekly) Lecture tours, east, south and west; there was the "Ryan Walker - Kirkpatrick - Emil ^{i/}Sedel Tour" socalled because we were the only three speakers on that course. As the last of the speakers I finished my schedule on the 16 of April. Milwaukee had a municipal campaign and elected me, while I was on the road, as Alderman at Large. And so I wa^{s/} back again in the Milwaukee Field.

In 1916 President Wilson was reelected for a second term on the slogan: "He kept us out o' War". But Wisconsin went Republican by 28,000 votes while in 1912 Wilson had carried the state by 34,000 over Taft, with Theodore Roosevelt (Prog.) receiving 62,000 votes and Debs (Soc.) 33,000. In 1916 the Socialist vote for Benson dropped to 27,000. Throughout the nation the Socialist vote had dropped from 897,000 in 1912 to 585,000 in 1916. The bald fact is that in 1916 ^{e/}th_A Socialists polled less than 3½ per cent of the total popular vote cast for president; while in 1912 they had polled over 6½ per cent. But the shifting of votes alone offers no clew to the underlying causes.

When President Wilson was reelected the European war was well along in its third year and no end in sight. Germany had resumed its U boat warfare. On April 6, 1917 Congress had passed and ^{the} President had signed the resolution which brought the United States into the war. Six Senators and 50 Representatives had voted against the resolution.

Under such ominous conditions the Socialists opened their "Emergency" Convention in St. Louis on April 7, 1917. Over 190 dele-

13 (Emergency Convention) EMERGENCY CONVENTION 179
gates were present, 10 of them without a vote representing foreign
language groups and the rest from 44 states. I belonged to the
Wisconsin delegation.

Among other matters the Convention issued a Proclama^{tion} on War
and Militarism; a revised draft of Party Platform and a new Consti-
tution. There were majority and minority reports from the commit-
tees; for it was a passionate convention laboring under intense e-
motions - men and women who could stand up and face persecution.
No measure was effective until adopted by a referendum vote. ~~XXXXXX~~

It seems to me that our Wisconsin delegation numbered nine but
am not sure on that - about six from Milwaukee County and three from
the rest of the state. On the train returning, most of us were in
the smoker with only a few other passengers in the coach. Four of
us, Berger and I among them, occupied two seats facing each other,
discussing the situation. Gaylord sat aloof all of the way mostly
reading; he had helped in the minority draft. Others sat singly or
in twos. That signified uncertainty in our group. Reporting to our
Central Committee I advised adoption of the Minority report. The
Majority report was adopted.

Aside of its routine work the Common Council was occupied chief-
ly with war measures. A Committee to investigate mounting food
prices took desultory testimony. As a definite result the price of
sugar was boosted; and a recommendation for more public markets was
sent to the Council. I drafted that report. One day a Belgian dele-
gation paid the Council a visit; the aldermen lined up to be intro-
duced and kissed. We Socialists were introduced - without kissing.

On one occasion I spoke to the Common Council on a certain
measure, the nature of which I can't recall. To guard against mis-
representation I had put my remarks in manuscript. While reading, Ald.

John Doerfler stepped up to whisper over my shoulder:

"Look out, Federal Detectives are here to get you."

Unmindful of the warning I finished my argument. I was not molested. After the meeting President Corcoran came to me asking for a copy of the "speech". I had none. And I heard no more of the incident. Very recently I met Attorney Peter Leuch who was city clerk at the time. We exchanged pleasantries. "Some day I must tell you the story of government agents coming all the way from Washington to get you."

Being alderman, I could no longer make extensive speaking tours for our National Office. But with an automobile there was always time to make an evening meeting within sixty or seventy miles of Milwaukee and be home again shortly after midnight. Louis Arnold was our State-secretary at that time; many a time he called on me to go out. With two exceptions there was never an attempt made to break up my meeting. One was Horicon, Dodge county, a small manufacturing/city making farm ~~tax~~ implements and machines, with a mayor, several churches, a bank and a highschool. We had a good local there which had built its own club house. Often had I spoken there always to responsive crowds.

This particular meeting had been advertised to be held in the opera hall, the largest in town. The mayor had given permission. When I got there the comrades felt blue: "The mayor withdrew his permit. But the meeting would be at the Burow home." The Burow home - it sprawled at the fringe of the city, on an elevation overlooking the Horicon Marsh. In the front a large, open lawn and beyond an orchard sloping downward; in the rear a garden lush with growth of vegetation for all household needs, including flowers. The house itself, built in other days when native pine was plentiful at \$10 per thousand, was one of those rambling dwellings that were not done in a day, but added to - now a room here, then a room there - from time to time as need required. It hugged the lawn closely, the porch only one step up, the floor ^{s/} another step up, as befits a hospitable home lest an unwary guest stumble and fall.

Well, we had our meeting in that home. About fifty or more people were there, perhaps half of them members of the local and the rest neighbors and friends. I was nearly through when there arose a frightful racket drowning my voice. Women grew nervous and I closed my talk. A mob of a hundred or more had quietly gathered on the lawn bent upon breaking up the meeting. Then those in the farthest room came out gagging and coughing. Someone had thrown a bottle with a nauseous chemical through the window. Our comrades went out to reason with the crowd. They were mostly young people. Then I was presented with a warrent by a constable, arrested and locked up in jail.

Comrade Ray Weaver, a printer of Beaver Dam, had come over and attended the meeting. He knew the judge, roused him out of bed and got an order releasing me. In half an hour I was back in the Burow home. Mrs. Burow had broken down with a sobbing spell. When she saw us sound and unharmed she recovered. Comrade Weaver and I left for Beaver Dam in his car. Next morning I left for Milwaukee; and the papers had silly stories.

My case was to be tried. Fred C. Lorenz Sr, my attorney, and I went to Horicon. The police court room was too small to hold the crowd; so the court moved to the opera hall. High school had closed so teachers and pupils could attend the ~~show~~ trial. The court sat on the stage. A jury was chosen; at the last moment Rev. Dunkley, a preacher from another place strode in. He became the Jury Foreman. Testimony and pleadings over with, the jury retired and before long returned. Formalities over, Juror Dunkley Announced: "Your Honor, the jury finds the dayfendent guilty (u as in urn) of disturbing the peace." A cheer went up in the audience. ~~/Laterxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx/~~ I was fined \$50. Later the case was nol-prossed. The farmers were angry and started a rival bank to get even with the mayor. When, after years, the affair was forgotten, the two banks merged again.

The other meeting was in Theresa, also in Dodge county. Theresa is a small crossroads settlement situated on a railroad and located in the north-east corner of the county, catering chiefly to farmers' trade. The meeting was arranged by Comrade Walter Stroesser who was doing work for the state office under Comrade Arnold. Arriving late in the afternoon, Comrade Stroesser met me at the station. He informed me that it would be a big meeting of farmers who were eager to hear a Socialist talk. A hall had been secured.

We went to the hotel and secured the corner room on the second floor, facing the street. At six o'clock we had supper; the meeting was set for eight. The proprietor, a husky six-footer, was at the table with us; we had a pleasant hour. At seven o'clock a bell tinkled. "There's the phone." The host got up to answer, returning shortly. "Gangs are coming, from West Bend, Juneau, Fond du Lac, Waupun - you go up in your room - I watch 'n let you know," he ordered. Walter and I did as we were told. Passing the barroom door we noticed the place filling. The front corner of the room had an oblique wall with window, shade and lace curtains. We kept the room dark, the shade half drawn, the curtains undraped. Thus the room appeared to be unoccupied while we could stand at the window seeing without being seen.

Farmer^s were coming in their cars, parking them leisurely one behind the other on both sides of the road. "No sign yet of gangs," remarked Walter. About 7.30 we could hear the rhythmic beats of a drum coming over the bridge; then within our view came the drummer, a flag bearer and the head of a procession. In the middle of the crossroads they stopped under the arc light overhead, less than forty feet from where we stood. In less than three minutes the square seemed packed with marchers, perhaps a hundred or more.

"A speech, a speech," they cried. Judge Somebody elbowed his

17 his way to the center of the cheering crowd. Someone helped him mount the platform. For fifteen minutes he harangued his crowd with frequent interruptions by applause, when he began to talk about Berger. Then he took Seidel to task; someone yelled "Get Seidel, get Seidel!"

"Now it's time to clear out," whispered Walter and took my grip. We hurried along the corridor to the rear exit. There the host met us to guide us down the dark stairway. He directed us to go through the barn from where we could get on the river. "It's frozen; keep in the shade 'n you're safe." And while we got away in rear, the mob stormed the front. So imbecile acts a mob.

A hundred yards down the river Walter and I got back on the cross road. Both sides were lined with farmers' automobiles. Safe in the pitch-black night we watched the performance under the arc light. The flag was still there; the gesticulating speaker still held the stand; but the crowd was milling.

"Looks like they didn't find Seidel," I chuckled.

"You're safe - wait here until I get my car," and he was gone in the dark. I watched the crowd. It seemed like a buzzing swarm of bees on the hunt for its queen. As I stood in the shelter of that tree, I mused: How much like "lower" creatures they act.

Ere long Walter was back: "Well, the meeting's off - but you'll speak - overnight you'll stop at Comrade Bildner's (not his real name) home - they'll be tickled to have you". There was nothing we could do with that clump of human madness, so we left for the farmer's home. It was a mile or so out of town. He had returned when we got there. In the quiet of that home we talked of the conduct of the crowd. Bildner was angry: "They knocked hats off; they took the hall without asking; they dragged boys and men in; made 'em kneel down and kiss the flag. They insulted everybody." That was the gist of his complaints.

It was after nine o'clock when we agreed to drive to town and take a look at developments. Bildner and Walter held the front seat while I nestled in a dark corner in the rear, cap pulled over my brows and a robe thrown loosely over me. The road was clear; apparently many cars had left; the hall was still lighted, seemingly to guard against our returning. We drove leisurely through the town to where their cars were parked. Nobody seemed to be in the saloon.

~~xxxxx~~ We returned to Bildner's home.

Next morning after chores were done farmers gathered at Bildner's farm. Perhaps twenty to twenty-five had come. "They want to hear your talk," said Walter. "You did this," I replied. "Sure, I wouldn't let that bunch fool us." And I spoke "as never before" said Walter. Twenty years later he wrote me a letter specially mentioning the meeting at Bildner's farm.

Milwaukee was not entirely free from mob force; but it never got the upper hand. Daniel W. Hoan, a Socialist, was mayor. One time (I was out of the city, so this is hearsay.) the Social Democrats had arranged a meeting at Pabst theater; and there was the element determined to prevent it, all in the cause of "making the world safe for democracy," of course. A cannon had been toted to Market Square, set up and trained upon the theater ostensibly to "shoot up" the meeting. Chief of Police Janssen nipped that thing in the bud, warning that he was responsible for the peace and good order of the city and ordering the gun removed. Surlily the busy-bodies complied. And the meeting came off peaceably. Sometimes the "path of duty" is not a smooth road without boulders or pitfalls. But the Chief did his duty. Besides, this was in Milwaukee.*)

At the hands of the Federal authorities the Socialist party did not fare so well. Five months after the St. Louis emergency convention, Federal agents took possession of our national headquarters at Chicago, held them several days to search for incriminating evidence, and when they found all there was to find, they left again. Aside of the mailing lists, there was nothing they got which they might not have had for the mere asking. The same is true of the Milwaukee Leader office which was also searched.

Based on evidence so gathered a secret indictment was returned on February 2, 1918, against Victor L. Berger, a member of the Party Executive Committee; Adolph Germer, Secretary of the Executive Committee; J. Louis Engdahl, Editor of official party publications; William F. Kruse, Secretary of the national Young People's Socialist; and Irwin St. John Tucker, ex-head of literature department. The news were given to the press on March 9, 1918.

*) See Appendix: Socialist Vote from 1900 to 1940.

When the press published the news, one Milwaukee paper had included the name of Ald. Emil Seidel with the indicted. Someone discovered the error in time to stop the press and correct it. Copies which had gone out were mostly recovered. Some time later, I can not say just when, I was told by one who seemed to know, that the jury had voted on my indictment but failed to carry it by one vote. Who it was that balked the jury I have never been told.

Indictments under Federal, State and Local laws came heavy and fast - a total of 988 from June 15, 1917 to July 1, 1918, under the Federal Espionage Act alone. The Socialists were hit hardest with the I.W.W. being second. Religious groups were not spared; one pastor receiving a sentence of 15 years.

The Milwaukee Leader, our daily and the German weekly Vorwaerts of Milwaukee, were deprived of their second class mail privileges, and 18 Socialist papers throughout the land suffered the same fate. ^{Leader ~~did not~~} For a time the Milwaukee/did not even receive its first class mail excepting through comrades to whom it was sent.

At times it seemed as if ~~unreasonably~~ sentences were unreasonably severe. Victor L. Berger, Adolph Germer, J. Louis Engdahl, William F. Kruse and Irwin St John Tucker were^{e/} found guilty and sentenced to serve 20 years in the federal Prison at Leavenworth. Eugene V. Debs spoke to the Socialist State Convention at Canton, Ohio on June 16, 1918. On June 30, he was arrested in Cleveland because of that speech. On September 9, he went to trial in Cleveland and on September 14, Eugene V. Debs was sentenced to serve ten years in the State Penitentiary of West Virginia. Kate Richards O'Hare spoke at Bowman, North Dakota on July 17, 1917. For that speech she was indicted and after a four day trial in the Federal District Court at Bismark, North Dakota, sentenced on December 14, 1917, to a term of five years at hard labor in the State Penitentiary of

Jefferson City, Mo. Mrs. O'Hare appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in May, 1918; her appeal was denied. Her case was carried to the United States Supreme where the judgement of the lower court was sustained in March, 1919. And Kate Richards O'Hare entered the Missouri Penitentiary on April 14, 1919.— And a mother of four children, too! *) Did our Republic really need that?

But Berger did not go to Leavenworth for twenty years. The Fifth Wisconsin Congressional District (Northern half of Milwaukee) decreed otherwise; it elected him to go to Washington as its Representative in Congress. And in a special election for United States Senator, Wisconsin had given Berger over 100,000 of its male votes — more than a quarter of the total. But the "Lower House" in its uppishness would not seat our choice. Another election became necessary; the stubborn ~~Fifth~~ District was not a bit abashed; again it elected Victor L. Berger as its Representative, just to make it plain that we wanted Berger or nobody. The House stood corrected and seated our choice. We proved that the vote is mightier than a vindictive judgement.

One there was (let's call him Joe) who hoped to gain when Berger was not seated. Joe aimed to go to Washington; he was studious, had ability and might have made a good Congressman. I tried to persuade ^{him} ~~to wait~~ until we had rescued ^{Berger} from the danger of his sentence.

"Berger can't be seated anyway," Joe said.

Well, Joe was in error. He quit to go on his own. That hurt me for he had the courage of initiative and I ^{had} expected much of him. I'm still hoping that Joe may yet find himself.

*) For additional information on Labor, Socialists and War, consult The American Labor Year Book of 1917-18 and 1919-20. Published by The Rand School of Social Science. New York City.

After the Spring election of 1918 the position of Alderman at Large was abolished; so in 1920 the first six dropped out and in 1922 the remaining six. From then on the Common Council worked with one alderman from each ward elected for four years. I had dropped out in 1920.

There was plenty of other work to be done and I never had the least difficulty in finding it. The State office was deeply in debt which impeded all our propaganda work; and I proposed a plan to wipe it out. So I was given a free hand to go ahead and "wipe it out". The Executive members winked when voting, believing they had called a bluff.

Preparing my plan and working out an appeal to our sympathizers, I called in Comrade Schad: "Sure, we can do that." Then I invited Comrade Hugo Berndt and had the same assurance. Within four months the three of us had brought in enough money to pay the debt, besides having a handsome surplus for the next campaign. It was all done without a splurge. We did not need to go outside of our city, we^{t/} raised over \$14,000.

"How did you do it?" asked Victor.

Now it was my turn to wink before answering:

"You're sentenced to twenty years in Leavenworth?"

"Yes?"

"And you were elected to Congress?"

"Yes?"

"And you weren't seated?"

"That's right?"

"Well - isn't that enough to make anybody give? We did not even go outside of your district - we simply appealed and they gave. That's how we did it," I grinned. And he smiled, passing on. That was the first smile I had seen on Berger's face for months and months.

To get around readily I had bought a Ford car, borrowing the money for the first payment. Then the State Executive Committee was without a secretary, Comrade Arnold having resigned. I saw another job ahead and

told Comrade Berger about it. He agreed and so I acted as Secretary until the next Board meeting. Three years I was State Secretary. In that time many changes were brought about, due to my initiative.

The State Executive Committee was ^{given} its own office on the third floor of Brisbane Hall with a large workroom for campaign workers; the entire south wall covered with enclosed shelving for storing literature and materials, thus doubling the floor space; a 4 x 10 foot work table; a separate workroom for typewriters and a private office ~~office~~ for the secretary; and another room for filing cases, cabinets and shelving for records.

When I left, the annual State Picnic had taken the place of the former County picnic which had fallen into disuse. Surveys for all the Congressional Districts had been prepared; a State Socialist library had been started, Comrade Berger furnishing the first thousand pamphlets from his private library, and ^I a second thousand from mine. Comrade Coleman, an Executive Committee member, wanted a railroad pamphlet advocating public ownership. I wrote that and prepared five charts for it. It all ^{a/} ment long hours of work.

Late hours and misunderstanding caused a rift in the family which seemed trivial at first; then Lucy wanted a separation; to humor her I went to live at the "Globe"; then she wanted my personal effects taken ^{r/} from the home. I placed them in storage, giving up over one-half of my library.

My health failed. Brother Henry urged me to go to live on his farm in Florence County. I accepted and moved up. He had gone up there and gotten well, so would I, he said. Now he lived with his wife, son and daughter in Oshkosh, having ^{g/} charge of the Oshkosh Mirror Plate Works. Occasionally the family came up for a vacation and for the hunting season.

Henry's farm was eight miles out of county seat Florence, in Town Fern, one-half mile north of State Highway 10; in the Pine River Valley surrounded by hilly country; it extends over more than 300 acres, including a triangle on the opposite side of the river where the section lines crossed, a stretch of crystal-clear, lively-flowing creek, an oval 20-acre lake with sandy beach and plenty of wooded land with second growth timber and some original oak and elm.

About forty acres were under plow, all the fields closely together, located on a plateau about fifty feet above the river. On this plateau stood the buildings: the lodge, a hundred paces to north-east the barnyard with all its buildings, and a hundred paces farther on the three-room cottage where I lived. Thirty feet north of my cottage was an old-time log cabin - the first home of the first settler. From my windows I could overlook the main 20 acre field to the north and west with the wooded hills beyond. In the quiet night I could hear the yowls of wolves from those hills. In the morning I could see deer tracks in the snow around my cottage.

Crossing the field toward the north-west, climbing over the barbed wire fence and following the paths through the woods, over the hill, I came to the lake with its sandy beaches; there was the "boat on the tie", the oars kept in our granary. The lake was fed by a creek coming out of the marshy west; the lake's overflow fed the creek flowing along the western and southern border of our land to empty in the Pine River.

Beyond the lake, rolling westward over hill and dale for miles, began the hardwoods teeming with deer and wild life, not excluding bear, wolf and wildcat.

The road which led from State Highway 10 to our farm passed my cottage and continued north. Following it for a mile I came upon the log cabin of Charlie Meyer, a lone settler. He was a Spanish

War veteran, retired on a government pension and spending his time hunting, fishing and trapping. Whenever I needed help, which was often, "Charlie" was my man. He never failed me. He knew ~~the~~ that country. He warned me not to go into the hardwood timber alone.

One fall afternoon we were out together, choosing a path we had no^t been on since spring. Suddenly we came upon a pond which had not been there before but now blocked our way.

"Hello," said Charlie, "the beavers are busy." They had built a dam to hold the running water "better than we can do it" explained Charlie. See, now they're storing the wood they need for their colony/during the winter. And we had an ocular natu^{ral}/ history lesson.

Surely, Florence county is a bit of "God's Country" if there ever was one, but pitifully ravished by human greed. Still man was at it with two saw mills running the year around - one in Town Fern and the other in northwest Tipler. Of course, the excuse was that the lumber is needed in the industries.

Three horses and a colt, two turkey hens with a gobbler, a cow and a flock of over a hundred snowy leghorn chickens made up our barnyard family. To get results each needed proper attention according/
/to its kind. There was much to do and to learn. Milking was the hardest for Bess was a good milch cow. Numerous were the observations as I went about my work and endless the reflections. And speaking to them, gently or hard, they seemed to understand; that is, in their way.

Then Brother Henry wired that he had ordered a hatchery featuring glossy black leghorns to send me 100 chicks and to be sure to be on hand to receive them. It was a cold, early spring day when I waited nearly an hour for the train. One peep revealed that they were not all alive. In thirty minutes I was home with the crate in my car and ^{1/}ost no time transferring the brood to the incubator held

ready for them; nearly fifty of the chicks were dead. I kept the survivors in the incubator until they were fully fledged. Still each day I lost one or two more, until only six were left to be placed in the hennery.

The six black pullets were as busy scratching for a living as any of the rest. But they ran into something they had not bargained for - color prejudice. Whenever a black one came too near a white, it was pecked and had to scurry for cover. Soon there were only five, then four, three and two black ones^{s/} left until I took the last one under my protection. At feeding time I threw the bulk of the feed to the flock far out; then I dropped some for the black one at my heels. When some of the others saw and tried to get near, I cussed: Shoo ! You - - - , just like human^{s/}. The black remained near me, lived, grew and scratched busier than ever. But always far away from the rest.

The farm had its tragedies. Dick was the oldest of the horses, (no one really knew how old) the "superannuated grandpa" of the barnyard, the pet of the children. No one wanted him shot. Brother Henry ordered that Dick shouldn't and needn't work anymore; that he had earned his oats by carrying the children safely to and from highschool in Florence. So Dick got his oats as regularly as the other three. But his teeth could no longer chew the oats. And one morning I found Dick dead in his stall.

What could I do with a dead horse? In Milwaukee they were sent to the glue factory. In my predicament I went to Charlie Meyer. He came with me, put one end of a logging chain around Dick's neck, hitched the team to the other end of the chain, and dragged the carcass to the woods near the creek. There, in the night, the wolves howled and feasted over Dick. I wrote Brother Henry of the loss.

On his next visit to the farm, Henry's first query was on the whereabouts of Dick's remains. I led him to the gnawed and bleached bones scattered around. "Dick was a good horse," said Henry solemnly, "don't tell the kids where he is."

Spring was going into summer. The barnyard was alive with newcomers. Bess had thrown a bullcalf and come in fresh with ten-twelve quarts a day; several hens mothered their leghorn broods with others ^{1/} still setting; each turkey hen scratched for its youngsters while the gobbler strutted his lordship warding off danger. The family came up to spend a week's vacation: Henry and Elizabeth with Ethel who was having a rest from her winter circuits; the son Lester with Madeleine and their boy with his pet, a Prussian police dog. It was an interesting family with the lodge full of musical instruments.

The little lad came from the barnyard followed by his dog, to tell me something about the ^{b/}gobler and his dog.

"Where is the gobbler," I asked.

"I show you - - - dere," pointing to the tamarack marsh on the other side of the fence sloping down toward the river. The dog stood by the lad, wagging his tail. I climbed over the fence to search, for the hens with their brood were also gone. Everywhere feathers, but no bird. Then I found him hidden under tall firs in dying condition, without a feather left on him. Henry came; he thought the bird might be saved. We bedded him in the barn covered with a blanket. There he died before sunset. When the dog was gone the turkey hens returned to the barnyard with less than half their chicks.

Numerous are the happenings and conditions in the county, town and on our farm which must be passed up with a mere mention: Soil erosion everywhere; unchecked forest destruction; utter lack of planning; three forest fires, all started by settlers; 65 families in Town Fern with not two having the same national background; a feud between ~~between~~ two families, dating from World War I; a resultant town debt of over \$600 for lawyers' fees; neglected town roads because of lack of co-operation; both sides were wrong for spending their hard-earned ~~money~~ tax dollars on lawyers.

Under such conditions I attended my first Fern town~~ship~~ meeting. Some were ready to hire another lawyer to fight the fee of the first. That was more than I could swallow. As a stranger among strangers I denounced in scathing terms the folly of fighting; and I pleaded for the rights of our township, and our horses, and our automobiles, and our children when going to school, to good town roads. Ending, I said ^{e/} something like this: "Let us work together! If there be a lawyer who needs ten dollars from every family in this town, let him work for it as you and I are doing, from four o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night. All we have, for our township, but not one cent for the lawyer." And I sat down, wiping away my tears. Others showed tears. ~~They were not bad, only misguided.~~ In the election ^{y/} the_A voted unanimously to make me their Town Chairman.

The first job we did, was the worst road with a hill which required two teams to negotiate when one team should do. With a level, a square, a pole and a line we surveyed the grade of that road. All pitched in with a will. ^{n/} I_A three days we had the job done. The town lot had no tool shed nor shelter for teams when attending meetings. We built that, felling the trees on the lot to be cut into timber.

As town chairman I was member of the County board. I prepared a resolution declaring for a county road plan to make the many lakes more easily accessible to tourists. It was adopted unanimously.

Having done with my chores one evening and leaving the yard for my cabin, an empty fodder pail in one hand and a full milk pail in the other, an insect lit on my neck below the left joint of my jaw and stung. Shaking my head forcefully would not shy it off until I set down my pails to brush it away with my hand, one finger touching the thing in so doing.

I mumbled: That was no mosquito - but what was it? I could not tell for in the dusk I hadn't seen it. That sting drew a lump which itched like a mosquito bite; but unlike a mosquito swelling, it smarted when scratched. Applying hot water and soda, it itched no more and I forgot about it. A week later the lump, less than a half inch across, was still there but hardened. Yet it did not annoy me. Ten days more the lump was gone from the surface but was now under the skin which could be moved freely over it with my finger. And no pain. Then another lump began to form, also under the jaw but two inches nearer to the chin. I felt uneasy: Clearly it's an infection. That's a case for the doctor, I decided.

Dr. Hausherr, located at Florence, was a friend of the family. He listened to my story: "Good thing, you came; too bad you couldn't get that beetle; we might have discovered something." He ordered a surgical operation to remove the original lump. "Come back in an hour," he said. Back on time, Dr. Hausherr told me that he reserved a bed at the Crystal Falls Hospital; and that he would call for me Monday morning at nine o'clock. "Let Charlie Meyer take care of the farm for a week."

By 11.30 Monday morning we were in the office of the Hospital, where Dr. Hausherr left me. I told my story to the Surgeon, whose name I've forgotten. By 12.30 I was in bed in charge of the nurse. Wednesday morning I was operated and put back to bed. Saturday morning Dr. Hausherr called to take me home, my head still bandaged which I must not remove. On Wednesday, a week after the operation, we ~~XXXX~~

were back at the hospital to have the stitches removed. The Surgeon told of sending the removed lump to a Minneapolis laboratory for examination; there could be no report so soon. For the second lump under the chin, he prescribed X ray treatments.

Then I was again in Milwaukee to be given X ray treatments by Drs. Foerster. By Christmas I had had my second operation with Dr. G.A. Hipke as Surgeon, at the Deaconess Hospital, after which I again lived with my daughter. To hasten healing of my wounds, Dr. Hipke administered Violet ray treatments.

By June I had settled my affairs in Florence, paid a farewell visit to Dr. Hausherr and other friends, and had moved into the home I'm now occupying at the Garden Homes settlement. By July first, Mayor Hoan appointed me to serve as a member of the City Service Commission for a term of five years. Five year^s later I was reappointed for a second^d term.

Besides serving as Commissioner, I wrote a weekly double-column under the headline: "Our City --- Our Home" *) which were printed in the Milwaukee Leader and ran over two years. These articles dealt in the main with City and County institutions, their functions, and their relation to social problems. Their purpose was chiefly intended to be educational.

*) Authorized by the County Central Committee. For a list of subjects, see Appendices.

The Twenties had passed. That decade, following the World War, brought us the Harding and Coolidge administrations, the primary post war depression of two years, a year and a half of prosperity, a six months slump, three years of Coolidge Prosperity, a slight slump, the two year Bull Market Boom, and ended with the initiation in October, 1929, of the worst depression Our Country had ever experienced. So we entered the Thirties, with President Hoover and a Republican administration holding over until the next election.

In the spring of Thirty-two we had a municipal election. It was the first time after reapportionment that the new Ninth ward elected an alderman; and the Socialists were eager to carry the ward. The Vigilance committee decided that ^{t/}Seidel is the only one who could carry it. After much resistance I yielded and accepted the nomination, in spite of my 68 years. Refusing to make a personality campaign, I wrote following campaign leaflet:---

"THERE'S A JOB FOR EVERYBODY

THERE'S A LIVING FOR ALL

-----***-----

"For Our Children's Sake - UNEMPLOYMENT must be met. It is costlier than war.

We must find work for the jobless - and for the boys and girls who graduate.

If we do not find work for them - the devil will. That's why we must.

The work must be big enough to give all a chance. Is there such work?

This leaflet outlines one such job. It points to others. There are more.

Some think this visionary. Remember, we need a vision to cheer us on and see brighter days ahead.

We need it for ourselves - but much more for our children who are more to us than life.

Emil Seidel."

Then followed the leaflet proper:

"Fellow Citizens:-

We are bringing you A Message Of Cheer

We want to say to all of you: There Is A Job For Every-body — There Is A Living For All.

Of course, you will want to be shown. That is your right. We want to show you. It will be easy for us to see what we must do, once we understand what has happened to us.

For thousands of years man has worked and fought against tremendous odds to keep the human race alive.

Today, for the first time we can, with the aid of machinery, produce more wheat, coal, cotton, clothes, shoes, sugar, and all other things necessary for human life, than we really need.

And now millions of workers are thrown out of work. They can't get the things they need because they have no work; and they can't get work because they can make too many things.

CAN'T SEE THE JOBS — THEY'RE TOO BIG

Is there then no more work for us to do? Why of course, there's work, and plenty of it. Right here in our city -- in every city of our land — all over the country — there's work enough to keep us busy for years.

Then why do we not tackle the jobs? Ah, they're too big for any one man or corporation to tackle. These jobs are so big that they must be tackled by the cities, the states and the nation all working together. Just as the Panama canal had to be built by Uncle Sam. But we can't see the jobs. We're like the boy who couldn't see the forest because there were too many trees in the way.

If we can understand what has happened to our country in the past 75 years, we will be able to see the work before us.

WHAT HAPPENED To Milwaukee

. Let's take a look at Milwaukee: The first settlers began to build about 100 years ago. Milwaukee became a city in 1846. In those days we could travel no faster than the ox-cart or stage coach could go. That's the way the city was built — small and close together. We could not get around fast.

The first railroad came in 1851. It was given a 100-foot right of way in the city. The first train leaving Milwaukee got to Waukesha in one-and-three-quarters of an hour. To go between Milwaukee and Chicago took over 24 hours with a night's stop-over at Janesville.

In 1890 came the electric street car. It could travel 20 miles an hour over our ox-cart streets. But that was dangerous.

OUTGROWING THE KNEE—BREECHES

At the turn of the century came the automobile. That could make 60 miles an hour, but we wouldn't let it because of our ox-cart streets. Even so, it kills 30,000 people a year and cripples many thousands more. Today, the automobile can with ease make 100 miles an hour. Yet we can't let it, because of our ox-cart streets and roads. (let)

Then, as if to make our humiliation complete, there soared over Milwaukee the Akron, the first dirigible to visit us. That can cruise 6,000 miles without growing tired or stopping once. Around the Akron there flew airplanes which can go from Milwaukee to Chicago in 30 minutes.

TOO BIG TO LAND AT ALL

Gee, that's great! But why didn't they come down and land in Milwaukee so that we might get a look at them? Ah, they were too big and far too fast to land in our ox-cart streets.

Well, but haven't we airports outside of Milwaukee? Surely — and the pilots tell us that it takes them longer to get from our airports into our city than it takes them to come from Chicago to Milwaukee. Thus the gains due to mechanical improvements are lost because we have not kept up with the procession in city building.

THE SAME — ALL ALONG THE LINE

What has happened to transportation is this: It has grown from a speed of a few miles an hour to a speed of 200 and more miles an hour. And now our cities are far "out of date" with times and speed.

All the cities of our country need a thorough overhauling. They must be built to give our modern machinery of transportation a real chance.

Mr. H.G. Wells says that the "whole countryside must be rebuilt." Our city health commissioner tells us that the slums and slum districts in our city are unsanitary and unfit to live in.

WON'T GIVE EVEN THE BABIES A CHANCE

Yet thousands of people must live in them and thousands upon thousands of children are born there and must grow up in them. Not because we can't do better. We can.

Do You, Dear Reader, Now Begin To See That There Are Jobs Waiting For Us To Be Done? Only to Replan and Rebuild the Cities, would be a Most Wonderful Job for Years. We have the machines, we have the skill, we have the men to do it.

What has happened to transportation and our cities, has also happened in all lines of human endeavor. It needs a book to tell all.

WAKE UP, MILWAUKEE — AWAKE AMERICA

Our spirit of enterprize has lagged behind our power to do things. We have not done the best we could do if we tried.

We must have a super highway system. We must have a super transportation system. Mechanical progress is wrecking the old ox-cart civilization and it hurts everybody.

10,000,000 MEN WANT TO BUILD

Our work to build anew is before us. And we shall build greater, more grand and sublime than anything the world has ever known. Ten million jobless are ready, crying for the work to begin.

And when now we build — it will not be for a king, a dictator or capitalist — but for all of us. That will be a culture for all — a democratic culture.

That is our message to suffering, fighting mankind: THERE IS WORK FOR ALL — A BETTER LIFE FOR EVERYBODY.

WHAT WE MUST DO

Now Fellow Citizens: The Socialists have seen this coming. They have spent their money to prepare for it these many years.

Every Socialist candidate is pledged to a new Social order. Our organization holds its candidates down to its principles.

If you want a new deal — if you want a chance for your children -- if you want a chance for the unemployed — you must vote for the CANDIDATES PLEDGED TO SOCIALISM.

C I T Y T I C K E T

Mayor ----- Daniel W. Hoan
 City Attorney ---- Max Raskin
 Treasurer ----- Dr. John W. Mudroch
 Comptroller ----- John Banachowicz
 Justice of Peace - Carl R. Hampel

Alderman 9th Ward -- Emil Seidel
 Supervisor 9th Dist. Joseph F. Mueller "

That was substantially the leaflet we used in the Ninth Ward. And with the exception of the City Comptroller, Milwaukee elected the entire city ticket and the Ninth Ward and Ninth District their local candidates.

In the Fall election of that year (1932) Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States. President Roosevelt's efforts for a "New Deal" were so popular that he was reelected for

a second and a third term with good prospects, at this writing, for a fourth term. A defeated Al Smith spoke with scorn of Roosevelt's "alphabet soup", as if he (Al) could have known how to read and write without knowing his A B C first. But we return to my story.

In the Common Council we had elected twelve aldermen:-

5 Ward- Wm. Tesch,	12 Ward- Frank Bonzel,	21 Ward-Wm. Baumann,
7 " - Alex Ruffing,	13 " - C.E. Winkelmann,	25 " - C.C. Schad,
9 " - Emil Seidel,	17 " - Paul Gauer,	26 " - Wm. Coleman,
10 " - Carl Dietz,	20 " - A.W. Strehlow,	27 " - L.K. Place.

With only 12 Socialists out of a total of 27 alderman, we were in an awkward position, having the Mayor, City Attorney and City treasurer, without a majority to support our executives and a threat of having ^{e/}even an opponent as president in the council. We were the largest faction with the opposition split up into standpat and progressive republicans and democrats. After some palaver Ald. Albert Janicki and Ald. Felix Lassa voted for Paul Gauer as president; but we had to yield to vote for Frank A. Krawszak for City Clerk. Under the rules of the council, the President appointed all the Committees and the Chairmen thereof. Some called that a "cow-trade"; however, it avoided much friction for the future.

Mayor Hoan was at work on his inaugural message to the Common Council when I called at the office and he asked me to read it. It was a meaty document full of important substance. I had but one suggestion which The Mayor included under the subhead:

"TAXATION AND FINANCIAL SURVEY

"As a final suggestion, I recommend the most serious consideration of whether or not the time has arrived for a comprehensive survey by a competent body organized for that purpose with such paid ~~help~~ assistance as may be needed, on the general problem of taxation and municipal revenues. It should involve the merits of taxation laws, the exactions of the state, different sources of revenues and all other subjects related to our general financial and taxation practices. Such a body should report definite recommendations and legislative and administrative measures as may seem meritorious."

A resolution I introduced in the Common Council on May 16, re-

cited the foregoing commission and then continued: "now, therefore be it

Resolved, that the following constitute themselves a committee to undertake this survey:

Dr. John W. Mudroch, City Treasurer;
Paul Schmidt, Deputy City Treasurer;
Louis A. Arnold, Tax Commissioner;
Senator Schultz, Secretary, Election Commission;
Charles B. Whitnall, Secretary, Land Commission; and be it further

Resolved, that every department of the city be authorized and directed to cooperate with this committee in furnishing information, needed clerical assistance, stationery and any other reasonable services requested by the committee; and be it further

Resolved, that since this survey will take considerable time, and the committee should need to make additional expenditures, that it so report to the Common Council; and be it further

Resolved, that the committee make its reports from time to time to the Mayor and Common Council."

Unanimously adopted June 27, 1932.

The Committee met without fail once a week. C.B. Whitnall was its chairman. The stenographer of the Land Commission kept the minutes. Charles B. Bennet of the Land Commission was its Secretary. All meetings were open to all city officials, city employees and the public. Edward Grieb, city Real Estate Agent, became a regular member. City Attorney Max Raskin or his assistants, notably Herhert C. Hirschboeck, Harry kovenock and Wm.F. Quick, were variably present. For a while Frank Kirkpatrick of "Industrial Housing" and Albert F. Forman, author of "Fair Deal" participated in the meetings. Of and on other citizens visited. Finally, I was present at all meetings as a sort of adjunct.

From that committee issued various reports on financial problems, all of them printed in the Council Proceedings. The "City Tax Share Plan" was suggested by Paul Schmidt. The Assistant City Attorney, Herbert C. Hirschboeck, prepared ~~xxxxxx~~ and engineered the ordinance which made the plan a sound investment. Mr. Hirschboeck also fathered several charter ordinances assuring the payment of county and city taxes, and protecting the rights of the taxpaying public; and he prepared the bill "to create section 74.131 of the statutes authorizing the appointment of receivers to collect income from

real estate unredeemed from county and city owned tax sale certificates." This came about as follows: Acting under authority of a resolution passed by the Common Council, City Attorney Max Raskin investigated the accounts and tax sale practices of a previous city treasurer, and found that the treasurer had turned over to one ~~XXXX~~ Mr. XX

~~XXXXXX~~ tax certificates, from time to time, as follows:

~~XX~~

March 29, 1922	Mr. XX	received tax certificates face val.	\$241,932.28
March 31, 1923	"	" " " " " " " "	220,236.81
March 28, 1924	"	" " " " " " " "	282,898.36
March 31, 1925	"	" " " " " " " "	374,606.26

City Attorney Raskin added: "that upon such dates no moneys were turned over to the city treasurer as payments for these tax certificates. Under the law and the interpretation given by the Supreme Court of this state, tax certificates cannot be turned over by the treasurer to a private tax buyer except for cash and in view of the action of the former treasurer such certificates were illegally turned over to Mr. ~~SIDNEY~~ XX ~~XXXXXX~~ and the city never parted with title to these certificates."

Mr. XX had changed his residence. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ He refused to answer questions or give information relating to the above transactions. The Common Council directed the city treasurer not to forward any moneys, paid for redemption of such notes, to Mr. XX ~~SA~~. ~~XXXX~~ At this point Mr. Hirschboeck presented his bill for Receivers of Real Estate unredeemed from county and city owned tax certificates. That ordinance was a clever retort; if Mr. XX ~~SA~~ could not be made to answer, the income from the properties concerned and so attached would serve Milwaukee quite as well. Mr. XX might skip to Chicago but he couldn't take the properties with him.

Senator Schultz, member of the special committee on financial practices, worked out a Serial Bond Plan which was submitted to the Common Council on December 12, 1932; it was referred to the Joint Committee on Judiciary-Legislation and Finance-Printing. The student of municipal financing wishing to study the plan, can find it printed on page 974, Council Proceeding of 1932.

In the fall election of 1932 the people of Milwaukee decided by a vote of 91,000 against 81,000 to cut the budget by more than six million dollars. Between one-fifth and one-quarter of Milwaukee's workers were out of work; the rest worked only five days or less a week - eight seven or six hours a day. The building industries were almost entirely asleep. The budget cut helped some large taxpayers; but it did not help the unemployed. So tax delinquency kept agrowing until it rose to \$20,000,000 and over.

The national business index showed a see-saw drop from 14 points above normal in 1929 to 47 points below normal in 1933. In one year nearly 700 cities in the United States defaulted on their public debt payments. The bankers, cocky at first, heaved a sigh of relief from their anxiety when President Roosevelt ordered a bank holyweek to save the financial structure from disaster.

Annual wealth production had dropped to nearly one-half of normal. Daily, the aldermen were besieged by jobless who want^{ed/} nothing more than a chance to do some work and earn a little - only a little money. It was harrowing. Aldermen became panicky. One of them pulled off a diatribe,^x printed in the Council proceedings, in which he demanded that expenses be cut. A minute later he introduced a resolution demanding money to send the Mayor on a mission to get more money to spend. It didn't make sense. The Common Council haggled over the rate of[/]contributions from their salaries toward an unemployment relief fund. Had the gentlemen donated their entire salaries, it would have been but a dollar and a half per man for one day.

Still, in the year when so many cities defaulted in their public debt payments, the city of Milwaukee paid every cent on the \$4,150,000 installment of principle and interest due its bondholders. And Milwaukee paid every following installment. But that left little money in^{the} city purse with which to pay employees. And the

aldermen began to spin phantasies of scrip, baby bonds and stamped scrip without getting anywhere.

Out of this confusion and the pressing necessity of finding a way to pay salaries and wages, grew the plan of Tax Redemption Notes. It was Asst. City Attorney H. C. Hirschboeck who worked over and drafted the ordinance to create sections 640.10 to 640.16 of the Milwaukee Code of 1914 relating to tax redemption notes. In presenting the ordinance to the Common Council, he says:

"It provides for the issuance of notes to be known as tax redemption notes in denominations of ten and one hundred dollars. These notes are to be secured by city owned tax sale certificates, are to be guaranteed as to interest and principle by the city, are to be negotiable and are to bear interest evidenced by coupons at the rate of four per cent per annum.

"The guarantee of the city is to be provided for by making adequate provision for the tax deficit and delinquent tax funds of the city and in addition thereto the Board of Estimates shall be charged with the duty of annually seeing to it that unused budget funds and all such other budget funds as can be spared for the purpose will be reappropriated as further security for the payment of the notes."

The ordinance was introduced in the Council April 17, 1933. It was passed with an amendment May 15, 1933. It was amended October 9, 1933. Again amended November 27, 1933. In addition to \$10 and \$100 notes bearing interest, the Common Council also issued \$1 and \$5 denominations which bore no interest but could be exchanged for interest bearing denominations.

In all there were eight issues of Tax Redemption Notes: "A", "B", and "C" 5% interest issues. Then there were "A", "C", "D", "E" and "F" no interest issues.

That Milwaukee^{e/} weathered the financial storm better than did other cities, was due to three causes: a) Our long-range plan of freeing our city from debt; b) Our ingenious Tax Redemption Notes plan; and c) The prowess of our city employees and relief workers who accepted these notes as payment and maintained their soundness ~~against all attacks~~ and validity against all attacks.

When in the spring of 1869 our parents came from Madison to Milwaukee, the city had a population of 70,000 but no water works; the citizens pumped the water they needed for the household from wells in their backyards. But Milwaukee had a Board of Water Commissioners which was at work on plans for a water works. And in 1871 Milwaukee was given the right by the legislature to build one.

By 1873 the Commissioners had laid 53 miles of water pipes and mains varying in size from six to thirty inches, installed stop valves and 400 hydrants for fire protection. The pumping station had been delayed because of quicksand and the necessity to dig 75 feet for a solid foundation. To afford the city fire protection a temporary pumping station was installed at the river and the water pipes filled with river water. This was on November 3, 1873. Less than a year ~~ix~~ later the pumps at North Point were set in motion and from September 14, 1874 on, supplied the city with lake water. On July 1, 1875, the Board of Water Commissioners turned the water works over to Milwaukee; it was placed in charge of the Board (now Department) of Public Works. Who were those early builders that builded so well? Let me name them so Old-timers may refresh old memories: E.H. Broadhead, George Burnham, Guido Pfister, Alexander Mitchell, John Plankinton and Gustav Pabst.

To rid Milwaukee of its garbage, a contract was made with a firm to take the garbage away and burn it. The practice was to load the garbage on a scow and tow it over the bay to the firm's incinerator at Mequon on the lake front. With a rough sea it would happen that in transit much garbage was lost and floated on the surface of the water. That caused dissatisfaction, bitter opposition and acrimonious debates. To end the unpleasant squabble, Milwaukee built its own incinerator, first on Jones Island and then on the mainland. Thereafter, no more garbage was washed from scows into the bay.

The very best of water works can not give us pure water unless we make sure that the water they are to pump is clean. But Milwaukee had not yet learned the trick of keeping its three rivers clean. Rather, the industries, the City and the people seemed to vie with each other to see which could do best at river pollution. Tanners ran their sludge into the rivers, butcheries added all their animal offal to the rivers; Milwaukee emptied its sewers into the rivers, and the people didn't care a hoot what happened. That is, not until the rivers began to stink to the skies, not a minnow could live in them nor a bird come near for a drink. Then pedestrians held the nose crossing a bridge, ejaculated "phui-", hurried across and cussed. During periods of prolonged drought the stench was worst.

People clamored for relief. The city hit upon a plan to build flushing tunnels. The first was built from McKinley beach to the Milwaukee river below the dam and the second one on the South side. What for? To pump fresh water from the lake into the rivers to flush them. Whereto? Why, into the lake of course - you simp - have you never heard of "biologic action"?

Yes, I had heard; but two-, three-, four-hundred thousand people could produce more pollution than our three small rivers could take care of. And we tried to flush our stagnant rivers into the lake. In addition the Federal Government was building a refuge harbor. That breakwater threatened to isolate the refuge harbor completely from the purifying benefits of Lake Michigan wave action. Including entrance, six gaps were left when building xx the breakwater wall in order to maintain circulation and save McKinley and South Shore bathing beaches from pollution.

In 1910 Milwaukee had a change of city administration. Dr. William Colby Rucker was appointed health commissioner. After a thorough examination of the drinkwater, Dr. Rucker ordered chlorination of

the water and directed the installation of a simple method. It was only a makeshift, Dr. Rucker explained. Eventually Milwaukee will have to deal with its sewerage in a sanitary manner and filter its water. But he made no public statement for we were waiting for the report of a committee of three engineers. However, with some changes in method, sterilization of our water with chlorine was continued to 1937 or twenty-seven years after it had been started.

When in April, 1911, the three engineers, Alvord, Whippel and Eddy made their report on Milwaukee's water situation, they recommended "the building of a sewerage disposal system" and also recommended that a filter plant be provided for the purification of the water supply, construction to be begun immediately." Those were two pretty big orders, each costing millions of dollars. In 1912 there was another change of administration. A state law was passed and a Sewerage Commission established charged with the duty of building a Sewerage Disposal plant and a system of Intercepting Sewers.

The first North Point intake tunnel extended 3,164 feet out into the lake; by 1895 two 60 inch pipes were added to extend the intake 5,000 feet farther into the lake. By 1918 the Linwood Avenue intake had been built which took its water at a point one-and-one-half miles^{north} from the extended old intake. In 1925 the Sewerage Disposal Plant was first put into operation to treat the sewerage carried by the intercepting sewers.

But the fight for a filtration plant was not yet won. Ten years longer the intrepid City Engineer, Joseph P. Schwada, carried on his valiant struggle including an educational campaign among the people of Milwaukee. And he did it single-handedly. Early in September of 1932, Mr. Schwada had prepared a . ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXPREPAREDXX~~

"Resolution declaring the plan and purpose of investigating the construction of a water purification plant as a ne-

WATER PURIFICATION PLANT

cessity and an unemployment relief measure financed through a loan from the United States Reconstruction Corporation and directing the City Engineer to submit as soon as possible a report as to the necessity and advisability of making a loan from the United States Reconstruction Finance Corporation to offer such immediate relief to the unemployment situation as is possible by undelayed construction of a water purification plant."

Alderman Strehlow, chairman of the Committee on Public Utilities-Health, introduced this resolution at the next Council meeting on September 6th. It was referred to his committee, the other four members of which were: Mueller, Seidel, Steinhagen and Schultz. Late in November the Chairman reported that resolution for adoption; the Council majority rereferred it to the Committee instead. December 27, it was again reported from the Committee by substitute, amended and adopted. Over three months of precious time was lost due to dilatory quibbling of three committee members.

In the meantime the Federated Trades Council, the Building Trades Council, Trade Unions, Citizen's Unemployed Clubs and The Mayor's Advisory Council urged the construction of the Purification Plant; oddly, the Association of Commerce urged delay in construction of the Plant and a nondescript Citizen's Bureau opposed all purification of the water as unnecessary. By April, 1933, the end of the Common Council year, six additional measures were handled, each pushing us a little farther on the road to filtration. During the next year over 80 actions were taken, among them a resolution directing the Commissioner of Public Works to proceed with the design and construction of the plant; and another resolution authorizing the City Engineer to engage office and engineering help in the design and construction of the plant. After more than twenty ^{years} of agitation water filtration was on the way of accomplishment for the plant was abuilding with nothing to stop it.

History plays us some queer tricks. Think of it: The people vote

A TRICK OF HISTORY

to cut the budget \$7,000,000; the Council voted to spend \$5,500,000 for water filtration, adding to the debt. And the voters were pleased.

By October 1934 the City Engineer said that the fight for Water Purification is won.*) It took far over 300 Council and Committee actions to win that victory. I dare say that all resolutions, ordinances, bills, reports, educational arguments, preliminary inquiries, etc., etc. were done by City Engineer Joseph Schwada. Yet, on the Utilities committee were aldermen who made it harder for the engineer with their endless quibbling: "I'm for it- yunnerstan - I wanna make sure - yunnerstan - I'll vote for it - yunnerstan - -" without end.

I have seen our rivers when they were full of life - clams and crabs and turtles and fish; when Milwaukee Bay teemed with whitefish and Jones Islanders lived off their catches; and I've seen the miseries of river pollution with death riding the floods. As chief executive I appointed Dr. Rucker of national fame. He began Chlorination as an Emergency - not a Cure, he said. The cure? Sewerage disposal and Water filtration. I have lived to see Dr. Rucker proven right; and I rejoice in having added my bit in support of City Engineer Schwada's phenomenal work.

Plant

The Water Purification/operated partly in May and June 1939 and went into full operation in July of that year. It stands as a monument to the skill and prowess of its planners and builders. It will prove a source of health and pride to the uncounted millions who will come down the highway of time to tarry for refreshment. For the plant has

*) "MILWAUKEE'S WATER PURIFICATION PROBLEM By Joseph P. Schwada, City Engineer, Milwaukee, Wis." A masterly monograph, illustrated, reprinted from Journal of the American Water Works Association.

Mr. Schwada has also issued a monograph, "MILWAUKEE'S WATER PURIFICATION PLANT", illustrated, reprinted from April, May, 1940 issues of WATER WORKS AND SEWERAGE.

Mr. H.P. Bohmann, Superintendent of Milwaukee Water Works has also issued an illustrated pamphlet on THE WATER PURIFICATION PLANT, 1940. Note: All of them deserve to be read. Author.

been planned and built to serve for a long time to come. Of the capacity and type of the plant, Mr. Schwada says:

"Of the mechanical rapid-sand type, the plant has a rated filtration capacity of 200,000,000 gallons per day..... It is believed that the plant can be operated at a maximum rate of 300,000,000 gallons per day without any jeopardy whatever to purification efficiencies.

Provisions have been made, for ~~doubling~~ later doubling the capacity of the plant, without interrupting operations of the present plant or making any material changes within it except replacing some of the low-lift pumps with larger units."

Mr. Schwada says that the present layout is so prepared that a south side purification plant might be built instead of increasing the capacity of the existing plant. On the cost of the plant he says:

"The cost of the plant, exclusive of interest during construction and financing expense, is approximately \$5,100,000. The construction was financed by a \$3,675,000 issue of revenue bonds, a Government grant of \$1,285,690, ~~of the Water Department~~ and \$139,310 of Water Department funds."

"MY WARD"

When in Milwaukee we elect an alderman in a ward he loses no time to speak of "my ward". Well, I did the same. My ward was some baby, young in years and old in ills. It sprawled from N 5 Street and N Greenbay Avenue west to N 48 Street; and from W Capitol Drive north to Silver Spring Drive.

North Milwaukee occupies the north-west corner of the ward; it as a suburb, was started/like others, toward the end of the Eighties when Milwaukee industries were in need of space for expansion. It was a paradise for speculators until the crash of 1893 came. These speculators were the original planners of the suburb. Out of their slipshod plans grew all the ills that came home to plague us later on.

In the early spring of '32 Lincoln (Mud, they called it) Creek over-flowed its banks and flooded the basements of the neighborhood four times. The first two times the flood was aggravated by icejams which had to be blasted with dynamite. Crews with engines had to pump out basements. At times the city had fifty or more men on the job. It was costly business.

As soon as North Milwaukee had been annexed, Charles B. Whitnall and City Planning Engineer Bennett had prepared plans for improving the creek. The local alderman had his own ideas and wanted the creek turned into a box sewer. Stubbornly he blocked all improvements of the creek. There was the deadlock when I was elected alderman.

The first thing I did was to have the ~~made~~ ~~work~~ rubbish of years removed from Lincoln Creek under "made work" setup. That supplied employment to hundreds of jobless. Then I had the creek improvement included in a list of relief projects to be done with the aid of Federal funds. No plan was specified; but Commissioner Stoelting had cleverly listed it as: "Ditching of Lincoln Creek." The list passed unanimously. When later Parklawn was built as a Federal Housing project, the im-

provement of Lincoln Creek was hitched onto that. Planning Engineer Bennett manipulated that part. At one time there were four camps of workers on that creek.

At that time Rufus King High School had been finished; it is bounded by W Fiebrantz, W Olive, N 17th and N 19th streets. Rufus King ^{is} one of our finest highschools with a hugh modern stadium. But all the pupils living north of W Fiebrantz and west of N 20th street had to walk a half mile out of their way or cross railroad tracks to reach the school.

The Street Railway company had been ordered to separate its grades at W Olive and W Hampton streets. But the company had been granted a delay because of the hard times. I had prepared a map showing the territory subjected to the hardship or jeopardy of the situation. So prepared I urged a rehearing. City Attorney Max Raskin represented Milwaukee and the pupils interested. The decision favored Milwaukee and the grades were separated.

There was another dangerous railraod crossing of the Milwaukee Road on N Teutonia Avenue near W Custer. Only the west half of the street was within the City limits, the east half being in the County. It was a case for the State Highway Commission. Alderman Fleissner telephoned me that the Commissioners were in the cit^y to view the case. It was five below zero the day ~~when~~ we went over the ground. That grade separation was also done.

I had asked for a new bridge across Lincoln Creek on N Teutonia avenue. The Preuss Florists with green houses directly north of the creek cooperated with the Department of Public Works so effectively that today the whole job from two hundred yards below the Creek to the City Limits appears as if done by a single master mind. It is a pleasure to see. And each time I visit my friend Preuss, I get a new joy from that layout; as from a picture or a poem. The same is

REFUGES FOR JOBLESS

true of Lincoln Creek with its limestone bridges at N. Sherman Boulevard, N 35th Street and in between. At this writing seven years have passed since the creek was "ditched"; and if there were any more floods I have not heard of them.

When the Council of 1932 - '36 was inaugurated the unemployment situation was appalling with tens of thousands jobless roaming the streets in search of work. North Milwaukee's old city hall was going to decay. I asked for an appropriation to make it habitable, heat and clean it and supply all services. Most of the work was done by the unemployed. This was to be their clubhouse; they kept it clean and tended the fires. They learned to chisel lumber for shelving in the reading room, tables, chairs and benches for the hall and card room, magazines and books for the shelves, and so on.

Politicians called it "Seidel's Paradise"; but they never offered a shivering job-hunter a seat near a hot stove to get warmed up. At their club rooms the jobless were always welcome. And they came and went as it suited them. Soon they organized with entertainment, refreshment, chiseling committees; and they laid down house rules for all to observe. Then their discussions led to securing a motor, machinery and materials for doing work. Then they had their shop and shop rules. And we raised magazines and pamphlets for the library. Of those I turned in several hundred; others brought some. With good lighting the rooms were open evenings.

On N Market street the city owned a building only a block north from the City Hall; it was vacant at the time, in good condition with a good heating plant. In this building the Common Council arranged for a Social Center to be used by the unemployed, very much after the manner of our Ninth ward club. Thousands came, as often as they liked, as long as they liked and left whenever they liked.

Such places of refuge for the unemployed sprang up in other parts of the city. All of them served a good purpose in that they ^{helped to} ~~sub-~~ ~~tain~~ the morale of the jobless.

When in October 1929 prosperity crashed, President Hoover was as bewildered as anybody. Time and again he promised that "prosperity was right around the corner". But it never materialized. Finally the Hoover administration set up the Reconstruction Finance Corporation with a fund of one-and-a-half billion dollars to aid municipalities to build self-liquidating projects owned and operated by the communities. Milwaukee planned to finance its water purification plant under the Hoover R.F.C. when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected president.

President Roosevelt lost no time in announcing a "New Deal". The National Industrial Recovery Act was passed which offered a 30 per cent grant to induce communities to build sizable projects giving relief to the unemployed. Unanimously the Common Council voted to finance its filtration plant under the NIRA setup. During the years following Milwaukee financed hundreds of projects under the NIRA, affording relief to thousands of jobless.

But there was one class of citizens which had as yet received no attention. That was our graduating youth between 18 and 25 years of age. And each year Milwaukee was passing thousands of young people from its schools into public life to shift for themselves, until the total amounted to - no one knew how many. Nor could ^{anybody/} say how they fared. In an intelligent society this could not go on.

And I prepared a resolution which read as follows:

"Whereas, The schools, colleges and universities of Milwaukee turn out every year thousands of young people as graduates, who are expected to be able to secure a place for themselves in the world; and

Whereas, Under formerly normal conditions graduates have been fairly able to fit in somewhere with the generally accepted scheme of society; but now, owing to economic mal-adjustment, many graduates of today are no longer able to find a place and are left to drift for themselves; and

Whereas, The constantly growing number of young people between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, who are no longer in school and not at work, already counts in unknown thousands and therefore presents a grave social problem, inasmuch as few of them know where to turn for work during the crucial period of life when habits are formed and character is built; and

Whereas, This problem is ably stated in the terse and challenging words of President Roosevelt: 'We have come to a time when our need is to discover more fully and direct more purposefully into useful channels that greatest of all natural resources, the genius of the younger generation. Crime is a symptom of social disorder. Wide-spread increase in capacity to substitute order for disorder is the remedy.'; therefore be it

Resolved, That His Honor the Mayor is hereby respectfully requested to appoint a Committee of 100 citizens from varying professions and occupations of our communal life who are willing to give of their spare time to help in the work of:

1. Finding how great is the number of young people between eighteen and twenty-five years of age who are no longer in school and yet not engaged in gainful occupation or regularly at work.
2. Determining what means (industrial, social or otherwise) has our city developed that can be improved or what means may be inaugurated to guide and aid such young people to be securely placed.
3. Contemplating and devising plans to "direct more purposefully into useful channels ... the genius of the younger generation," and to increase our city's "capacity to substitute order for disorder;" further be it

Resolved, That the Committee of 100 shall have the power and latitude necessary to do its work effectively. It may call upon governmental departments for such help and information as these may be able to give; and all department heads are hereby requested to co-operate with the committee or its subcommittees; finally be it,

Resolved, That the Committee render from time to time reports of its findings, such conclusions as it has reached and such recommendations as it may have to make to the Mayor and the Common Council of Milwaukee."

After amending the first "Resolved" to read: "or any other number determined upon by the Mayor", the resolution was adopted unanimously.

Two days after the adoption of this resolution by the Common Council

President Roosevelt announced the launching of the National Youth

Administration (NYA), the Wisconsin branch of which was placed in charge of Mr. John Lasher, supervisor of the state board of vocational education connected with the Milwaukee Vocational school. The NYA was allowed a fund of \$50,000,000 with which to work.

The Committee of 100^{was} created upon suggestion of nine educators headed by Mr. Frank E. Baker, President of the State Teachers College. In all 156 names were suggested to Mayor Hoan and Mr. Lasher, who had joined His Honor in making the appointments. The 156 citizens had all declared their willingness to serve; all of them were appointed. In making the appointments the Mayor said: "The fact that Mr. Lasher joins in these appointments will enable the Committee to serve in a dual capacity."

For practical work the plenary committee was broken up into eleven subcommittees as follows:

- I. Committee on Administration.
- II. Committee on Research and Fact Finding.
- III. Committee on Guidance and Life Advisement.
- IV. Committee of Education.
- V. Committee on Proper Use of Leisure Time.
- VI. Committee of Cultural Education.
- VII. Committee on Limited Employability.
- VIII. Committee on Education for Public Service.
- IX. Committee on Current Employment.
- X. Committee on Delinquency.
- XI. Committee on Coordination and Cooperation
of Youth Organizations.

The Committee on Administration met regularly once a week at the Jewish Social Center on N Milwaukee Street. City Librarian M. S. Dudgeon, who had been appointed General Chairman by Mayor Hoan, was also Chairman of this committee. Other members of the administrative committee were:

Frank E. Baker	-----	President State Teachers College.
Ovid Blix	-----	Assistant, City Service.
Rev. E. LeRoy Dakin	--	Minister.
Dorothy Enderis	----	Director School Ext. Division.
Benjamin Glassberg	--	Supt. Out Door Relief.
Gilbert Clegg	-----	Playground Engineer.

(Continued on next page.)

Franz A. Kartak ----- Dean School of Engineering.
Richard E. Krug ----- City Reference Librarian.
Charles O. Neill ----- Executive Secretary.
Dr. C.M. Purin ----- Director Wis. Univ. Ext. Div.
Dr. Stewart Scrimshaw - Teacher Marq. University.
Mrs. H.G. Shellow ---- Psychiatrist.
Emil Seidel ----- Alderman, 9th Ward.

Reference Librarian Richard E. Krug was the Secretary of both, the general and administrative committees, never failing to be on hand to keep the records straight.

As always when something new is started, there were those when the Committee of 100 was created who predicted that it would never make a report. Well, they were wrong. "From time to time" as provided in the resolution there were a number of reports: State Supervisor of vocational education/Mr. John Lasher/reported three times. President of State teachers college Frank E. Baker prepared a written report on one phase of the problem. Psychiatrist Mrs. Shellow wrote several reports. Director of Wisconsin University extension division C.M. Purin prepared a report.

When the latter was read at a plenary session of the Committee there was present an elderly woman committee-member who protested sharply. When asked what part of the report she could agree to she did not specify and finally snapped: "Not any part! I'm against all of it." She made no argument and gave no reason for her stand.

Another committee-member asked: "What can we do with a member which never attends a meeting and then protests?"

Hopeless dreamer that I am - my hope was that out of our deliberations might grow the beginning of/^aParental College to preserve for our youth the benefits of the priceless experiences of our city's mature woman- and man-hood. The majority of the administrative committee favored continuation of the work being done, and suggestions for "Reorganization of the Mayor's Committee of 100" were offered and embodied in the minutes. But there was nothing further done.

When in the spring of 1936 my term as alderman expired, I was in my 72nd year - too old to try another strenuous campaign. During my political career I had been elected six times in all: twice as Alderman of the 20th ward, twice as Alderman at large, once as Alderman of the 9th ward and once as Mayor of the city. In addition I was appointed twice to the City Service Commission by Mayor Hoan. From 1904 to 1936 I had served the city 20 years. To defeat me ~~in~~ ~~the~~ in the mayoralty campaign of 1912, the republicans and democrats of all shades had to discard all their previous differences and combine. That was the beginning of the "non-partisan" sham; in practice they were as violently partisan as they had ever been.

When I began my term as alderman of the 9th ward former North Milwaukee had only recently been added to Milwaukee; everywhere the ward was beset with problems which needed immediate attention and plenty of money for their solution. ^{u/}Thousands of workers were unemployed; clogged sewers backed up into basements; an unruly creek flooded cellars; nineteen grade crossings menaced safety. To fill the cup of misery to overflowing Milwaukee had voted a budget-cut of \$7,000,000.

Under those conditions the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt as president with its resultant New Deal plans and recovery funds setup came as a life-saver. And we grabbed with both fists. I know of no other section of the city which for an equal territory got so much aid from state and federal recovery funds as the 9th ward with former North Milwaukee, the creek, the river and Lincoln Park. That was not favoritism nor discrimination. We had the problems which fairly cried out for solution.

To the credit of city officials let it be said: They saw the needs and answered even before they were called - Secretary Charles B. Whitnall and Planning engineer Charles B. Bennett. And no less

Commissioner Roland E. Stoelting, his Deputy Walter Palm, his staff of Bureau superintendents, notably George Kruell of sewers and Charles O. Davis of street sanitation, all of them did plucky work - six days a week - no, Sundays too, and nights when emergencies arose and pressed for attention. The eye of a well managed city is like the eye of a mother - Never Asleep!

However, it was not the arduous work which made my last four years as alderman the hardest of my public life. Several young aldermen with more zeal than experience and understanding wanted discipline in the socialist ranks - in their words, "lay down the law". Shouted one of them at a branch meeting: "Heads must come off". Following such talk the branch lost three active members that evening. It was not the way our party was built up.

Instead of doing real work they succeeded to get into a fight with the city treasurer over a few jobs. Not getting their way they preferred charges and had the treasurer expelled from the party. At this point the treasurer was offered no-partisan support if he would agree to run for mayor against D.W. Hoan. That he refused with the words: "I'm not fighting Mayor Hoan. I'll run independently for treasurer." He did just that and was re-elected to succeed himself with the highest vote given any single candidate.

In that election Mayor Hoan was again elected chief executive of the city. But the Socialists had fewer aldermen in the Council to support him. Sitting through those internal quarrels and seeing the movement for which we had worked so hard being wrecked is what hurt us old-timers - Strehlow, Dietz, Baumann, me and others more than words can tell. And how I warned them!

But such are the chances of political movements.

We must gradually work our way toward an end; and there are yet so many things to say. Besides, old people are said to be talkative - they tell too much. Maybe, but have they not lived a long time and learned a lot? So what? Our experiences are our most valuable accretions. We can not leave them to our most favored relatives or friends. When we die our experiences die with us. So let us do the best we can and talk while we're yet alive.

As stated before, when returning from Florence I moved to Garden Homes and bought the place I live in under a land contract. So let's begin with Garden Homes.

(Please turn to next page)

Originally Garden Homes was built as a cooperative of 100 homes; my home is one of the hundred. After retiring as alderman I wrote as follows:

"GARDEN HOMES STEPS OUT

"Garden Homes was born about fifteen years ago. From the beginning it was a different sort of kid in the real estate family than was ever seen in this city. So people talked.

And when people talk they tell all that is bad and rarely anything that's good. Speculators, abstracters, realtors, contractors - all talked very bad. Of course, people who believed them also talked including some aldermen and supervisors.

So Garden Homes got much abuse. It did things different than did other people. It platted different. It didn't plat as many lots to an acre as did others. The lots were much larger. It built for only one family on each lot. Worse than that - the streets were not straight, there were no alleys, houses were too far apart, and ~~over~~ two acres were wasted on a neighborhood park for the use of all. Naturally mothers came with their babies from tenements (misnamed apartments) to this little park for a sunning and a romp.

But Garden Homes company was honest. (Frank Harder saw to it.) When recently its accounts were closed there was a surplus of about \$250 returned to every original home owner. Who ever heard of such a thing in real estate? So much for the company. Those interested in the early details will find a valuable monograph by Assistant librarian Helen Terry in the reference library.

Now I am speaking of Garden Homes as it is today. The building and living is not nearly completed; but there's been enough to see results. Don't take my word but hear what others have to say.

Secretary of Interior Ickes paid Milwaukee a visit for the purpose of inspecting federal projects and particularly housing projects. He had but a few hours for the reception, an auto tour and the luncheon. The tour was routed through Garden Homes to Parklawn. Ald. Soref and the writer represented the Common Council on the reception committee.

Seated at the table Ald. Soref asked me: "D'you know what impressed me most on the whole tour?"

"No, what?"

"Garden Homes," he answered.

"But why Garden Homes?"

"Well, you know it was so different - as if we were going into another town. The flags were out, the people were out, the children yelled: 'the President is coming - the President is coming!' It was a surprise to me; I never had seen Garden Homes; it all came so unexpected."

A woman employed with the Chicago Tribune spent a few days at our home. It was her first visit to our settlement. Almost in

one breath with her greetings she exclaimed: "My, but you are living here like in Hollywood."

A friend from New York called on me to solicit my aid in arranging a students' tour to Europe. Not finding me home he called at my downtown office next day.

"I called at your home yesterday; but you're living pretty out there. I would like that myself. What does it cost to live out there?"

"What would it cost you in New York?" I countered.

"In New York? We couldn't have it at all in the city. We would have to go out pretty far and figure on \$14,000. What does it cost you here?" he asked again.

"Well, the homes in our little settlement are in the \$5,000 class, just about right for a worker with a steady job to keep it up nicely."

He held his breath, stared incredulously and after a moment's thought sighed wistfully: "Gee, I'd like to bring my family to Milwaukee."

It would be easy to add cases by the dozen. An old friend and I met. After greetings he said: "I saw you last Sunday and waved to you. You were in your back yard. My wife and I go to Cedarburg often to visit the old folks; every time we come back she asks me to drive through Garden Homes. She says it's so cozy, so restful."

Every lot contains at least 4,000 square feet of space. A six room home occupies 1,348 square feet. The rest is open space. Some owners have encroached on that space by building a garage, thereby detracting from the beauty of the setting. Originally a community garage had been planned which with a service station would have paid for itself.

Ours is a 4,000 square foot lot with a six room dwelling. The distance from our home to the one north is 20 feet; to the one south of us 17 feet. These open spaces are of prime importance. They permit the sun to shine into every room of our home every day of the year if the sky is clear. Of how many homes in Milwaukee can that be said?

I occupy the southwest up stairs room in our home. During the winter months I have sunshine from 10 a.m. until the sun sets. For the rest of the year the sun visits with me two hours earlier. Of how many bedrooms in Milwaukee can that be said?

My room has two windows, one to the south and one to the west. What I can see from those windows throughout the seasons of the year and the ever changing moods of the days is beyond expression. One can only see, muse and let emotions strike the chords. Some day we shall rear the masters who can command speech, color and sound to express it all.

In the meantime we must bungle as best we can. And so I have tried to express in color what I can see from my windows. In all I've thus far made ten scenes, all of them as seen from my two windows. They are named: Good Morning, Springtime,

Memorial Day, Summertime, September Showers, The Dying Day,
Good Night, Moonlight, Winter Snow, Through Two Panes."

And there are perhaps twenty more that should be made as soon as I can get to it. Of those I've made, three are pastels, five aqua-relles, and two black and white.

Work? No, its play; but as serious as children at play. I try hard to put on paper what my eyes see. Still I fail; when a picture is done it's never good enough to express what I feel.

"We have made a find. We stands for David, Hilmar, Venlo, Virden and I, all of us working together. The four lads are students at Garden Homes school. They are always busy and yet forever planning what to do next.

Surely, Nancy and Johnny helped too, with their many questions and ready advice. They are a few years younger and have a strong bent for natural research. Soils, sands, clays, muds and water are their media, no matter what the weather.

Just how much our find may add to science we dare not say at this time; it may be a link missing somewhere in a chain; or it may be a link in some new chain. And again, it may be only a grotesque spurt of our fancy. Whatever it is it will have to stand on its own feet. Then why should we worry? There it is!

It was all started by Teddy, one of our neighbors on Port Sunlight Way. He's a man with hobbies and he does things. We believe in such men. They enrich life and add to democratic culture.

Teddy has an aquarium. He can tell real fish-stories, not the Burlington kind. And he can tell about birds and gives them asylum. He has built them maternity hospitals. He doesn't like the nosing sparrow nor bullying starling. But that's another story.

Teddy also has fruit trees; but they never grew fruit. One of them in particular, a plum tree, was much taller than the rest. It had a short trunk from which grew five minor trunks. Every spring that tree was one mass of blossoms. When the petals dropped That ended the crop.

Looking at it one day, Teddy said: "Wood aplenty but no fruit."

"Give it time," I answered, "at least you're getting shade if no fruit."

"Time," scorned Teddy, "that tree is old enough to know better. I'll give it a good pruning and that'll be its last chance." That was two years ago.

Last spring the tree did no better. Then one day Teddy came out with a spade, an axe and a crowbar. He dug deep around the roots and chopped at them. The tree did not budge. He dug and chopped some more with the same result. He brought out a four-by-four and called upon Mrs. Teddy for help. He chopped and dug and chopped some more but the tree clung to its roots. It seemed as if an underground force was holding the other ends and wouldn't let go. Finally, after more hours of hardest work, the tree seemed to groan and was laid out. Teddy and his wife were all "in".

It hurt me to see that tree end in such a way for I'm fond of trees. I asked Teddy to let me have the crotch. "Go ahead, take all you want," he answered.

Well, I fetched a saw and got the crotch. That was the first step in our find though I did not know it at the time. I took it to my basement where it might season not too fast. All through the fall and winter I kept it there.

OUR FIND

OUR FIND



This is what we did with our "Find":
Put it on top of our arbour.

There was something spooky about that crotch. As often as we looked at it and as position, light and shadows changed it appeared different. Yet always a head seemed to peer from it. The boys saw it too. More impatient and less judicious than I, they chopped at it with a scout axe. They did little harm and got nowhere. The wood was too tough for them.

Along in February I set to work with chisles and mallet. Chip by chip I removed all wild growth. What had all along seemed hazy now became clear outline, shape and form. There was a head in that crotch. But what sort of a head. No wonder the tree could bear no fruit.

The boys came in. They stared wide-eyed. Gingerly they felt and touched with their fingers. "That looks fierce," whispered Venlo. Hilmar's eyes sparkled as he exclaimed: "That's swell." Virden classified: "It looks just like a prehistoric monster." "What is it called?" ventured David.

"I can't tell until we find more of its parts," I answered.

That was the first part of our find: The head with its gaping jaws, the mulish ears, its single broken tusklike horn, and its hollow eyesockets staring ominously. Perhaps some ravenous vulture had plucked out the eyeballs when the unlucky creature met its end.

The lads did not like those eyesockets. "Why don't you put eyes in 'em?" they insisted. "I would, if I had the eyes," I said. "We'll look for them," they promised. Two weeks passed. One day Virden stormed in all flushed: "I think I've got the eyes, I'm not sure, You try 'em." It was he who found the eyes.

Then we found the body. We found the legs one by one. We found part of the tail. The search for these is a story by itself which we may write some day. We also found a name: Plutosaur. The name might explain why the poor tree could bear no fruit.

One Saturday when the boys had no school we found the place to put our Plutosaur - on the roof of our arbor for a ridgepole.

Now you must come and see our find. Perhaps you can offer some valuable suggestions which may help to clear up the mystery. "

* * *

"You're writing Garden Homes legends," said Leo Wolfsohn.

"Only what I see," I answered .

FAIRIES

(Mizzy and Whizzy)

When our daughter was a child she wanted her bedtime stories. I ran out of fairy tales and so I spun yarns of my own, using elements of nature for persons; and letting these persons do what the elements do. Nature lessons, so to say. ^{Since retiring I've put some} ~~Some xxxxxx xxxxxx~~ in writing, using as simple words as I can think of. Here are a few of them.

I

"There is a little girl whom we shall name Mizzy; and she has a little brother whom we will call Whizzy.

They are different than any children ^{we} know of. They never go to sleep for they have so many things to do.

They never stop to eat lunch as other children do. Day and night they are busy at their work and play.

And they can do so many wonderful things.

We know of boys and girls who do things; and every day they learn to do more things.

But Mizzy and Whizzy can do far greater things - things which nobody else can do.

They have the good habit always to work and play together. They never fight one another.

If by chance they are parted they seem unhappy until they find eachother.

Never do they play tricks on eachother. They play fair.

They have no hands as we have; yet they do great things.

They have no feet as we have; yet they move about freely.

Really at times they move very much faster than we can run."

II

"Before we tell of the things Mizzy and Whizzy do we must know more about themselves.

Mizzy has so many sisters that no one can count them. In all the world there are not enough numbers to count them.

And no one can count all the brothers Whizzy has.

(Mizzy and Whizzy 2)

Nobody in this wide world can live without Mizzy or Whizzy; or without the many brothers and sisters they have. If only one were taken away, none of us could live.

So important are they to us. From that we can learn how much little things count.

Withal Mizzy and Whizzy are queer little wights. We can not see Whizzy but we can feel him. And we can see the things he does.

Mizzy can be seen; we can really see through her. Then the things we see through her seem larger or they seem all out of shape.

Mizzy can make herself so rare that no one can see her. Then she is quite as invisable as her brother.

Both, Mizzy and Whizzy have yet other strange features. We shall learn of them as our story moves on."

III

"Mizzy and Whizzy are real children of nature. All the things they do are natural; even those that we do not like.

When I was a boy I saw my father look at the sky to see what kind of weather we might have during the day.

One morning he said: "A heavy dew fell last night; we should have a fine day.

I mumbled to myself: "I want to see that dew," and went outside.

All over the yard there were millions of tiny drops. They had settled everywhere - on the steps, the housetops, the garden and the grass; even on the pump handle and the spout.

In the sunshine the drops sparkled like diamonds. And when I went over the lawn my shoes were wet as if I had stepped into water.

On a red rose hung a drop which seemed larger than the rest. It twinkled like a morning star. That was Mizzy; and all the other drops were her sisters.

A soft breath of air wafted over the yard. That was Whizzy.

Shortly the dew was gone; no one could see whereto. But it was gone. Mizzy sparkled a little longer; then she was gone.

"Where does the dew go?" I asked my father.

"The dry air absorbs it," he answered. "It moistens the air so that it is good to breathe."

Ah, so it was Whizzy who had carried Mizzy off.

(Mizzy and Whizzy 3)

That morning they had a wonderful trip, high up in the sky. As they became warmer they rose higher and higher.

They moved softly so no one could hear them; not like an airplane with its harsh noises.

Oh, how I wished I could go up with them. But I could not fly like a bird. So I imagined I was with them.

We rose far above the city. There it was below us with its many streets, squares and buildings. There was our home; and a few squares away our Union School.

Then we saw the three rivers of Milwaukee like crooked silvery threads. And big Lake Michigan seemed like a sea of silver.

And we saw green meadows, fields and forests to the north, south and west of our city.

Then mother broke the spell: "What are you dreaming? Hurry, get off to school." "

- - - - -

IV

"Our schoolroom had a row of windows to the east and another to the west. I sat near a west window one afternoon.

All windows were open, it was a very warm day and no wind. A sultry day, teacher said. Nearly all of us perspired.

From the east windows we saw snow-white clouds over the lake. To the west dazzling clouds crept up ever higher - heads of wild beasts or men as if playing a game.

And I mused: How wonderful to be a dewdrop rising up and up, traveling here and there, far and wide.

All seemed quiet as if asleep. No leaves trembled, no birds flitted. From afar we heard a locomotive chug-chug; then it was still. A dog yapped, once, twice and then no more.

From the horizon over the housetops rose a bank of black clouds. Its edge rolled and pitched wildly. Now and then a streak of fire and a muffled growl. They came fast. White clouds and sun were gone.

A fierce gust of cold wind kicked up dust, snapped branches and pitched everything about madly. Quickly teacher closed all windows. All lessons ceased.

A blinding flash - white, blue, red; a terrible crash rattled the windows and shook the building. As if our world was being torn to pieces. The storm had broken. No one spoke, not even teacher.

Rain and hail fell in sheets. At times the air seemed like a white wall. Violent gusts dashed it against building and windows. But they held.

Zig-zag lightning streaked every which way. The heavens crashed and growled like maddened beasts. Like a mighty organ playing an overture. Our schoolroom seemed almost dark.

The storm had spent its fury. The black clouds moved on to south-east. There was still fire and thunder in them.

The sky opened up; darkness was gone. A gentle rain fell. Teacher opened the windows. A clean, fresh air filled the room. All of us smiled with relief. Teacher dismissed the class.

Yellow rivulets hurried down the gutters. We took off shoes and stockings to slosh through the running water and pools in the road.

We passed the hugh elm which stood on a nearly vacant square. Look! The tree was split from top to bottom. The split-off part leaned dangerously to a fall. In a few days the "big elm" was dead. --

~~THAT'S WHAT MIZZY AND WHIZZY AND THEIR BROTHERS AND SISTERS CAN DO
WHEN THEY "GANG UP" IN UNCOUNTED NUMBERS AND GREAT FORCE. TO BE
SURE, SUN, HEAT AND COLD HELP ALONG.~~

That's what Mizzy and Whizzy and their brothers and sisters can do when they "gang up" in uncounted numbers and great force. To be sure, sun, heat and cold help along."

~~~~~  
(To be continued)

It was December '39. The Ninth ward branch decided to celebrate my 75th anniversary with a birthday party. Comrade Leo Wolfsohn planned that and was committee Chairman; other members were Mrs. J. F. Mueller and Nathan Sherman. Arthur Urbanek, my campaign manager in '32, did the boosting. Party secretary Frank Zeidler made all arrangements.

The Bakery Workers' Union baked the cake as a gift for the occasion. The cake was large enough to give all a helping with a sizable piece left for the birthday kid. The comrades of the Women's branches prepared and served the dinner.

It was a party of "old-timers", over three hundred of them, with most of the oldest who had gone over the great divide, missing. But their shadows still lingered and softened the gathering. Comrade Paul Gauer of branch 17 and one-time president of the common council, acted as toast master. Mayor Dan Hoan, our first City Attorney, spoke. Our first City Treasurer Charles B. Whitnall, pioneer planner of national fame, spoke. Carl P. Dietz, our first City Comptroller and veteran Alderman of Ward 10, spoke. We had grown old together and the tributes paid applied to them as well, not omitting the rank and file.

Other speakers of the evening were: Henry Ohl, Jr, an early member of Branch 20 and now president of the Wisconsin Federation of Labor, succeeding Frank J. Weber; Jake Friederick, organizer and secretary of the Federated Trades Council; State Senator George Hampel, a live guide to sympathizers when we were in need of financial aid; Assemblyman Andrew Biemiller, whose sole aim was to build the Socialist party; Al Benson, our party secretary, a virile speaker and once the County sheriff; Ex-Alderman Max Grass, for years an active member of the Police and Fire commission; Mrs. Meta Berger, veteran member of the school board and its one-time president; George Mensing, many years member of the City Service Commission;



(Anniversary 2)

Assistant City Attorney Gene L. Green, who as a newsboy promptly brought the Milwaukee Leader to my home in all sorts of weather - rain or shine, summer heat or wintry storms. He never failed.

Never had the banquet hall of the "West-seite Turn Verein" held a more sincere gathering. The second generation of my old Branch 20, led by Comrades Gelhausen, Koth, Ladewig, Reuter and others, had taken possession of platform and piano and from that elevation enlivened the program with cheers. Comrades Will Maas, Ed. Matthes with a second team responded.

With the oral tributes there were also two in manuscript - one by Frederick Heath which was read because he could not be present. Comrade Heath with Victor L. Berger were Milwaukee's members on the first Executive committee of the Social Democracy. The other manuscript was by Charles D. Boyd.

~~Sidney Hillman wired for the nationally Amalgamated Garment workers.~~  
~~xxxxxx~~

Together with the speeches came the shower of cards, letters and telegrams representing Socialists, Unions, families and individuals. Sidney Hillman wired for the nationally Amalgamated Garment workers. M. Spitzer sent a night letter for Amalgamated of Michigan. A.G. Piepenhagen added felicities of Milwaukee's garment workers. Leo Krzycki, national organizer for the Garment workers added his good wishes. All of those were the backwash of the "David Adler" strike.

And there were messages from Severino Pollo of Michigan C.I.O.; from the Pollo's of Los Angeles; from Oscar Vosswinkel, secretary of my own branch; from Walter Stroesser, my former secretary; from Arnold Zander of Two Rivers; from the Hasso Pestalozzi family of Milwaukee; from the Max Raskin family of Milwaukee; from Norman Thomas, our candidate for president; from Carl Sandburg, with a subsequent autographed gift of "Abraham Lincoln - The War Years"; and from ~~my~~ various nieces and nephews of my own

family in Wisconsin and other states. Opposite of the speakers' table facing me, sat Leo Wolfsohn with his son Venlo at his side radiant with smiles over the work he had done, yet never saying a word.

Three days I had worked over my speech, put it in writing so as not to falter; and when Toastmaster Paul Gauer called on me for a few remarks - well, I couldn't muster sufficient calm to read it. Through the courtesy of Party-secretary Carl Zeidler and Stenographer Ruth Ritter that speech was mimeographed and mailed to over three-hundred of my comrades.

## SEVENTY - FIVE

Days

The Speech I Worked Over For Three/And Then ~~But~~  
Did Not Make

---

"My dear Comrades:-

I want to thank you all for this party - the comrades who arranged it, the comrades who made the dinner, the comrades who served it, the comrade toastmaster, the comrades speakers, and the press.

This is December 1939. Fifty-three years ago I went to Germany for my health and to learn more of my trade as wood carver. During those six years I was converted to Socialism; but not without a mental struggle which lasted years.

In 1892 I returned to Milwaukee. Working on Columbian Exposition displays, I met Comrade Adolph Heumann who told me of the Arbeiter Zeitung, its editor Victor Berger and the Sozialistische Vereinigung of Milwaukee. It was he who introduced <sup>(me)</sup> to its members at their next meeting.

The Vereinigung (union) numbered about thirty members, banded together after the Eight Hour fiasco of 1886, keeping the lights aburning while waiting for the night to pass. They had little money and met in Jacob Hunger's job printery in the basement of Union Hall, on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut street.

At these meetings I met the prominent Socialists of those days - Comrades Berger, Brockhausen, Doerfler Sr., Elsner, Hunger, Kleist, Kranzfelder, Luchsinger, Moerschel, Richter, Schranz, Ziegler, and others whose names do not come readily. Throughout the city there were several thousand readers of the Arbeiter Zeitung, late the weekly Vorwaerts. Most of those early pioneer have passed on.

Let Us Rise A Moment In Honor Of Their Memory! -

Sometimes a thoughtless one will say: Socialism is dead. Is it? Most emphatically - NO! So far from death is Socialism, that the Social Revolution is really on. None of us like it. It is so different than we dreamed. And our lamps are not aburning.

The Eastern hemisphere writhes in a life and death struggle. Why? Because it will not get together. Capitalist imperialism is gasping. It can not give us anything better than war and more war. The World is sick. It needs a strong shot of Socialism. Go out! Tell it to the world. Cry it from the housetops. THAT IS OUR MISSION!

Looking forward we pause. Naturally for the task seems impossible. There is so much to be done; all so very painful. Like losing our pet rag doll. Sure it hurts. That's good. When it hurts, no more, we're dead. Then let's be glad of the pain; something new ~~is~~ being borne. Maybe not quite as we planned it. No baby ever is. What of it? It eases the pain, fills the gap and fits the need.

When tired, let's stop a moment to recover strength. While resting we glance backward to see the distance we have come. Look!

Sixty-five years ago we had few labor unions. We worked from ten to fourteen hours a day, six, seven days a week. Now we're working part time - seven, six, five hours a day; five, four, three days a week. Still, millions have no work at all. That's fine - don't "yammer" - that's fine. We must now find new work for them - work which capitalism cannot do - work that will benefit all of us.

Sixty years ago the pay was one to two dollars a day; A wage of less than one dollar a day was not rare; and above two dollars a day were good wages. Very few received good wages. When we struck, the police beat up our pickets. A Wisconsin governor sent militia to break our eight-hour strike. A U.S.A. president used the military to break the A.R.U. strike. Thugs mobbed union quarters and smashed our property. For them it was always a picnic, but not for us. We had to build anew.

We need not taunt European imperialism. Every American employer was boss in his own factory. Capitalists can never settle the wage problem. To assure American labor a measure of justice, the Wagner law was passed and the N.L.R.B. established. But the masters are busy to destroy that law. They will never cooperate.

Europe's people are starving. They need food. We have a surplus of that. But Europe's imperialists do not buy food; they want bombers. They want "liquidate" their empires. That can not bring peace to Europe. Europe needs a big shot of Socialism. Socialism alone can build for peace.

Look backward again: Forty years ago eighty out of every one-hundred boys and girls went to work in shops, factories and mills at the tender ~~sixfourteen~~ age of fourteen, thirteen or twelve years, there to become easy prey to lurking diseases and early decay. Tuberculosis held a rich harvest among the young. We injected practical Socialism and much propaganda into the problem: Child labor had to go in spite of all opposition. Today, even many capitalists see the light.

Because of "production for profit" factories lost their fitness to teach a trade. With much agitation and a bit of Socialism, we got manual training in our public schools, built trade schools and the largest vocational school in the country. Today our Young people get an education we could not have sixty years ago. Tonight we rejoice in having helped to make that possible.

Fifty years ago, children who worked had no places for recreation after work. Gathering on street corners they were gruffly ordered to "Move On". Playing in alleys they were made to "Move On". Saloons were no fit places for them and they had to "Move On". And the city had no place to invite them to "Come In". The youngsters found their own places. From these they burst forth as "Bloody Sixty-Four", "Teutonia Indians" or other perverse gangs bent upon mischief.

We had few parks, no playgrounds, no Social Centers, no recreational programs. Now we have the best recreational system in our country, headed by the matchless Dorothy Enderis. And it is being maintained by our school department at public expense. Much work and a quickened social conscience turned the trick.



Forty years ago we had no organized Child Welfare, no Visiting Nurses. In sections of our city over one-half of all births, died prematurely. Mothers could only sob over their little ones. Now Milwaukee's death rates of young and old, are the lowest in our wide land. Again agitation and a social conscience did the work.

it  
Surely, we did not do all alone. That would not be Social-democracy. But all the social forces cooperating did it. The social spirit cannot be copyrighted by any group; that would not be social.

Others - merciful angels of Democracy - were touched by the spirit and joined the crusades: Dr. Dearholt, Sarah Boyd, Dr. Beffel, Rev. Greenman, Rev. Edwards, Rev. H.H. Jacobs, Dorothy Enderis, Ludwig Kottbauer, our own Comrade Whitnall and an host of others heard the call, rolled up the sleeves, planned, plodded and built. The Unions and their officials stood as "Minute Men", doing yeoman service on a moment's notice. UNITED WE LIVE - DIVIDED WE DIE.

Now we're here - not to feast - but to be together.

We've gone a long way; there's yet a far greater way to go. We are dazed - bewildered. Aye, the world's moving fast, so fast that we're not ready. Be not afraid Comrades! Be not afraid! Stand Up! You have the goods.

Science is coming to our aid; every laboratory in the world - chemical, clinical, physical, technical - is coming to our aid; the burly Nick Trauts with balled fists, quivering lips and tear-dimmed eyes are coming to our aid; even Capitalism is coming to our aid by abdicating its responsibilities, thus tottering to its doom.

We're on the Move - from long hours to few hours a day; from seven days to four days a week; from plague and ~~distressing~~ death to health and life; from strife and warfare to world cooperation, world peace and the International Social Democracy.

THANK YOU, COMRADES, THANK YOU!

January, 1940.

Emil Seidel."



(C.B. Whitnall)

Comrades and friends had united to arrange a picnic for July 27, 1940, at Whitnall Park to honor Comrade Whitnall, father of our county parkway system. Hundreds of picnickers drifted in to view the park, the arboretum, the building and to stop for a chat and pass on quite informally.

After luncheon we gathered in the silent beauty of the arboretum flooded with golden sunlight to hear of the planner and his plans. It was the lot of this writer to preside at the gathering and present the builder of parkways as follows:

"Charles B. Whitnall - Our Pioneer Planner -  
Harbinger of a new plan to think, work and live -  
Educator, preacher, writer of a new economy -  
Prophet, and Seer of a coming epoch -

-o-

Some there are with more words than they can properly use.

They talk of pipe-dreams to excuse their gin-dreams.

But Whitnall uses neither gin nor tobacco.

And the caller of names attests that he does not understand.

-o-

Years ago Whitnall asked me to join him; there was something for me to see.

We used the trolley part way, then hiked the rest and stopped on a hill; before us spread the scene of an abused marsh.

Everywhere rushes, weeds, scrubs with silvery patches of water; all along the fringe dumps of waste and debris.

Sweeping his right hand and his left over the scene, he said:

"Look - all of that must be made over."

"Oh - but that's some job."

"I know - but it must be done," he emphasized.

-o-

Today there winds through that scene the Kinnickinic with drives on both sides.

It is fair to say: "That's nature face-lifting." Comrade Whitnall has lifted the face of Milwaukee county and is now at work on Kettle Morain valley.

With his "well along in the eighties" he's as young as the youngest of us - and far more mature.

-o-

Comrade Whitnall has done other things. As city treasurer he had a bill passed in the legislature, extending payment of taxes to July first of the current year. Many a worker saved his home by that plan. The worker saved four percent, the city earned six percent and the loan shark lost ten percent.

-o-

Another Whitnall plan would have freed Milwaukee from debt years ago had it been adopted.

Let Milwaukee be its own banker, he proposes.

M I L W A U K E E  
Its Banker

Deposit City Bonds with State treasurer as Security; place City Treasurer under supervision of Bank Examiner.

Let the people place its savings in the City Treasury; pay depositors three percent interest.

The City could earn the difference between three percent it would pay and the interest it does pay for loans.

-o-

A few crumbs of the bread Comrade Whitnall breaks with us:

"Marsh, creek, river, lake once took care of flood waters and repaid us with birds, fish, flowers and wild life."

"With rapid transit, telephone and radio we do not need congestion; decentralization has set in. Now plan for it!"

"The history of civilization is a record of increasing deserts; All deserts are man made."

"Mountains, hills, forests, valleys, marshes, creeks, lakes are all in natural order; destroy any part and desolation sets in."

And so Comrade Whitnall spreads a gospel of conservation, every day, each year, as long as I've known him.

-o-

I've named Whitnall a Seer. Dante was called a Seer. As a boy I read Dante's Inferno with pictures by Dore. I dreamt nightmares of its horrors and screamed till mother awoke me to life.

Well - Dante was given a monument - he standing on a promontory, looking sternly out upon the void - pointing an accusing finger: "Leave all hope behind - Ye who enter here."

-o-

I have in mind a monument: Whitnall standing on a promontory, tall, erect, sweeping his right hand and his left over space, gently calling the unseen and unseeing millions: Come - live - plan - build - play - laugh and sing!

That's our Comrade Whitnall."

## WHAT NOW ?

It has taken many years of persistent cooperation between scrupulous administration and public spirited citizenship to build the reputation for achievement Milwaukee has gained; still our problems seem to be growing in number and size. Then - What can we do? There's but one answer: Meet each difficulty arising with a will to solve it. We've always found a way.

But let's hear what others have to say. The President Hoover committee on Recent Social Trends (\*) made an extensive report on its findings in two volumes containing 26 monographs and a lengthy introduction. On page lxiii of this introduction we read:

"Those who reason in terms of 'isms' or of the theoretical rightness or wrongness of state activity may be profoundly perplexed by the range of governmental expansion or contraction, but the student of social trends observes nothing alarming in the widely varying forms of social adjustment undertaken by government, whether maternal, paternal or fraternal, from one period to another."

On pages lxxi and lxxii we read as follows:

"Implementing Public Policy. In beginning this report this Committee stated that the major emerging problem is that of closer coordination and more effective integration of the swiftly changing elements in American social life. What are the prerequisites of a successful, long time constructive integration of social effort?

"Indispensable among these are the following:

"Willingness and determination to undertake important integral changes in the reorganization of social life, including the economic and political orders, rather than a policy of drift.

"Recognition of the role which science must play in such reorganization of life.

"Continuing recognition of the intimate interrelationship between changing scientific techniques, varying social interests and institutions, modes of social education and action of broad social purposes.

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\*) Committee on Recent Social Trends:

Wesley C. Mitchell, Chairman; Charles E. Merriam, Vice Chairman;  
Shelby M. Harrison, Secretary-Treasurer;  
Alice Hamilton; Howard W. Odum; William F. Ogburn;  
Executive Staff:  
William F. Ogburn, Director of research;  
Howard W. Odum, Assistant Director of Research;  
~~Wesley~~ Edward Eyre ~~Wesley~~ Hunt, Executive Secretary.

"Scientific ways and means of procedure for continuing research and for the formulation of concrete policies as well as for the successful administration of the lines of action indicated."

Finally, one more quotation from page lxxiv, of same source:

"The alternative to constructive social initiative may conceivably be a prolongation of drift and some readjustment as time goes on. More definite alternatives, however, are urged by dictatorial systems in which the factors of force and violence may loom large. In such cases the basic decisions are frankly imposed by power groups, and violence may subordinate technical intelligence in social guidance."

"Unless there can be more impressive integration of social skills and fusing social purposes than is revealed by recent trends, there can be no assurance that these alternatives with their accompaniments of violent revolution, dark periods of serious repression of libertarian and democratic forms, the proscription and loss of many useful elements in the present productive systems, can be averted."

Well, the foregoing is only part of what the Committee on Recent Social Trends told President Herbert Clark Hoover in its 1,500 page report. Much more could be cited, but this is enough to indicate the whither of our journey. Of course, timid souls will cry out in dismay: Why, that's Socialism!

Go easy, be not alarmed, that's not Socialism; no more so than the first creeping efforts of a baby is a runaway. Even President Roosevelt's new deal is not Socialism; he merely saw a grave situation, saw a way out and boldly did his duty. Surely, no one can charge American bankers with being socialistic; yet when President Roosevelt declared a bank holiday the bankers slept soundly for the first time in months. It wasn't Socialism or private capitalism which did that; it was only a shot of government dictatorship.

As for Milwaukee? It has for decades experimented with a sort of democracy of its own in which many private citizens gave freely of their time and talent, helping city government to solve many of its knotty problems. That was "closer coordination and effective intergation."

When in the early seventies six Water Commissioners built our first Water Works in "One year and seven months from the time that



~~xxxxxx~~ ground was first broken the whole city was supplied with water for all purposes." That was a case of "closer coordination and more effective integration" for a given purpose. ~~xxxxxx~~ Did it hurt or even harm anybody? No! Rather, the whole community benefited immeasurably.

It was the late Mayor Rose who appointed the first Metropolitan park commission; its purpose was to plan a system of parked highways for the city. Locust street on the north side was chosen as the first east-west highway and a beginning made on the west end where few buildings interfered. Realty interests contested the action in court and the first parkway was dead. Kilbourn highway had many hurdles to make before it was built from the Lake front to the Court House on Ninth street. From Tenth street west that highway is still a dream. Capital Drive and Oklahoma Avenue were easier; property owners co-operated.

Beginning with 1910 the Common Council created a number of commissions, each charged with a specific problem. Competent citizens served with diligence and loyalty without reward other than <sup>knowing</sup> success; some of the <sup>m/</sup> over thirty years. Councils following have created other civic committees, many of them with lustrous achievements.

Today these civic bodies have become a valuable part of our city government. Such a body of men and women has the peculiar faculty to lift an issue from political caterwaul and put it in the civic realm. The most recent creation is the municipal Housing Authority clothed with extensive powers. Let's <sup>hope</sup> that it will make good to the best of its ability. It is this willingness of our citizens to serve the general good which has given our city its enviable records.

And when the tocsin rings to call for greater tasks, Milwaukee's man- and woman-hood will be ready to respond for it has had some practice in "closer coordination and more effective integration".



In June 1838 the then Mayor D.W.Hoan designated Milwaukee's retired officials "The Soul" and attributed to them certain civic qualifications. The object sought was to permit our city to benefit from the practical experience gained by them in their long years of faithful service. It was an objective worth going after.

In the same month The Soul had its first meeting. Three of us were present: Charles Hauserman, for many years secretary to the Park Board, but now retired; Max R.Schade, a prominent citizen always ~~im~~ interested in city welfare; and I, being the third. The meeting was at my home. Mr. Hauserman was the chairman and Seidel made notes for the minutes; merely a matter of habit. For the rest it was a quite informal conference.

In our confab we rambled far afield to see what we might find, touched upon many matters and agreed that there was work aplenty for willing hands to do.

And we saw: Every year a certain number of young people come of age, meaning that henceforth they are full-grown citizens. To each of the young that is an important event; as a community we pass it up without as much as a Good-bye to the leaving youngsters nor a Welcome to the arriving citizens. Without a murmur each one alone must find his place, shoulder his load and fall in line. Recognition? Not a note in the press, nor a shred of paper to prove citizenship.

And we saw how differently is treated the foreigner who comes to be one of us. We print instructions, prepare him, hear him in court, order his citizenship, fill in his signalment and hand him his papers under signature and seal of the Court. A press has the news - a proud day for the foreigner!

And the three of us stared at each other and agreed that we must do better by our own youth. We agreed that the birthday of our Nation is the proper day on which each year's installment of our youth ~~should~~

## BRING FORESTS BACK

coming of age should with appropriate ceremony be inducted into citizenship and given a proper certificate. The three of us agreed and were enthusiastic. Mr. Hauserman offered to take up the suggestion, after his return from a visit to Florida, with the educational director of the American Legion. And that was our first soul-meeting.

For the next meeting I prepared a paper of about a thousand or more words proposing to bring back the forests to Milwaukee city and county. Tax-delinquent land should not be returned to speculation but held for public purposes, planted with shrubbery and trees, used for neighborhood breathing spots, baby playgrounds, woodlots, with the larger patches used for timber growth. No land, including privately owned, should be left idle.

Neither our community nor private owners can gain anything by letting idle land run wild, inviting unsightly rubbish dumps overgrown with quack grass, tempting playful boys to start prairie fires and calling out fire forces; besides the constant demand on ward men to cut weeds lest hay fever victims be made to suffer.

About twenty years ago we planted trees along the streets of Garden Homes, in all 165 of them. During that time all of them have grown to over thirty, many to forty and some to fifty feet in height. None of the trunks are less than eight inches diameter; most of them vary between three and four-one-half feet in circumference. On the whole they are a lot of fine trees after getting ordinary protection and an occasional pruning or spraying. Of course, that's all commonplace, it's done all over the city.

True, but here's the point. Between Garden Homes and Teutonia avenue is a vacant strip of land of more than 60,000 square feet, growing only weeds. Had we planted trees twenty years ago that land would have grown wealth and a wonderful windbreak to protect Garden Homes school

and playground lying immediately across the street. How much that strip of woodland might have added to the joy and health of children and teachers and pedestrians, can not be put into figures. And how many thousands of acres lie fallow and how much wealth we lose because of this improvidence we do not know. The question of ownership of land can not stand in the way when the loss is to all of us. Moreover, such pieces of forest would be natural air conditioners, mellowing and purifying the air we breathe. Birds and beasts know that. —

Well, those were the arguments for not selling tax delinquent land but use it to bring the forest back to Milwaukee city and county. And I had them ready to be discussed at the next soul-meeting. But we never met again and I filed the paper for future reference.

## W H I T H E R

In July 1935 Milwaukee had its first Mid-Summer Festival\*) conceived and sponsored by Mayor D. W. Hoan and planned to be an annually recurring affair. Announced His Honor on the occasion:

"New Orleans has its Mardi Gras, Portland has its Rose Festival, Louisville has its Kentucky Derby, Memphis has its Cotton Carnival, and Milwaukee has its Mid-Summer Festival....

"The hundreds of thousands of people, including many visitors, who attended the Civic Homecoming in 1933.... furnished conclusive proof that these community festivals are highly desirable, not only because of the variety of wholesome entertainment, but also because of the cultural and educational value afforded.

"This year's celebration has for its nucleus the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Township of Milwaukee and the County of Milwaukee, the latter comprising the present areas of Ozaukee, Washington, Waukesha, Jefferson, Racine, Kenosha, Walworth and Rock counties, with portions of Green, Dane and Dodge counties.

"In commemoration of this dual anniversary, the County of Milwaukee joined with the city of Milwaukee in arranging a combined City and County observance. The historical feature of the celebration will be an elaborate and spectacular pageant depicting in pantomime, scenic effects and dramatic presentation, the most notable episodes of our relatively short but fascinating history as a community which grew from an Indian trading post to a great metropolis...."

Well, Milwaukee had its Mid-Summer Festival July 17 to 21 - five days of intellectual and spectacular feasting - opera and chorus - solo and ensemble dancing - bicycle racing over Memorial Drive - harvest festival of 32 nations - folk lore, folk dancing, folk singing - Milwaukee centennial pageant of four generations - parade of industrial and historical floats from N 35 street on Wisconsin avenue to Memorial Bridge - symphonic male chorus, Fireside quartette - Venetian night on lake - every evening colored fountain display and fireworks - a grand special finale on Sunday. Continuous side attractions of music, dancing and carnival shows. There was enough and to spare for every one of our three-quarter million population.

This record could not be complete without a word of the Souvenir program edited by Edward C. Reuter. In its 112 pages of 10 by 14

\*) For organization of Festival committees: See Appendix.

inch format it presents a wealth of interesting business, departmental and historical information on Milwaukee City and County, namely: Over 240 business advertisements; thirty-seven pages of pioneer history; sixteen word sketches by officials and civilians covering 30 pages; five pages of festival program and many illustrations.

Those who contributed were:      Their subjects were:

|                       |                                  |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| Dr.S.A.Barrett, - - - | The Milwaukee Public Museum      |
| Gilbert Clegg, - - -  | Playground Development           |
| M.S. Dudgeon, - - -   | The Public Library               |
| James L. Ferebee, - - | Sewage Disposal                  |
| Charles Hauserman,- - | Looping Milwaukee's Park System  |
| Frederic Heath - - -  | Milwaukee County proud           |
| Edmund Heller,- - -   | The Zoological Garden            |
| Bill Hooker, - - -    | When I was a boy                 |
| " " " - - -           | The great White Father           |
| Richard E. Krug,- - - | Milwaukee, City of Championships |
| Wm.L. Pieplow,- - -   | On Wisconsin                     |
| Milton C. Potter, - - | Milwaukee's Educational System   |
| Joseph P. Schwada,- - | The Filtration Plant             |
| Emil Seidel, - - -    | Today and the Future             |
| Theresa Steinmeyer, - | My Girlhood Days                 |
| Charles B. Whitnall,- | The Milwaukee County Plan        |

Each one of their papers deserve to be preserved for they are a part of their respective life stories; yet we can not record them here because of lack of space. However, the Emil Seidel paper on "Today and the Future" said in part:

"We are now in the sixth year of the depression. Historians of tomorrow may find this period far more inspiring than depressing. They may call it by another name - perhaps: Rebirth. And they *may* find the six years but a beginning.

"What Mr. Roosevelt is doing today (experimenting) might have been begun by Mr. Hoover. Some of us asked for it five years ago. The unemployed were ready. The majority of us clung to the old. Even today finance and industry refuse to be reborn. They try to creep back.

"That's where we are today:We're late. It runs up the costs.

"On his recent visit here Secretary Ickes commended our city for its cooperation and wished that other cities 'could show the same appreciation' of the federal program ....

"Wherever we turn there is misunderstanding and strife. We may agree upon ten important points of a program and then break into a row over a single closing word. Not because of cussedness, but because for lack of unit vision.



## STRANGE HAPPENINGS

"Strange things happen. Four years of hard times, losses, unemployment, and foreclosures worry our souls. 'It makes us sick!' Then the health department reports: 'Health conditions in Milwaukee were better during 1933 than any previous year.' We gained in health.

"And after another hard year: 'The general death rate of 6.1 per 1,000 population is the lowest in the history of Milwaukee.... Milwaukee has the best record.' Since 1928 this death rate has been depressed year by year. Is not our health our most precious possession?

"But that's where we are today: Leading the thirteen largest cities of the land in the crusade for better public health, toward the day when our race shall not know disease - either of body, mind, industry or commerce.

"Was a time when we wanted a park for every ward in the city. 'You're off,' said others, 'we do not need so many Parks.' We now admit that they were right.... We should have but ONE park. And that should be large enough for all of us to live in. Our shops, our factories, our schools, our farms, our rivers, lakes, railroads and highways - all should be in the park.

"Our works should be the jewels with the park for a setting. 'But how can a packing house be a jewel?' It can't as we do things today! But the day is coming when posterity will ask: 'How could people ever eat the food prepared in such buildings and such environment? Look, their sewage disposal plant was a finer building.'

"Can we do it? Wait until we've grown a collective manhood and responsibility....

"Wait until we learn to plan for the whole city, the whole state, the whole country; not only for a single barn, cottage or factory.... Planning foresees problems and sets out boldly to meet them.

"Once work, education and play were linked with the home.... There were born the folk lore, folk song, folk dance we so love to imitate.

"The machine age has split the family three different ways; father has his work and worries; mother has her household troubles; children have their school and field problems. Each has a different world often with a different vernacular.

"....The wonder is not that so many homes are broken, but that so many endure. Mothers deserve much credit for that....

"The new age will again bring them together - fathers, mothers and children. When they work they play; when they play they learn; when they learn they work. From the new set-up will grow a new life, lore, art and culture.... That's where we're going tomorrow.

## THE NIGHT

"What of the night before the morrow dawns? Ah, 'twill seem a long-drawn night. A night of little rest and much watchful nursing. Perhaps a night storm-tossed twixt hope and despair.

"We may deride affections yet they may stay us through the night. Let's not lampoon intellect; it must be the fountain from which we draw strength to live through the ordeal.

"Yet we may by then have attained sufficient intelligence to carry us safely through. Is it pure chance that as times are harder we continue our children longer in school? Who can answer? None of us see clearly because of settling gloom.

"Sometimes when words fail us a parable illustrates a point. Came to us an apparition to bring a huge bag. In it were hundreds (maybe thousands) of packages; in each package were hundreds (maybe thousands) of envelopes; in each envelope were hundreds (maybe thousands) of pieces.

"And it spoke: 'All the pieces properly put together will show you a picture of the United States with all that they are, all that they have and all that they do to exist.

" 'Up to 1929 the whole made so good a picture that Mr. Hoover promised we would soon be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from the Nation.

" 'But all the while, even as he promised, something happened to the pieces. All of them changed; some grew to great size, others shriveled, and some nearly disappeared. Now the whole no longer makes a good picture.'

"When the spectre paused it handed us a smaller parcel and again spoke: 'Keep this separate. Some of the old pieces must be discarded. I can not tell you which nor how many. You, who build, must learn what to build with. In this separate parcel you will find all the pieces necessary to make the new picture. Once you succeed it will be most wonderful. Now go to work!'

"Then it left as it came. When alone we undid the packages, opened the envelopes and dumped the contents on a huge table. Behold, all the pieces were alive with people - one hundred and twenty five million of them - moving in all directions over the pieces.

"Each one of them had the inherent right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. For the greater part each one tugged and shoved for himself. Occasionally small groups seemed to act in unison. But no piece remained where we put it. At intervals it seemed the whole moved very slowly.

"And that's where we are today: Each one puzzled over what best to do next....

"In his foreword to the Chart of Plenty Stuart Chase announced: 'At a conservative estimate, then, American industry could supply every family with a health and decency budget (from \$2,000 to \$2,500) and give in addition almost again as much in terms of comfort.'

## STUART CHASE SAYS

"And again: 'An income of \$4,000 a year in sound goods and services is not affluence, but it looks like paradise to most families in this country today. And it is only the beginning; only the first indication of what the power age can do for mankind....'

"Can we do it? Every good American will admit that we have the country, we have the men, we have the power, we have the intelligence, we have the courage to make this a much better country than any other on the face of the whole wide world.

"Then, why lose time moaning over debts, bonds, notes, securities, mortgages, collaterals? They were good so long as they helped progress. Once they failed to stimulate production they lost their value to man. Much like the milk-teeth are no longer useful when the six-year-old can no longer bite with them. We may save them as keepsakes but no one can use them again.

"There, there now, sure you've lost something; but wait until tomorrow and you'll have much, much more. Then through tears you'll smile and whisper: 'Why not sooner?' That's true for each one of us and it will be true for our city, state and Nation.

"But we must work, learn and play together. Are we not a part of the United States?!"

Then I had a visitor at my home, Madam Helene Scheu-Riesz of Vienna, Austria; Poet, Playwright, and Author of Sesame Books, World Library for Children. Mrs. Scheu-Riesz came well recommended by Louis Untermeyer, Poet, Lecturer, Author; Edward A. Filene, Director of International Chamber of Commerce; Dr. Stephan Duggan, Director of Institute of International Education; Prof. Earl Barnes, Author and Lecturer; Dr. James P. Warbasse, President of Cooperative League of America; and others.

Mrs. Scheu-Riesz and her Manager spent nearly two hours with me. It was necessary to cut the visit short for her to get the train to Minneapolis where she had an appointment with the labor administration. Three times she interrupted our discourse with the aside: "You're a poet," the third time: "But you are a poet." We had a most interesting time and both regretted to cut it short. This visit occurred before the miserable storm in Europe broke. What became of my illustrious visitor I can't say for I never heard of her again. Perhaps a victim of concentration camps or something worse. -

Though I've versified and rhymed as a boy of ten and on many, many occasions since, yet I've never thought myself a poet. It comes easy to me to put thoughts into rhythm, both in English and German; especially when walking alone over field or lonely road with sunshine in the air or starlight overhead. I recite aloud to myself in time with my step; more often I hum or sing. The Muse is with me and I compose; all Nature seems in harmony. Really: "There's music in the air." On bright days motives are cheerful, on gloomy days they weep. Then there's poetry in the air. At times I brush away tears. I've met with the spirit in the factory, on the railroad, on the farm, the mine, or a dusty road in Oklahoma with the sharecropper moving his furniture and babies on a wheelbarrow to the freight shed.

Whether or not that's poetry I'll let the kind reader say.

## E X P L O I T A T I O N

My dear Machine your wheels go round,  
 Untiredly year and day;  
 Your bearings, shafts with whining sound  
 Wear all your strength away.

And what your wheels turn, press and spin  
 Each hour they take away;  
 And there's no more when eve sets in,  
 Than was at dawn of day.

And thus, my mill, you toil - toil on  
 For many a year and day;  
 And when you're spent, your speed is gone,  
 You're scrapped and thrown away.

-\*-

I too, like you, did never shirk  
 When there was work to do;  
 Now that I'm spent, can no more work,  
 I'm cast away like you.

-\*-\*-\*-

## B A L L A D

"Now why so sad my dear machine,  
 Why not gay as the rest?  
 Why do you moan instead of sing,  
 Why never laugh nor jest?"

---

"Why I'm not gay, sing like a slave,  
 Since I am paired with you?  
 I've lost a chum so strong and brave,  
 A Worker tried and true.

"He stood by me and served with me,  
 Full many a year and day;  
 And glad we were: He sang, I hummed  
 To while long hours away.

"He loved me as man ever loved;  
 His pride - to keep me neat;  
 He wiped and cleaned and polished me -  
 My face, my frame, my feet.

"One day grim orders urged us on;  
 He hurried - I hummed more;  
 He slipped and screamingly I threw  
 Him dead upon the floor."

-\*-\*-\*-

## C L E A R I N G   U P

The sun is coming out oh, the sun is coming out.  
 Now Honey, wear your Sunday smile, Forget your Workday pout;  
 Dress up in all your finery and fetch your bonnet out;  
 So we may have a jolly stroll, while the sun is peeping out.

-\*-\*-\*-



## W E E D S

You're weeds - despised and shunned -  
 Perhaps lichen, creepers, coarse burdock  
 Or warning thistles fiery crowns aflame in anger -  
 For you are evolution - prime revolt.

You thrive upon neglect - slighted fields and waysides  
 Or wanton rubbish cast aside as waste.  
 Persistently and unperturbed you grow, ever grow  
 To hide the shame of filthy man and city.

Undismayed you toil through night and day  
 To build a new ~~XXXX~~ topsoil; and when your work is done  
 A nobler growth of plants can live -  
 For you are Nature's toilers.

- - -

We're weeds - organizers, agitators stirring the Mass -  
 Disturbing the peace - hated and persecuted - or  
 A cry of anger ringing through the night -  
 A voice no brutal force can squelch;  
 For we can take it and keep the record.

We grow upon social rubbish where work is hard -  
 A constant struggle for each bit of added keep -  
 To hide the shameful sins of your exploitation !

And we build a new and sweeter social topsoil -  
 We know our worth, for we are class-conscious !

When our work is done a nobler race of Man shall live;  
 For, we are the Social Revolution !

-\*-\*-\*-

## E V A N E S C E N C E

See, oh see that pretty picture!  
 Hurry, where are paints and brushes?  
 Oh how fast the big cloud rushes;  
 And its shift has changed the picture.

Oh that cloud! It's on the fly;  
 Hurry with the brush and colour!  
 Ah, the pity - ah, the dolour;  
 Pshaw - another scene passed by.

Thus life's moods are on the fly;  
 Wish it were not so - or rather?  
 But for every scene I gather,  
 Hundreds, hundreds pass me by.

-\*-\*-\*-

## E V E N I N G

Gently evening shadows falling  
 Tucking tired sun away.  
 Tolling bells are softly calling  
 Workmen home at end of day.

## I N T E R N A T I O N A L

O ye men of muscle, brawn or brain,  
 From the mountain-side and from the plain;  
 All ye races join the glad refrain!

Let the voice of millions ring!  
 Slav, Mongolian and Latin bands,  
 Teuton, Saxon gather from all lands;  
 Yellow, Black and White are locking hands.  
 And this mighty host is king.

Raise the banner of your freedom high!  
 Let it flutter in the azure sky!  
 Like a purging flame - O let it fly!  
 Carry your glorious banner high!

-\*-\*-\*

## L O N G I N G

Where the wild flowers grow,  
 Where the soft breezes blow,  
 Where 'neath trim willows low,  
 Cool brooks sparkingly flow:  
 Where in merry refrain,  
 Busy birds sing their strain,  
 There, O there I would fain  
 Play as boy once again.

Where the dew sparkles bright  
 In the soft morning light;  
 Twinkling stars in the night,  
 Offer wondrous delight;  
 Where o'er worlds up on high  
 Vaults an azure blue sky;  
 Thence with longing do I  
 Just once more wish to fly.

-\*-\*-\*

## A L O N E

Lo! Behold! Life's shadows falling,  
 Friends have gone beyond recalling;  
 All my yearning, all my calling:  
 Can not bring them back again.  
 All alone I'm left to follow,  
 Calling them uphill, down hollow;  
 Till my voice sounds weak and hollow -  
 And then also dies from strain.

-\*-\*-\*

## F R U S T R A T I O N

Garden of wasted dreams  
 Where grow the heartache flowers  
 Of plans that failed  
 And weeds of errors committed  
 Where souls writhe in agony  
 Each soul finds its Gethsemane  
 Where it and it alone must enter.

-\*-\*-\*

As I am finishing my stories I'm well along in my eightieth year; and before we hail 1945 I shall be going onto eighty-one; provided, of course, my kindly and able health advisor Dr. Stephan Cahana has his way about it. The last time I called on him for a "check-up" he said: "Your heart is strong, blood-pressure good; come again in two months." It was he who phoned and urged the examination. And when I speak of pay he puts me off with the words: "I want to do that much for you; why should you worry?"

When my parents came to Milwaukee in 1869 they had four boys. I the oldest was born in Ashland, Pa. Henry and Otto were born in Prairie du Chien; and Robert in Madison, Wis. The following children were all born in Milwaukee: Hugo when we lived on Second<sup>street,</sup> Hulda when we lived on Third street, Arnold, Herman, Louisa, Lucas and Eduard in our own home on Sixth street. Parents, sisters and brothers have crossed the great divide with the exception of Emil the first-born, Hugo the fifth and Lucas the tenth. By a whimsical event Lucas was born on the very day I was thirteen years old, December 13, 1877. Of the eleven children only seven were married, leaving a total offspring of nineteen grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren. These are scattered through Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, California, Michigan and New York city.

Though Brother Hugo is over seventy-two, he is yet ~~on~~ at work as pastor of the Nebraska Methodist conference, holding a position with the Purple Cane congregation. At the last year's conference he was prepared to retire under its rules; instead he was returned to Purple Cane and given two more congregations: Cedar Bluffs and Morse Bluff. And so it happens that he preaches to three congregations every Sunday besides driving the distances between churches and his home. Not a small day's work for a man in the seventies. Yet he does it. And mostly his wife Ethel is with him. Ethel is with him.

## THE YOUNGEST BROTHER

Lucas (we call him Luke) is the third and youngest brother of those yet living. He married a girl from the Second German Methodist church and the two settled ~~xx~~ in South Milwaukee where they reared two children, Milton and Mildred. They are musical and with their father made up an excellent parlor trio, performing on many occasions and on the air. A visit to their home was always a treat for the visitor. Luke has been, and still is, engaged with the Badger Malleable as shipping clerk for many years and now "belongs". Milton married Goldie, a nurse, and they have two fine boys going to school. Mildred is the head stenographer at Badger Malleable; she did not marry, evidently preferring her job, home and freedom to the risks of wedlock. But I'm not writing Mildred's story; she can do that better than I for she has her mother's faithfully kept diaries. However, I ~~owe~~ owe her much for the typing she has done for me besides the material she has contributed.

Luke and his family have made their home on Lake Drive, opposite of Grant Park. When he was married there was no park and we often spent our Sundays picnicking on the old farm homestead.

And now, when the three of us get together, Luke, Hugo and I, we grow reminiscent, letting past scenes and characters pass review.

"Do you remember the Graetz family - Willie playing on musical glasses?"

"Sure! We stood and listened in the still night. It sounded so sweet, grandmother playing the harp and the rest singing softly."

"Yes and when Pa whistled, we had to come home - or we got it." And we chuckle over the memory.

"But do you remember Schinderhannes? He had to watch that grazing cows did not dirty the the sidewalks."

O'course we do - he lost a leg in the war and limped with a wooden peg and cane. He warned: 'Lass die Kuh nicht auf die Sei-de- wack

machen.' Then he thumped on."

"Yaas, one time he had about six cows; he was driving them down Sixth street. We stood watching him. Then we heard a woman cry: 'Heh, das sind meine Kueh.' She came running, all out o' wind. Tears ran down her cheeks. We ran ahead and turned the cows into Harmon street; then up Seventh street back to the lot. Schinder-hannes couldn't keep up with us. When the woman saw her cows again she laughed and said: 'Danke schoen.' "

That was one of Henry's memories. Each one of my brothers, gone or remaining, had or have a wealth of interesting memories. That's what made all our gatherings so enjoyable. Moreover, each one loved song and had a musical bent. And when we sang outsiders would stop to hear and guests were pleased.

The poet says: "Take boldly hold of full human living; And where you grip it you will find it interesting."

Quite recently my nephew, Frank Schoenbaum, (pronounced nearly right: Shane-bowm - ow as in town) called on me to join him in a surprise visit of Ralph Miller, a mutual friend and now retired. Feeling none to<sup>o</sup> strong that morning I had to refuse. For more than an hour he remained and we swopped stories of old times. Frank is the jolliest nephew I have bubbling over with yarns and merriment. Laughingly he told me how he came to invest all his savings in a north side bank that was paying big dividends. Then he sold his home and with consent of Emma, his wife, staked that money also. "We were ridin' high, regally our dividends - jest when it was fine goin' the bank busted"; he laughed. For more than an hour he spun yarns; some fit for "company", others only for men, but all funny. Then he urged: "Come, put your hat and coat on and we'll call on Ralph Miller. He'll be tickled."

I explained why I could not go; he understood and left.



## OTHER CALLERS

And again four weeks later, while at work I was told there were visitors to see me. They were Frank and Ralph Miller. For more than forty years I had not seen Ralph. He was the bachelor member of our social circle of ten married couples, gentle, soft-voiced, sympathetic, and able to sing and play. I said of him: "Ralph is one of Milwaukee's finest men; he forebore marriage to help his unhappily married sister bring<sup>g/</sup> up her two daughters." That was living for a cause; and I thought much of him. We hugged when we met. "Come up to my room," I said. And we spent over two hours recalling episodes and laughing over follies of man. Of course, Frank was again the "big shot".

Carl P. Dietz and his wife Hedwig have called. Paul Schmidt has called; Frank Zeidler, and others of <sup>the</sup> young generation. Walter Bubbert is a frequent visitor; and he keeps me informed on his work. On Progressive picnic day Walter brought his girl-friend Anita with him. Unless I miss my guess, Walter Bubbert and Frank Zeidler will both make a name for themselves in Milwaukee's history. In fact, Walter has already become known for his charts of early history based on the records of surveyors' plats. The recent such chart of Jones Island with its revealing notes on historical persons and facts, was a peach of research. How many Milwaukeeans know that we had an Indian village, an Indian cemetery, an Indian racetrack, once upon a time? How many remember the fine whitefish that was sold every Friday forenoon all over the South-side and Northwest-side? How many have seen the long fishnets coiled upon huge reels? And narrow lanes of the village?

Mayor Rose and his political satellites repeatedly attended the "Mayor" Plambeck's (he was called mayor at that time) fish dinners. One time the Socialists were invited for a dinner; Plambeck was a Socialist. And when Mayor Plambeck died, this writer officiated at his funeral as speaker.

It could harm no one if the county board would give the survey-  
or more latitude. All of us, county and city, could gain thereby.

It is dead, say the thoughtless. Is it? Have we then rescued our city from the blight of obsolescence? Have we abolished slums? Have we built homes for the homeless? What about racial relations in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the U.S.A. ? What about educational opportunities for everybody in our country, state and city? Social Security, etc.?

Once upon a time we sang the "International" at our gatherings. There was no distinction between race, color or creed in our ranks. We sang: "The international union; Shall be the human race." Then we were called unpatriotic, countryless fellows. Since the voice of Socialism has been almost stifled, anti-Semitism has raised its ugly head. Socialism <sup>o/</sup>proposes a rule of the world's toilers; Capitalism offers the workers nothing. Our slogan is: "Workers of the World, Unite." That is Marx's slogan; and it's good enough for me.

So I'm yet a Social Democrat. That gives me the right to create, in office or out of it. I want to see a new world created. It must grow out of the old according to its strength and ability, free from the slag and shackles of capitalism. This new world requires new institutions - schools, playgrounds, workshops. Education, work and play will be combined. When we play we learn; when we learn we work; when we work we play. We need ever expanding school grounds until they include the school-forest, school-garden, school farm, school-mill, school-rivers and lakes; we need the school-granary, school-store-house, school-airport, school-transportation. Some of these things we have already in their inception.

When we learn to translate our power into life, living and better living we shall be on the way to the new world. My few remaining days still left, shall be devoted to prepare mankind for the better society, the better living. Or, call it what you like - perhaps the "Kingdom of Heaven on Earth".

## FURTHER NOTES ON PAVEMENTS TO Page 134

While searching for material and facts for articles on pavements, the writer discovered two reports on Asphalt Pavements.

One was made in 1915 by a consulting engineer for the Citizens' Bureau of Efficiency and for the Superintendent of Street Construction. Across the front page is written in red ink: "N.B. Not for publication." For emphasis this is underscored. Just what the purpose of this secrecy was, is not made clear.

When Dr. Commons' Bureau of Efficiency and Economy made its investigations, every report was published in pamphlet form and placed in the reference library for everybody to see.

After the "consulting engineer" in his report condemned the pavements laid under Briggs and Mullen, he mentioned a "new enemy" which came over the "Simmons" asphalt pavements: They began to "shove and push in waves." (Simmons was the man appointed by the opposition to succeed Briggs.)

Well, it may not have been known to this "Engineer" that the "shove and push enemy" appeared as early as 1909 in some (not all) asphalt pavements which were heavily used by automobiles.

In fact, Mr. Mullen called attention to the necessity of changing the specification so as to overcome this tendency. A survey of the pavements, which were laid according to Mullen specifications, will show that he did overcome the waving of asphalt surfaces.

This "waving" of the asphalt returned when Mr. Simmons revised the Mullen specifications. The "consulting engineer" himself named some of the "Simmons" pavements which shoved and pushed in waves.

The other report that I discovered was made in 1922 to Mayor Hoan. This is what the report says: "PRIOR TO THE INCUMBENCY OF THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION, OR APPROXIMATELY FOUR YEARS AGO, AND FOR A PERIOD OF SIX YEARS, THE SPECIFICATIONS OF THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE FOR ASPHALT PAVEMENTS STIPULATED A HIGH PENETRATION FOR THE ASPHALT, AS WELL AS FINISHING THE CONCRETE BASE TO A SMOOTH SURFACE. BOTH OF THESE STIPULATIONS WERE RUINOUS TO THE LIFE AND UTILITY OF AN ASPHALT PAVEMENT SUBJECTED TO THE TRAFFIC CONDITIONS OF THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE."

The time here referred to is from 1918 back to 1912; and the quotation states definitely why the pavements laid under the Simmons' specifications shoved and pushed. This report also names a number of streets paved under these specifications which failed.

So much for the two reports. Our city is interested in good and economical pavements. It wants waste and useless expense eliminated from paving practice. Mr. Mullen has shown in his simple, businesslike report, printed in the council proceedings of 1910-'12, that Milwaukee had been paying over a dollar more per ~~xxx~~ square-yard of asphalt pavement than it should have paid..

Page 2 - FURTHER NOTES ON PAVEMENTS

Mr. Mullen deserves the credit of having proven that pavements could be laid for the prices he estimated. Thereafter the opposition stooped to unprofessional methods to discredit his pavements.

Time has shown that all of Mullen's pavements, excepting those ruined by frost, have stood the test. Mullen's innovations are in use today. His opponants came to grief by disregarding them.

Mullen went out to recover much of the asphalt that others had thrown away. "It is as good as any," he said. His economies have been continued by successive administrations: Some have been extended to the benefit of the city. Others have not yet been accepted though they might also be of benefit.

Perhaps that city official (by the way, not a Social-democrat) knew what he was talking about when he repeated: "Mullen was right."

(Quoted from a treatise on pavements prepared for The Milwaukee Leader, by the author.)

# Milwaukee Vote For Mayor From 1900 To 1940

|                     |         |                  |        |                  |        |
|---------------------|---------|------------------|--------|------------------|--------|
| 1900: ROSE (D)      | 25,166  | Baumgaertner (R) | 22,722 | Heath (S D)      | 2,584  |
| 1902: ROSE          | 28,971  | Anson (R)        | 20,906 | Tuttle (S D)     | 8,457  |
| 1904: ROSE          | 23,515  | Goff (R)         | 17,598 | Berger (S D)     | 15,056 |
| 1906: BECKER (R)    | 22,850  | Rose (D)         | 21,332 | Arnold (S D)     | 16,784 |
| 1908: ROSE (D)      | 23,106  | Seidel (S D)     | 20,887 | Pringle (R)      | 18,411 |
| 1910: SEIDEL (S D)  | 27,608  | Schoenecker (D)  | 20,530 | Beffel (R)       | 11,346 |
| 1912: BADING (F)    | 43,176  | Seidel (S D)     | 30,272 | Mishoff (I)      | 1,062  |
| 1914: BADING (F)    | 37,673  | Seidel (S D)     | 29,122 |                  |        |
| 1916: HOAN (S D)    | 33,863  | Bading (F)       | 32,206 |                  |        |
| 1918: HOAN          | 37,485  | Braman (F)       | 35,396 |                  |        |
| 1920: HOAN          | 40,530  | Williams (F)     | 37,205 | (Four Year Term) |        |
| 1924: HOAN (S)      | 74,418  | Rose (N P)       | 57,495 | (Women vote)     |        |
| 1928: HOAN          | 64,874  | Schallitz (N P)  | 46,657 |                  |        |
| 1932: HOAN          | 108,279 | Carney (N P)     | 62,511 |                  |        |
| 1936: HOAN          | 111,561 | Shinners (N P)   | 96,897 |                  |        |
| 1940: ZEIDLER (N P) | 111,957 | Hoan (S)         | 99,798 |                  |        |

## LEGEND:-

D: Democrat  
R: Republican  
SD: Social Democrat  
I: Independent  
F: Fusion  
NP: Non-Partisan  
S: Socialist



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Combining office of Water registrar with City treasury.  
Combining Police and Fire alarm systems.  
Popular concerts at the Auditorium  
Survey cost of water to consumers  
Adopting law creating Department of Public Works  
To use school halls for Social centers  
Establishing Bureau of Economy and Efficiency  
Enabling legislation to construct Public utilities  
Legislation to acquire Public utilities  
To recover license fees for street cars  
To recover from T M E R & L Co for sprinkling streets  
To engage engineer for planning Municipal light plant  
To regulate weighing of ice  
Removal of snow from street car tracks  
To establish wood and coal yards  
Requiring overhead wires to prevent electrolysis  
Appropriating money for public concerts  
Departments to maintain inventory of city property  
To establish a forestry department  
Amending ordinances to license operation of street cars  
Home rule for the city of Milwaukee  
To charge for use of wharf priveleges  
To hold elections in public school buildings  
To create Department of Recreation  
Endorsing bill of maximum charge of 50 cents for gas  
Authorizing the leasing of city wharfs  
To authorize city to lease or exchange land  
To acquire land for terminal station  
To submit building of power plant to popular vote  
To provide for initiative, referendum and recall  
As to right to lease space under viaduct  
To create position of Superintendent of Purchases  
To purchase an asphalt repair plant  
Licensing theaters, et cetera  
Prohibiting minors to frequent saloons  
Prohibiting stalls in saloons  
Repair plant for police, fire and water departments  
Office of Superintendent for police and fire alarm  
Contemplating a city printing plant  
Establish a Municipal Reference Library  
To purchase stone crusher and road scarifier  
Minors without guardians barred from public dance halls  
To acquire a stone quarry  
To regulate lighting of "movie" show houses  
Requesting school board to act on voting in school houses  
To arrange a budget exhibit in Auditorium  
To petition R.R. rate Commission for cross-town line  
A double street car transfer system  
To require sprinkling between ~~xixxx~~ railway tracks  
To appoint a Housing Commission  
To contract for machinery at light plant  
To utilize steam at incinerator for generating power

(Continued on next page)

R E S U M E (Cont)

To authorize time extension for payment of taxes  
To create Board of Public Land Commissioners  
To provide for licensing of street railway motor men  
To transfer 12 street passengers over viaduct for one fare  
To purchase telephones for police and fire alarm system

# REDPATH CHAUTAUQUA ITINERARY

May 19 to September 4  
1914

## M A Y

19-Albany, Ga.  
22-Waycross, Ga.  
25-Augusta, Ga.  
28-Huntsville, Ga.  
31-Pulaski, Tenn.

20-Columbus, Ga.  
23-Brunswick, Ga.  
26-Marietta, Ga.  
29-Fayetteville, Ga.

21-Americus, Ga.  
24-Savannah, Ga.  
27-Cadtsden, Ga.  
30-Columbia, Tenn.

## J U N E

1-Decatur, Ala.  
4-Anniston, Ala.  
7-Murphreesboro, Tenn.  
10-Jackson, Tenn.  
13-Mayfield, Ky.  
16-Madisonville, ky.  
19-Owensboro, Ky.  
22-Vincennes, Ind.  
25-Danville, Ky.  
28-Ashland, Ky.

2-Florence, Ala.  
5-Rome, Ga.  
8-Clarksville, Tenn.  
11-Union City, Tenn.  
14-Princeton, Ky.  
17-Hopkinsville, Ky.  
20-Henderson, Ky.  
23-Princeton, Ind.  
26-Richmond, Ky.  
29-Huntington, W. Va.

3-Birmingham, Ala.  
6-Chattanooga, Tenn.  
9-Paris, Tenn.  
12-Dyersburg, Tenn.  
15-Marion, Ky.  
18-Bowling Green, Ky.  
21-Washington, Ind.  
24-Georgetown, Ky.  
27-Mt. Sterling, Ky.  
30-Portsmouth, Ohio.

## J U L Y

1-Maysville, Ky.  
4-Shelbyville, Ky.  
7-New Castle, Ind.  
10-Bluffton Ind.  
13-Peru, Ind.  
16-Brazil, Ind.  
19-Frankfort, Ind.  
22-Plymouth, Ind.  
25-Kalamazoo, Mich.  
28-Hastings, Mich.  
31-Monroe, Mich.

2-Cynthiana, Ky.  
5-Eaton, Ohio.  
8-Muncie, Ind.  
11-Decatur, Ind.  
14-Indianapolis, Ind.  
17-Crawfordsville, Ind.  
20-Logansport, Ind.  
23-Gary, Ind.  
26-Battle Creek, Mich.  
29-Lansing, Mich.

3-Frankfort, Ky.  
6-Connorsville, Ind.  
9-Marion, Ind.  
12-Huntington, Ind.  
15-Danville, Ind.  
18-Thorntown, Ind.  
21-Rochester, Ind.  
24-Niles, Mich.  
27-Charlotte, Mich.  
30-Ypsilanti, Mich.

## A U G U S T

1-Mount Clemens, Mich.  
4-Flint, Mich.  
7-Alma, Mich.  
10-South Haven, Mich.  
13-South Bend, Mich.  
16-Angola, Ind.  
19-Galion, Ohio.  
22-Massillon, Ohio.  
24-Open.  
27-Monongahela Cy, Pa.  
30-Connellsville, Pa.

2-Port Huron, Mich.  
5-Saginaw, Mich.  
8-St. Johns, Mich.  
11-Benton Harbor, Mich.  
14-Goshen, Ind.  
17-Bryan, Ohio.  
20-Ashland, Ohio.  
23-Painesville, Ohio.  
25-Greenville, Pa.  
28-Leechburg, Pa.  
31-Uniontown, Pa.

3-Lapeer, Mich.  
6-Alpena, Mich.  
9-Muskegon, Mich.  
12-Dowagiac, Mich.  
15-Kendellville, Mich.  
18-Findlay, Ohio.  
21-Mt. Vernon, Ohio.  
23-Ashtabula, Ohio.  
26-Washington, Pa.  
29-Greensburg, Pa.

## S E P T E M B E R

1-Butler, Pa.  
4-Beaver Falls, Pa.

2-New wilmingtton, Pa. 3-Franklin, Pa.

End Of The Tour

O U R C I T Y --- O U R H O M E  
Subjects of Articles  
-----

Planning - City County Regional  
Civic Center - Old buildings scattered  
Outer Harbor - Bridges Dredging Locks  
Annexation - Necessary growth of our city  
Court House - Adequate room for all functions  
Playgrounds - Grow as you play  
Social Center - Play as you work  
Continuation School - Learning and work combined  
Elections - Voters Floaters - Permanent Commission  
County Institutions -  
Socialist Party - Why?  
Street Paving - Construction Maintenance Cleanliness  
Municipal Stone Quarry  
Purchasing Department  
Combined Fire & Police Alarm  
Notes on Taxation  
Electrical Service Street Lighting  
Health Department Infectious Diseases  
Tricks in Government Financing  
Health of Children and Youth  
Fire Department Building Code  
Water Works Municipal Enterprise

Note: Most of these articles ran in serials.  
The total numbered over 100,000 words.  
Supervisor Heath and City Editor Wolfsohn  
assisted in the editing.

The Author.

NUMBER OF MEASURES  
INTRODUCED BY SOCIALIST ALDERMEN TERM OF 1932 - '36

| Ward         | Alderman                   | 1932-'33                  | 1933-'34               | 1934-'35 | 1935-'36 | Total |
|--------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|----------|----------|-------|
| 10           | Dietz                      | 58                        | 60                     | 81       | 75       | 274   |
| 9            | Seidel                     | 35                        | 61                     | 58       | 43       | 197   |
| 20           | Strehlow                   | 45                        | 53                     | 37       | 39       | 174   |
| 5            | Tesch                      | 29                        | 35                     | 38       | 51       | 153   |
| 27           | Place                      | 16                        | 28                     | 38       | 49       | 131   |
| 17           | Gauer                      | 34                        | 28                     | 30       | 26       | 118   |
| 12           | Boncel                     | 16                        | 20                     | 43       | 30       | 109   |
| 7            | Ruffing                    | 26                        | 17                     | 7        | 15       | 65    |
| 21           | Baumann                    | 18                        | 8                      | 15       | 20       | 61    |
| 25           | Schad                      | 23                        | 11                     | 10       | 15       | 59    |
| 26           | Coleman                    | 54                        | 2 (Died Aug. 28, 1933) |          |          | 56    |
| 26           | Wartchow (Apnt. Sept, 13.) | 24 (Defeated at election) |                        |          |          | 24    |
| 13           | Winkelmann                 | 6                         | 8                      | 5        | 3        | 22    |
| Total number |                            |                           |                        |          |          | 1,443 |

Alderman Gauer was the President; Aldermen Dietz, Coleman, Place, Strehlow and Ruffing were Committee Chairmen.



# C O M M I T T E E   O F   1 0 0

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Harold Falk, Manager; Rev. Thomas Finnegan, Director; J.P. Friedrich, Labor Leader; Oliver Friedman, Executive Secretary; Mrs. Nellie

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\* \* \*

O R G A N I Z A T I O N  
o f  
Summer-Festival Committee

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Gen. Chairman

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